AUREUS,

&c.

AUREUS;

OR

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

A Sovereign.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Præcipui sunto, sitque illis AUREA barba.

Effigiemque meam fulvo complexus in AURO,
Cara * * * * *, quà potes, ora vides.

OVID.

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PREFACE.

As I consider myself responsible for the contents of the following pages, it is but fair that my readers should know how they came into my possession:—I have seldom been much encumbered with the gifts of fortune, and it has often happened that a fresh supply of cash has produced somewhat of the same effect upon my spirits as a visit from a long-absent friend. In the month of December, 1821, when my mind was gloomy as the atmosphere, and my head full of strange and thick-coming fancies, I was agreeably surprised by the accession of a sum of money that occasioned a total revolution in my ideas;

and I retired to rest with a lighter heart than usual. I had no sooner reclined my head upon my pillow than I fell into a reverie or dream, and I thought myself in the middle of a spacious hall in a building which was called, "*The Palace of Sovereigns.*" The walls of the apartment were divided into panels, and at the top of each panel was fixed a medal of gold, similar to the money now in circulation, to which was suspended a parchment-scroll, containing an account of the adventures of each individual piece of coin to which it was attached. Some of these documents were concise enough, and others again of larger dimensions. One indeed I observed as long as a Bill lately brought into Chancery, stated to contain one hundred and eighty thousand words!

I was pondering over this valuable but rather lengthy record, when I was suddenly awakened by a loud laugh, which proceed-

ed, as I supposed, from somebody near me. I started up and threw aside the curtains, but all was dark and silent as the grave; and I thought it merely an abrupt termination of my dream. I again sought the solace of repose; and, falling into a dozing slumber, strove in vain to carry my imagination back to the fairy palace of my former thoughts: But I presently imagined, that I heard a muttering noise like some person indistinctly talking to himself. I bolted upright,—that is, as far as it was possible, whilst sitting in my bed; and listening attentively, I threw open the bed-curtains as before: But all was again quiet, and nothing to be seen but a glimmering spark in the cinders, which I had left in the grate when I went to bed. For my constitution has been shattered by the hardships I have undergone, and I sometimes indulge myself with a fire in my dormitory. I felt persuaded

that I had heard the sound of a voice in the apartment; yet I was vexed with myself for entertaining this opinion, and I again composed myself and fell fast asleep.

How long I remained in that state, I do not know; but when I awoke, the room was in a glow of light. The fire had burned briskly up, and I saw a figure, habited in a splendid robe which "shone bright as burnished gold." He wore a crown of gold upon his head; his features, mild and dignified, were resplendent as his dress. He sat with a pen in his hand; and he had a bundle of papers before him, tied with a piece of red tape, which he seemed to be in the act of endorsing, as he raised his eyes and fixed them at intervals upon me. I gazed with awe and admiration, not unmixed with alarm: for I had left a sovereign on my writing-desk when I went to bed, as I

wanted change in the morning as soon as I should rise; and this piece of money was not to be seen. Gradually recovering from my trepidation and amazement, I exclaimed aloud, "By all that's holy, tell "me who and what thou art?" when, in sounds celestial, sweet as an aërial harp, he thus addressed me, "Favoured mortal, "I am thy Sovereign! This is my *Life*,—" and, employing an action which corresponded with the expression, he held up to view the papers tied with red tape,— "This is my *Life*, in which my spirit is "embodied. Use thy diligence to send "me forth into the world in a creditable "shape; and prosperity assuredly awaits "thee!"—I was about to reply, but in an instant the fire was extinguished, the bright vision had vanished from my sight, and left impenetrable darkness behind.

Like the man in the play, "I could sleep no more." As soon as the dawning

of day appeared, I rose from my bed; and on looking at my desk, I descried a packet of papers lying by the side of the sovereign which I had left there the preceding evening. I rang the bell, and sent it to be changed for twenty silver shillings. Casting my eye on the papers, I observed they were endorsed with the following words, "*Adventures of a Sovereign, for* PEREGRINE OAKLEY." I sat down and eagerly perused the MS. which contained the matter now laid before the Public; and I assure them, that I have not altered a single syllable of the original.

Several of my friends, to whom I have related this incident, are inclined to be sceptical, and insist upon it, *that it is nothing more than an idle dream*: but I know better. The work itself bears internal evidence of its authenticity; as it may truly be said to contain GOLDEN OPINIONS

for all sorts and conditions of people; and I am fully convinced, from the elicitation of certain circumstances of my own history, that there can be no deception. I also declare upon my honour, that, at the time when this communication was made to me, and I received the first suggestion to publish "The Adventures of a Sovereign," I was as wide awake as ever I had been in my life; and, if ever a supernatural spirit has appeared to mortal view since the days of Hamlet, I am ready to make oath before the Lord Mayor of London, that I saw one, on the night in question. I further solemnly declare, that this is *as true* as the story of Mrs. Veal's ghost, the apparition of Lord Lyttleton, or any other *well-authenticated* history of the like description. Since nobody can disprove it, I shall now take it for granted, that every one must regard it as

a fact: And as these MEMOIRS were confidentially bequeathed to me, I consider myself in the light of a trustee. In publishing them, I only conform to the will of the testator, and do—as I have always endeavoured to do—my duty.

PEREGRINE OAKLEY.

North Street, Brighton,
January 1, 1821.



CHAPTER I.

THE SOVEREIGN'S INTRODUCTION.

(Nummus Loquitur.)

The Poet Cowper, and others of his Parnassian brethren, have long since decided, that it is unnecessary to enquire of such an *ignoramus* as

> Jean Jacques Rousseau,
> If birds confabulate or no.

Still less necessity exists for asking, *if money can talk:* Every man's individual experience will have furnished him with abundant and substantial proofs, that money has the power to move the tongue, if not its own, at least that of others; and thus, by proxy, it often speaks unutterable things. One of Oliver Goldsmith's heroes has afforded to the world a still more exalted idea of the magic properties inherent in money, by an ingenious play upon the well-known rule in Lilly's Grammar, *Es in præsenti*

perfectum format: By transforming the first word into Æs, he thus significantly renders the passage into good colloquial English, "Ready money makes a perfect man!" If this be true doctrine, (and we have the authority of Dr. Goldsmith for it,) the matter is completely elucidated, and the vast and manifold properties of ready cash, from a GOLDEN SOVEREIGN down to the lowest of its *silver* and *copper subjects*, are sufficiently developed.

But, digressions apart, my readers have a right to be informed of the motives by which I am influenced in appearing before the Public. The first idea of my becoming an author was suggested by the following discourse, intended partly for me and partly for the rest of my companions, who were at that time much pleased with our situation, being enclosed in an elegant purse, and placed upon the toilette of a celebrated lady of fashion. While in that situation, we were greatly amused with the solemn self-sufficiency of a circular creature similar to ourselves, but of rather a paler complexion, a more athletic frame, a graver countenance, and somewhat advanced in years. He seemed to think himself superior to all the rest

of us who were crowded together around him; and to hold us in that sort of contempt which is displayed by a patrician of high blood when he contemplates a peer of recent creation.

I felt piqued at this supercilious conduct, and had scarcely begun to enquire what right this stranger had to assume these airs of superiority, when, with the formality of a gentleman of the old school, he drew himself up with overweening pomposity, and declared, "that he had no wish to tres-
"pass against the laws of good-breeding, but we
"must excuse his want of familiarity with those
"whom he could but consider as *beings of yester-*
"*day*, compared with himself who had so much
"pure and unadulterated metal in his composition."
For he assured us, "that he was formed of a
"portion of the identical substance from which
"was moulded his renowned ancestor of the name
"of CHRYSAL, whose life had been handed down
"to posterity under the title of *The Adventures*
"*of a Guinea*.

"He and his high-born brethren," he said,
"had experienced many vicissitudes, and, though
"highly esteemed wherever they went, at one time
"such a revolution took place in their value, that

"on account of their increased worth, they were all "banished from Great Britain, and supplanted by a "family which had absolutely risen from rags, and "bore no other impress of their noble descent and "current estimation, than what was stamped upon "the thin waste-paper form in which they appeared.

"Whenever," said he, "any of our royal race "were seen abroad, we were seized upon with "savage ferocity, by those infidel dealers in barba-"rity, the Jews; who, without any remorse of "conscience, inflicted upon us the most unfeeling "acts of cruelty and torture, by clipping pieces "out of our bodies,—sweating us down to mere "skeletons,—grinding our very noses off our "faces,—and burning us in furnaces or crucibles, "till we lost every trace of our original formation."

He had himself been miraculously preserved, by the fostering care of a certain baronet, once celebrated on the turf, who from *pure intensity of affection*, had gathered together an immense number of these proscribed objects, and concealed them in coffers in his own house from the persecutions of the Israelites. But death having lately put a fatal pause to this gentleman's solicitude and exertions for their preservation, they were once more

sent as wanderers abroad, and he now found himself a stranger and a pilgrim in the land of his birth. Some few ancient people hailed him, indeed, as an old acquaintance, and were still sensible of his high rank and real estimation in society; "but," he was sorry to say, "he is not regarded with that "respect to which he thinks himself intrinsically "entitled. It is true, he takes precedence of the "recent individuals of the present day; but he is "treated with a kind of indifference, which intimates "that he is worth only a shilling more than one of "these new-fangled gentry, who have started up in "all directions around him, assuming to themselves "the importance of POTENTATES, but whom he "neither could nor would consider as equal to *a good* "*old sterling* GUINEA.

"However, Gentlemen," said he, "I have no "animosity towards you; for you are not formed "of base materials like the late dynasty. And if "you would but rouse yourselves to exertion, and "cherish a proper sense of your own condition, "you would blush at your want of ambition, and "strive to acquire that celebrity in the future "annals of fame which you cannot derive from the

"acts of your ancestors: For you alone will stand "in the relation of ancestors to your future pro- "geny."

Most of my colleagues smiled at this gentleman's harangue; but some of his remarks entered deeply into my soul, and I was instantly fired with the thought of rivalling his famous relative by writing the particulars of my own life. My Memoir embraces events of as much interest and importance as those which have been detailed in "the Adventures of a Guinea;" they are likewise equally conducive to morality, and certainly more consonant with delicacy.

The aim of my golden publication is, to blend instruction with amusement: and, from the many and diversified companies into which I have been ushered since my creation, to select fit examples for virtuous imitation, and to apply the lash of ridicule and reproof to those flagrant acts of vice and folly which I may deem worthy of public reprehension. Should any one feel himself aggrieved, let him refer to the motto in the title-page, and recollect, that, by being angry, he claims the satire for himself.

It will be seen that I have passed through a variety of scenes, have become acquainted with many curious facts, and met with a number of extraordinary characters in every gradation of society, from the beggar to the Prince. But in no instance have I wantonly dragged forth known individuals to public derision; for, even in the palace, though I had an opportunity of noticing the proceedings of those who thought themselves unobserved, I have taken no undue advantage of my situation. My scenes have not been laid in flowery meads and rugged mountains, but in the bustle of the world and in the stir of every-day life. No written description can ever give a correct idea of a landscape; but characters may be defined so as to start up before the mind as vivid as in life itself. My portraits of individuals are not merely an exhibition of names or a fac-simile of features, but sketches from society, designed to form part of an extended picture of human nature, that may be regarded with interest by posterity, and may be rendered useful to the present generation of mortals. This is not an age when "modesty of speech," in relation to one's real worth, will ensure an author a favourable reception from the world:

I therefore entreat the Public to bear in mind WHO and WHAT I am; that I am above all undue bias, for I have no favours to ask; that I write freely and independently, because I have nobody to fear; that my intentions are honourable, and worthy of approbation; and I trust, that the whole tenour of my narrative will be found conformable to the nature and the dignity of

A SOVEREIGN.

CHAPTER II.

METALLIC METAPHYSICS—THE BIRTH OF A SOVEREIGN—HIS FIRST ADVENTURES, &c.

The operations of nature are in many cases inscrutable to human comprehension; and it has never been decided, by what means MIND and MATERIAL SUBSTANCE are connected together; or, as philosophers will have it, "how the ethereal essence can insinuate itself into inanimate matter." This is easy of comprehension to those who have at any time gazed on the curious emblematical frontispiece to that book of good omen, "*The* GOLDEN REMAINS *of the Ever-memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eton College*," which was edited by the famous Bishop Pearson, and in which the author, in reference to his fellow-ministers, communicates the subjoined information: "Necessity "requires a multitude of *speakers*; a multitude "of *writers*, not so. G. Agricola, writing *De*

"*Animantibus Subterraneis*, reports of a certain "kind of spirits that converse in Minerals, and "much infest those that work in them; and the "manner of them, when they come, is, to seem to "busy themselves according to all the custom of "workmen: They will dig, and cleanse, and "melt, and sever metals; yet, when they are gone, "the workmen do not find that there is any thing "done," &c. This is overwhelming evidence in favour of "the converse" and the "busy" acts of subterranean spirits among mineral ores; and if allusions be thus made by learned divines to these rare qualities in metals when incrusted with dross and in an unpurified condition, why should they be denied to them when freed from earthy defilements, and possessing an agreeable "image" and a speaking "superscription?" The latter is the state in which I now appear before mankind; and, to a fertile imagination, it will not be difficult to invent a number of probable modes, in which certain spiritual beings are ordained to accompany and watch over the motions of every definite form. I was destined to be the attendant spirit of a specific piece of gold, with which I became embodied, and was thus rendered liable to all the pains and

penalties of a terrestrial creature. At the same time, that portion of divine intellectuality of which every spirit partakes, enabled me to dive into the hearts of those who became possessed of my metallic substance; with which I am so strictly identified, that it is not easy to separate my spiritual attributes from the corporeal frame in which they are compacted: And, in speaking of events, I shall probably often confound the one with the other.

By a violent concussion of the elements, accompanied with most excruciating torture to my body, occasioned (as I then supposed) by some infernal machine, I first felt myself rounded into existence in the year 1819. I am one of a very numerous family of brethren; all of us so similar in appearance that we are not easily distinguished one from another. Indeed, the difficulty is so great that I have often been doubtful of my own identity, and have been sometimes obliged to say to my brother beside me, *Is it really you or I?*

In a refined state of existence, I was brought into this upper world, in the neighbourhood of Tower-hill, in a splendid palace fit for the birth of a SOVEREIGN, and very near that unseemly pile of buildings encircled with a moat, in which monarchs

have met with an untimely fate, and a residence in which has often been a preparatory step to the scaffold for the most virtuous as well as the most vicious of mankind. My features are impressed with nobleness and native dignity, and I bear the stamp of royalty on every lineament of my face.

When I first became conscious of my own existence, and saw the hundreds of thousands of objects like myself glittering around me, I marvelled for what purpose we were designed. For it is only from experience that I have since learned the influence which we have upon the actions and the destinies of mankind, and that many of us were doomed to wander to the most distant quarters of the habitable globe, whilst others were to circulate through thousands of different channels at home, and some to remain incarcerated in dungeons for the greater part of a monotonous existence.

One of the earliest impressions on my memory is the circumstance of being patted on the head, by the fingers of an odd kind of figure with a feather stuck over his ear, who, after shovelling us about with unfeeling indifference, put me with nine hundred and ninety nine more of my new-born brethren into what appeared a horrible chasm, where

he stowed us so closely, and tied up the orifice of this frightful inclosure so tightly, that I thought my ethereal essence would have been expelled. With many other masses of the same size and description, we were hurled into a rude vehicle on wheels, with such an unmerciful jerk as made us cry aloud, or jingle, through the pain which we endured.

It was then I learned, for the first time, that seeming evil may be attended with real good: For had we not been packed so closely together, some of us must have been destroyed or mutilated in our journey to a building surrounded by enormous stone-walls in the manner of a prison, where we were again most wantonly thrown about by a number of uncouth beings, whom I soon after discovered to be men. We found ourselves in a short time, bag after bag, cast into a gulph of almost palpable darkness, and I felt all the horrors of being buried alive; for when the massive iron door, grating on its hinges, was closed upon our cemetery, with a crash as loud as thunder, my functions were paralysed and I was lost in a trance.

How long I remained in this state of insensibility, I know not; but I was roused into a feeling of ani-

mation, by the turning of the key in the lock of our dungeon. The mass in which I had been enclosed was extracted from the cell; and I found myself restored to the light of day, with some hundreds more of my fellow-prisoners, by being turned out of our canvass confinement, upon a board as hard as iron, and unceremoniously rattled up together and rudely knocked one against the other, as if we had been so many worthless stocks or stones; when, immediately after receiving the same mysterious touch of the fingers we had before experienced, we were handed over to Mr. Scrip, my first master.

Only those who have known the horrors of imprisonment, can conceive the rapture which I felt on having thus regained comparative liberty. From that moment I experienced a new expansion of my faculties; and, through an intuition inherent in spiritual beings, I became intimately acquainted with the ways of man, and with all the intricate windings of the human heart: I was qualified to distinguish truth from falsehood, wisdom from folly, and virtue from vice; and no specious gloss of dissimulation could deceive me. For, what may appear mysterious to inferior natures, I could trace

the history, actions and opinions of my owners, from the first hour of their earthly career to the period when I came into their possession. In my metallic form I am not capable of self-motion or of speech; but I am susceptible of all the passions of humanity, and particularly those of friendship and love.

Often have I wished to raise my warning voice, when my owner was about to become a prey to the villainous, or to part from me in order to gratify his folly or his vicious inclinations. I have been in the possession of those whose depravity has been as black as the unfathomable gulph of Stygian darkness; and I have rejoiced at my escape from such monsters in the human shape. I have been with others whose virtues were godlike emanations of Divine Benevolence, and an honour to the human race. And I have resided with those who have had such a mixture of good and evil in their nature, that it was difficult to separate their *virtues* from their *faults*; and while men involuntarily esteemed the former, they were almost tempted to admire the latter. I have groaned in spirit, that I was not able, at some critical periods of their existence, to personate a vocal monitor to such frail

but amiable beings, and to save them from the misery of having acted in a culpable or improper manner. My friendship would have been disinterested, as the communion of angels with their fellow-spirits of the skies. And if it be true, as has been asserted, that a shell-fish can feel the sensation of love, what must be the ethereal delicacy of that divine flame existing in my spiritual essence of pure and refined gold?

I write thus, to induce you, my gentle reader, to imagine, that every piece of money which comes into your possession, how diminutive soever it may be in size or base in its composition, is, like me, the habitation of a spirit endued with intuition and acquainted with every action of your life.—Such a flight of the imagination will not prove injurious; it may cause you, before you part with any coin, to ponder well its value, and to meditate on the worthy purposes to which it may be applied; that, when it passes into other hands, you may exultingly affirm, "I have not used it either viciously or "unwisely!" AUREUS will then not have written in vain.

CHAPTER III.

TIMOTHY SCRIP, THE QUONDAM HAIR-DRESSER, NOW A MONEY-LENDER AND STOCK-BROKER.

The individual whom I first recognised as my master, was Mr. Timothy Scrip, whose eye glistened with ecstacy when he received me with a number of my brethren, as part of the half-yearly dividend which stood in his name in the *three per cents.* He had sums, in other names, in most of the monied securities of the State; the dividends of which he had granted himself *powers of attorney* to receive, that the extent of his funded property might not be known when the income-tax was first imposed; and he had allowed those names to remain unaltered to the present time. Should he die suddenly, these sums will be added to the unclaimed dividends, and be lost to his legal heirs.

I shall say nothing of his birth, parentage, or education; he can read and write, and is sufficiently acquainted with figures for the common purposes of calculation. His appearance is precise; and his apparel particularly neat. He is always equipt in a dark brown coat, waistcoat and breeches of the same colour, and cut after the fashion of some thirty years ago. Upon his head he wears, what Rowland Hill has *classically* denominated from the pulpit, "a snug jobation-looking wig," which is infinitely more becoming than the thin straggling grey hairs injudiciously retained by the waning beaus of this degenerate age. He has a nose bent somewhat in the shape of a parrot's beak, and his eye is as keen as a hawk's. About five feet three inches in height, he makes up for his defective stature by his assumed importance.

His original occupation was that of a tonsor, which he exercised to much profit in a narrow dirty alley, in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-court Road; his shop was frequented by grooms and coachmen from an adjoining mews, and he commenced his speculations in money-matters by keeping what was termed a *Little-Go.* At that period the lottery was some weeks in being drawn,

and thousands of the poorer and middling classes of society were ruined, by effecting what generally proved to be *sham insurances*, in the intervals of drawing the numbers out of the wheel. None except those who then resided in London, can form an idea of the evils arising from this abominable system. Hope buoyed up the spirits of the deluded victims day after day, till every shilling vanished, and left the poor, cheated, unfortunate creatures in the most abject state of misery and distraction. The practice was altogether illegal; yet offices for insurance were privately opened in every quarter of the metropolis, and hundreds of persons, beside Mr. Scrip, were enriched by the credulity of their infatuated dupes.

From this *Little-Go*, he proceeded to larger concerns, and lent money at exorbitant interest to his *liveried customers*, to enable them to speculate still more deeply in his miniature lottery-wheel. By these transactions amongst the *parti-coloured brethren*, he became acquainted with the wants of their masters, and contrived to inform them where their necessities could be supplied. These are some of the methods by which he has at length become a money-lender upon an extensive scale, and a speculator in the funds to an enormous amount. There

is not a noble young spendthrift, or a gentleman of landed property in want of pecuniary assistance, within the purlieus of St. James's, who does not know where Mr. Scrip is to be found; and the ruin of many an unfortunate adventurer at the gaming-table has been accelerated by the facility with which he could be supplied with means for his own destruction. Curses deep and loud have escaped from the lips both of rustics and esquires, and have been heaped upon the head of Timothy Scrip, when the timber has been felled upon the paternal estate, or the estate sold to make good his usurious but well-secured claims and demands.

My master had chambers in Essex Court, in the Temple, not many doors from the Barber's Shop; and I have often seen him standing at the window, and looking *con amore* at the counsellors' wigs. Every morning, before he goes to the Stock Exchange, he looks into a Coffee-house in Fleet-street, where he regularly indulges himself with a cup of coffee, as a second breakfast, whilst he looks over the newspapers. His first breakfast is uniformly a penny-roll and a pennyworth of milk, which he consumes before he quits his humble domicile. He dines at an Ordinary or Chop-house

in the city, for less than half-a-crown, often after having gained some thousands of pounds within a few hours. Worth more than half a million of money, he boasts of this frugal mode of living, as an ingenious method of evading the taxes, and exemplifies most conspicuously the small share which some of these great stock-holders contribute towards the exigencies of the State.

I was no sooner deposited in Mr. Scrip's pocket than we passed into a spacious Rotunda, where the noise proceeding from a thousand voices was only to be silenced by a watchman's rattle, which a man, who was mounted on a platform that resembled an ancient rostrum, occasionally exhibited, like a mountebank at a fair, for the amusement of the surrounding crowd. In passing through this turbulent multitude, my master was saluted with that sort of deference which is always paid to the reputation of great wealth; but, having no business then to transact, he passed on, and turning up the street which leads to the Royal Exchange, he entered a small shop kept by a little old woman almost bent double by age, of whom he always purchased his *Anderson's Scots' Pills.* Having begged of her a pinch of snuff, he entrusted his

hat, which was a good one, into her care and received in exchange one that was considerably the worse for wear. Every day, before he enters upon business, he thus cautiously accoutres himself; for when he first became a member of the house in Capel-court, his notions of economy were dreadfully deranged by the unaccountable antipathy which the young stock-brokers have to "a new bit of beaver."

He took me over to the Stock Exchange, where the noise was worse, if possible, than it had been at the Rotunda in the Bank. The money transactions of that day were very trifling, or, in the language of the profession, "little was done," though I heard people talking about *twenty thousand* and *fifty thousand Pounds* with as much indifference as if they were but fifty pence. When the noise had in some degree subsided, we left the place; and, calling upon Mrs. Pigmy at the pill-shop, my master again exchanged his beaver, took another pinch out of her capacious reservoir of Rappee, and then seated himself on the bench under the piazza of the Royal Exchange.

In this great mart of the civilized world, where our princely merchants daily congregate to arrange the commerce of all nations, I indulged in a

train of reflections, which, now that my thoughts are matured by experience and observation, I shall venture to reveal in a more complete form, than when they arose within me as the first and most successful of my sallies of thought among mortals. In England the morals and manners of society have undoubtedly been improved within the last century; but this improvement is not so perceptible in the erection of great public buildings, as in some other particulars. The present race of men seem to do every thing for immediate gratification, and nothing for the benefit of after-times. Such a course is calculated upon the Irishman's principle, "that as posterity had done nothing for him, he did not see why he ought to do any thing for posterity." This selfish policy is conspicuous in every modern structure, which seems designed to last no longer than the duration of the lease of the ground on which it stands. Waterloo Bridge is a noble exception, and will be the admiration of future ages when all its cotemporary and flimsy specimens of bad taste are crumbled into dust. I must however notice with great satisfaction the magnificent improvements now in progress in Regent Street, and the neigh-

bourhood of Charing-cross; for they are really worthy of the monarch under whose auspices they have been projected.

Clumsy as the architecture of the Royal Exchange appears to the spectator, the whole structure is well suited for the purpose to which it is devoted; and there is a gloomy grandeur in the piazza, that has an imposing effect. When we consider, that it was originally intended, by a merchant, for the use and benefit of his fellow-citizens, we cannot but extol his liberality, and exclaim,—"Where are the Greshams of the present day?—"Where is there a single public building erected "by private munificence?"

On the walls around the interior of the piazza, placards and advertisements of all descriptions are exhibited in every variety of form, to catch the gazer's eye. According to the professions which they severally contain, all the wants and wishes of mankind can be supplied, all the disorders incident to humanity can be cured, all the evils prevalent in society can be prevented. It is your own fault, if you be burned in your bed; for here is *the Fire-escape*. It is the shipwrecked seaman's fault, if he be drowned; for there is *the Life-preserver*, or,

what is much more efficacious in many a mariner's opinion, the precious *child's caul*, "which may be had of Mrs. Priggins of Rotherhithe, for the moderate price of TEN GUINEAS!" Here is a facetious *Nota Bene* from Van Butchel the younger, and there a *modest* notification from the Knight of the Medical Board. But amongst all these, there is "no medicine to a mind diseased." Look at the only female figure in the place, sitting on the bench by the side of my master. She is dressed in deep mourning with a reticule on her finger. Her cheeks and even her lips are painted; and she fancies herself a lady of wealth and high degree.* Some years ago she had an only brother, a clerk in the Bank of England, who was the chief support of herself and their widowed mother: His premature death reduced them to poverty, and deranged the intellects of his sister. She has continued to appear in black ever since, and cannot forego the professional idea *that her brother left her a handsome fortune*, the illusive receipt of which is with her the occupation of every day. For this purpose she is assiduous in her visits to the Bank: The clerks, who are acquainted with her misfortunes, humanely fall in with her humour; and she

is chiefly supported by their eleemosynary contributions, which she benignantly considers as part of a dividend that is her due in behalf of her deceased relative. She is now looking at a dirty GOLDSMITH's *Almanack*, to see if it be one of the numerous *red-letter days*, that prevent her, as she says, from transacting business at the Bank. With these she is in general as well acquainted, as any clerk in the establishment. She remarked, while restoring the ruddy calendar to its old station in her pocket, "that she could do no business at the "Bank to-day;" and, with a gracious courtesy to all around, she twisted her reticule on her finger, and departed. I could not avoid ejaculating, "Alas! poor human nature!"

Mr. Scrip quickly arose from his seat, and proceeded in a leisurely manner till we came opposite the door of a celebrated confectioner in Cornhill, where his olfactory nerves were saluted with such delicious effluvia, from the good things which were preparing within, that he could not withstand the temptation to walk into the shop. Being invited upstairs, he boldly called for a basin of turtle-soup; when those who were in the room and knew him, lifted up their eyes in astonishment at this unwonted

act of extravagance, though some of them shrewdly suspected that it would serve for "his dinner, his supper, and all." Their suspicions were just; for after he had finished this luxurious repast, with evident reluctance he drew me from his pocket, parted from me with that grief which is generally manifested on losing an old friend, turned over and over again the pieces of silver which he received in exchange, hastened home to his miserably-furnished apartments, and soon retired to his bed to save the unnecessary expence of candles. This man, who is well known to every money-dealer in London, has a heart steeled against all the better feelings of humanity; he is so terrified at the idea of death as to be afraid to make a will; and, in the present state of affairs, his heaps of sordid ore, which have been principally extorted from the miseries of mankind, will descend to distant relatives, who, unconscious of his very existence, are at present employed in digging into the bowels of the earth for a metal more useful than gold. They are honest labourers in the Cornish mines.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRENCH PLANTER IN LONDON—HIS NOTIONS OF ENGLISH FREEDOM, AND OF THE DIVERSIFIED PURSUITS OF THE NATIVES, &c.

During the short time that I remained in the custody of the attendant in the soup-room, I overheard the following colloquy between two swarthy-looking gentlemen, who had called for the purposes of refreshment. "Well, Monsieur Noyaux," said one of them, "I think you must acknowledge, "that this is as good as any of Monsieur Verigo's "potage." "*Bon, bon!*" was the reply of the other, who would not allow himself time to say more, till the soup had vanished from his sight; when he thus began: "It is not de first time I "taste it.—When I came from West Indies to this "country, I wish to see de novelty, de curiosity "of de place. I learned de English language at "Martinique—speak, as you hear, like de natif.—

"In de first morning I go to de grand spectacle "militaire: evolutions exact—General, I suppose, "give de word of command. I ask, Who is dat "Officier?—'MONSIEUR POPLAR,' they say.

"Ver well! Impatient to see more—peep in at "de *libraire*—take up a pamphlet on political eco-"nomy—read one, two, tree page.—*Ah, tres* "*bien!* excellent!—Who is de author? They "say, 'MONSIEUR POPLAR.'

"Ver well! I stroll into de street—Ludgate-"hill—Cheapside—move on to de Poultry—then "to Cornhill.—*Ma foi!* I stand still—hold my "breath—sniff, sniff—de smell delicieuse! Stop "at dis place—come in—taste de beer, excellent! "—try de puff, superlatif! Ah, *le carosse!* de "chariot drive furiously up to de door! Un gen-"tilhomme step out—go up de stair. When I "say, Who is dat? They tell me, 'MONSIEUR "POPLAR.'

"Ver well. I take de glass limonade—pay for "my puff.—Pray, who is de master of dis shop? "They say, 'MONSIEUR POPLAR.'

"Ver well! Lounge about some time—Look "in at de Guilt-hall—Von man in de scarlet robe

"and gold chain—give good advice to tree bad
"men thât stand before him. Say I, How you
"call that Justice on de bench? '*An Alderman.*'
"Ah! but how you call his name? They say,
"'MONSIEUR POPLAR.'

"Ver well! I go to my dinnere—after, I go
"to L'Assemblee Nationale, de House of Com-
"mon.—Orator speaking much to de purpose all
"about avantage of de debt national. Ask again,
"Who is that member on his leg? They say,
"'MONSIEUR POPLAR.'

"Ver well! I stop von, two half-hour—I go
"away—drop in at de Têatre—too late for de
"Comedie—enquire, What is de Farce? *The*
"*Adopted Child.* Ah! but who is its father?—
"Who is de writer? They tell me, 'MONSIEUR
"POPLAR.'

"*O mon Dieu!* I could stand it no longer.—
"Here, and there, and every where—from morn-
"ing till night—nothing but MONSIEUR POPLAR!
"General—Economy—Soup—Shariot--Alderman
"—Justice—Member of Parliament—and Father
"of *the Adopted Child*! Ha, ha, ha!—It was too
"much!

"This Monsieur Poplar," say I, "must either "be the famous Monsieur Nong Tong Paw, or le "diable himself."

"I must own, my good friend," replied the other gentleman, "it is somewhat remarkable that "this should occur all in one day; but the high "character of Mr. Poplar is well known, and serves "to shew, that talents and perseverance will enable "an English tradesman to obtain riches and honor "without reserve, and to become a member of the "most enlightened legislature in the world. I "recollect nearly a similar instance respecting the "same individual. When I was last in this opu- "lent city, I saw Mr. Poplar in the course of one "day sustain three of the characters which you "have now described, in addition to that of Lord "Mayor of London. In the latter capacity, "about two o'clock on that day, he headed a most "respectable procession, that was composed of the "opulence and learning of the eastern part of the "metropolis, and with his own hands laid the "foundation-stone of a Hall, which now proudly "'rears its head aloft' in Moorfields, for the accom- "modation of a Literary and Philosophical Society. "He also delivered a neat speech on that occasion."

" Ver well! we cannot understand this in Paris.
" We say, that *de English are a nation of shopkeeper*
" But, by gar, de shopkeeper, de dealer in puff-
" paste, is more of a gentilhomme than the Count
" in France or Germany. I do not think, Mr
" Ohio, you have any such *stimulus* to the acquire-
" ment of wealth and dignity in America."

" I beg your pardon, Mr. Noyaux; our induce-
" ment is greater still. We are not yet luxurious
" enough for the due encouragement of poets or
" artists. We have no hereditary honours amongst
" us, no long list of heroic ancestors about whom we
" may boast. It is true, we cannot monopolize wealth
" in the same degree as some of these proud islan-
" ders do; but you will recollect, that the humblest
" individual in society stands his chance of becom-
" ing the supreme ruler of the Commonwealth.
" And let me tell you, Sir, that we consider the
" President of the United States as great a man as
" the first Monarch in the Universe."

CHAPTER V.

EXPRESSIONS OF GENEROUS FEELING—YOUTHFUL SYMPATHY—IMPOSTORS THE BANE OF CHARITY, &c.

THE attendant, in whose possession I was, happened then to be called away, and I heard no more of this brisk conversation. I was at length given to Mr. Poplar himself in his study, where he was talking to a youth about fifteen years of age, whose open countenance was pleasing as the dawning of a summer's day, and whose light heart was joyously exhibited in his laughing eye. He was going into the country on a visit to his mother, before he departed for the College at Hertford; and had called to take leave of the worthy Alderman, who seemed proud of his youthful relative.

"Remember me kindly to your mother, my "dear Frank! And I trust you will never forget "her instructions."

"Never, Sir! I love her too well; and I shall "always love you for having been her benefactor."

"Well, my brave boy, Fare you well! Put "this letter into the post-office for me, as you go "along; and here, take this for yourself,"—and I glided gently into the stripling's hand.

He gazed at me for some time, as if to discover those minute lineaments of countenance which are not distinguishable at first sight, but which are peculiar to my whole race. I was then placed hastily in his pocket, as he exultingly bounded out of the house.

After depositing the letter in the Post-office, he came away, and was "whistling as he went for want of thought," when he was accosted by a robust respectable-looking man in a flat-sided three-cocked hat, such as might be seen in London in days of yore, and are still common in Holland. A snuff-coloured coat, worsted stockings, and little brass buckles on his shoes, completed the peculiarities of his dress. He appeared about sixty years of age; and marched up to the youth, not obsequiously, but with apparent frankness and candour, and, taking him by the hand, he said:

"I beg pardon, young gentleman, for thus "abruptly accosting you; but I see by your "countenance, that you have a feeling heart. I "have known the luscious sweets of plenty, but "am now fallen back in the world. I once held "my head as high as any of the proudest upon "'Change; but losses and crosses have reduced "me to poverty. I have a wife at home, who is "old and bed-ridden; and an only child, a daugh- "ter, little better than an ideot! We were burnt "out of our house not long ago, and we lost our "little all. My spirit was too proud to seek relief "from the parish. I am no common beggar, "young gentleman; but, I am sure, you will not "suffer a fellow-creature to starve."

"God forbid!" said the noble boy, as he squeezed the petitioner's hand; when, on searching his pocket, he found no remnants of the less precious metals, and I was the only piece of money which he possessed. The blood rushed to his face as soon as he had discovered this unpleasant want of variety; and generous though he naturally was, he did not wish to part with his all. But, suddenly recollecting himself, he said, "If you will

"remain here for two minutes, I will return with-
"out delay."

The old man gave a significant shake of the head, as if in doubt.—"On my honour, Sir!" said the youth, who was too ready an interpreter of these assumed misgivings, "you may believe me"—and he darted into Lombard Street, where, at the first shop to which he came, he requested the owner to give him change, and I was unceremoniously handed over to a little round-faced man behind the counter. But never was I separated from any of my possessors with stronger feelings of personal regret, than those which I experienced when I was paid away by this ingenuous youth, who returned to the paved space in front of the small open court for receiving the letters at the Post Office.—There he found his petitioner in waiting, threw five shillings into his hand, and, with the tear of pity glistening in his eye, hastened from the scene. Some moments elapsed before his cheeks lost the heightened rosy glow which they had assumed; and his heart beat high with approving emotion, such as an angel of light would not disdain to own.

But it is scarcely to be believed, that the man whom he had thus zealously befriended, turned upon his heel, and, while pocketing the money, laughed at the credulity of his benefactor. This veteran beggar was an impostor of the vilest description. He had formerly been valet and pander to a man of high rank, who, for his convenient services, had settled upon him a pension for life. He was not in poverty, and had neither wife nor daughter. Though he possessed what would have been deemed a competency by a better man, he could not refrain from the exercise of that vicious duplicity in which he had been early initiated; and he was to be seen, for many years, practising his impositions near the same spot. His constant method was, to address himself to boys or very young men; he accounted them the most likely subjects to be deceived by his specious stories. The principal part of the money which the vile miscreant fraudulently obtained from his benevolent dupes, was spent in a noted public-house near the Tower; where he might be seen in the evenings, smoking his pipe, drinking his brandy and water, and descanting in a lordly tone on the profligacy of ministers and the corrup-

tion of the State. How cruelly do these deceptions blunt the finer feelings of human nature, and suppress the early appearances of charity in the youthful breast !

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An error soon corrected :
For who but learns, in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected ?

CHAPTER VI.

SOCIABLE COMPANY IN A MAIL-COACH—THE ADVENTURES OF A SEA-CAPTAIN, &c.

MY NEW master, the shopkeeper, transferred me from his till to a young man of the name of HOPE, who was Clerk to an eminent Solicitor in the Temple. Equipped in travelling habiliments, he was waiting in his master's office for some cash and final instructions respecting the object of his journey, when I was deposited in his purse with several others of my kindred. There was no striking peculiarity in his character; but he was full of the joyous ardour of early manhood, and almost every thing he passed was viewed with zest, and communicated the interest of novelty. About half past eight o'clock on a fine summer's evening, which was bright and mildly glowing as the hopes of his youthful existence, he entered the Bath Mail, that was stopping to take up another passenger at the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly.

The only inmates of the vehicle, beside himself, were an elderly gentleman "with spectacles on nose," and a beautiful girl about nineteen years of age, who was seated by his side. After some general remarks on the news of the day and the fineness of the season, he recognized Mr. Hope as the son of one of his first friends, presented him with his card, and said, "If he was going far on "the Western road, he should feel obliged if he "would take the young lady under his protection, "as she was unused to travel by herself." The young man felt exceedingly proud of this confidence, and promised to shew the young lady every attention in his power. The coach-door was opened, and the old gentleman took leave of Mr. Hope and his fair charge. A person with a harsh weather-beaten countenance, for whom we had been waiting, then entered; and we were whirled away with that dexterous rapidity of motion which a stage-coachman delights to exhibit in driving through the crowded streets of the Metropolis.

The lady and my youthful owner were soon on that footing of familiarity which their introduction warranted. Her conversation and her personal charms were equally agreeable. She had resided some time in Portugal for the benefit of her health,

and was then proceeding on a visit to some of her friends in Exeter. Her remarks upon the difference between English and foreign manners were delicate and judicious, and her anecdotes of British society in Portugal were full of point and vivacity. Our fellow-traveller, after one or two "rough and ready" seaman-like jokes and observations, quickly gave loud nasal intimations that he was fast asleep. Mr. Hope maintained an uninterrupted conversation with his interesting companion, till the night was far advanced, when, after a short interval of silence, she complained of an uncontrollable disposition to drowsiness; and, making some few ineffectual efforts at further discourse, she was soon sleeping as soundly, though not quite so sonorously, as her opposite neighbour.

Being thus left to his own reflections, which in the bulk of mankind have a soporiferous tendency, my master was himself presently lost in slumber; and when he awoke, it was broad day-light, and the rays of the morning sun occasionally darted full into the coach. Never did the sun shine upon a more lovely countenance than that of the wearied and sleeping fair one, whose head had imperceptibly during the night reclined itself upon his

shoulder. If I had been formed of earthly materials, I cannot exactly define the kind of sensations which would have crowded my imagination on making such a discovery. My master gazed with admiration on her heavenly features: But he was afraid to stir; for the least motion might have disturbed the innocent dreams in which she seemed to be indulging. However, she presently awoke; and, with a look expressive at once of timidity and consternation, she hastily withdrew her head from its improper and unexpected place of repose, while her face was suffused with engaging blushes of genuine female modesty.

Mr. Hope acted very judiciously, by avoiding any allusion to the hardness of her pillow, or to the refreshing slumbers which she had enjoyed while in that gently recumbent posture. He invited her attention to the beauty of the rural scenery through which they were rapidly passing, and which presented, at every turn in the road, fresh objects of admiration, "tinged with the soft and rosy hues of morn." Their renewed conversation awoke the gentleman in the opposite corner, who now appeared like "a giant refreshed" after his slumbers; for he entered into discourse, with a

degree of light-hearted volubility that was as delightful as it was unlooked-for, and accompanied with a blunt, yet frank, sincerity of manner, which so often distinguishes the character of a British naval officer. He had been an actor in many of those brilliant achievements by which our navy signalized itself at the beginning of the late French war, and which were the precursors of those more splendid victories that at length swept all our opponents from the ocean, and left our gallant seamen no further serious occupation. I call them "our gallant seamen;" for I consider myself a true-born British spirit, first brought into existence, as an individual sovereign of standard purity, on Tower-hill. I may therefore be expected to appreciate, with correctness, their magnanimity and courage. Indeed the service has suffered by the excess of their valour, and they have been ruined by their own almost miraculous deeds. British sailors, who were lately the dread and glory of the world, are now neglected and forgotten; for the fighting part of "their occupation is literally gone."

Our hero was the celebrated Captain S.; and ungrateful indeed must his countrymen be, if they

cease to remember his gallant exploits. He spake to his companions in the coach,

> ———Of most disastrous chances;
> Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
> Of being taken by the insolent foe,
> And sold to slavery, &c.

After relating a variety of entertaining adventures, he concluded with the following narrative, which I shall give in his own words.

CHAPTER VII.

A SEA-CAPTAIN'S SHORT STORY—HIS CAPTIVITY—RELEASE FROM CONFINEMENT, &C.

"ALMOST at the commencement of hostilities, I was cruizing on the West Indian station, in a small sloop of war, of which I was then second in command; when, in a desperate engagement with an enemy's ship of superior force, our captain and a number of the men were killed, our vessel captured, and the remainder of the crew were sent on shore on one of the smaller islands then in the possession of the French. Being the only officer whom heaven protected from death, I was marched at the head of those of my comrades who were able to walk to the common prison of the petty capital of the island.

"We certainly could not boast of the splendour of our apartments or the sumptuousness of our fare:

For the former had nothing to recommend them, except bare stone walls; and the latter consisted of damaged biscuit and dirty water. The business of the toilette is soon arranged in any prison; but it was despatched more quickly in that dreary abode, than in any other of which I have been unhappily one of the inmates: for we had no other changes of linen or of clothes, than those which we wore when we entered our place of confinement. Nor did the boasted politeness of our enemies supply us with any superfluous articles of dress, which they found belonging to us on board their prize.

"Our prison amusements were few and monotonous; and the principal diversion which our thoughts received, was from a daily visit to a grated window which overlooked an open square or court-yard, of no great extent, in which it was a wonder to descry a single individual of our species. Trifling as this indulgence may appear to one at liberty, to us, who felt some of the horrors of confinement in a sultry climate, it proved a high gratification; and we looked forward with anxiety to the hour which enabled us to inhale, through the well-secured casement, the exhilarating coolness

of the sea-breeze. But this refreshment both to body and mind was only of transient duration; for we were generally hurried back to our dungeon, before we had time to enjoy the limited prospect, or to 'drink in a full stream of vital air.' The remainder of our time was passed in stricter durance, where we lay squalid and wretched, sick and desponding, without any stimulus for conversation, or relish for it when occasionally introduced. Indeed, several of my companions in misfortune sunk under their sufferings, and died broken-hearted and in despair.

"We were incarcerated in small, dark, and loathsome cells, without any mitigation of our miseries for several months. In one of my daily visits to our breathing-place, the iron bars of which reached within two feet of the ground, I had planted myself against one side of the window, with my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the fine blue sky, as if regardless of any thing terrestrial. When I withdrew my attention from the bright heavens, the sight of which to a sailor is almost as reviving as the face of an old acquaintance, a tall thin figure of a stern visage, indented with wrinkles, caught my observation. He wore a

huge cocked hat, from under which a few straggling grey hairs had escaped half-way down his sunken cheeks, and the remainder were fastened together in a long *queue*, that extended downwards nearly as low as the skirts of a blue coat, obsolete in its shape and dimensions. His legs were immersed in a tremendous pair of military boots, which reached half-way up his thighs; and he was armed with a tall and substantial gold-headed cane, which he occasionally carried like a musket on his shoulder, as he marched backwards and forwards at some little distance from our prison. I frequently observed him, with both his hands clasped upon the top of his cane, that at the same time served as a resting-place for his chin; and I imagined, that he fixed his eyes intently upon my countenance. What a hard-hearted old cynic he must be, thought I, to gaze upon so much misery, and with such little apparent concern! Sometimes I fancied I could discern a gleam of compassion break through the cloud of his rigid features; and there was an upright dignity in his deportment, that induced me to suppose it could not cover a heart of meanness and depravity: and on that day, when the man in the blue coat was no longer to be

seen, I felt an indescribable sort of disappointment, which, on subsequent reflection in my cell, I ascribed to the extreme paucity of those who made the court-yard a place of resort.

" After a week had elapsed without my again beholding him, one morning I remained with my eyes open for a considerable time, before I could believe myself to be properly awake; for I had dreamt, that I was returned to my native cottage in Devonshire, and I seemed still to feel the warm embraces of my good old mother, who pressed me with transport in her bosom. But when I started from my miserable pallet and found it but a dream, my weakness overcame me, the tears trickled down my cheeks, and I sobbed aloud for some minutes like a child. This ebullition, however, relieved the torture of my feelings. I uttered my morning orisons to the gracious Author of my being with more than usual fervour, and proceeded with confidence and resignation to my wonted station at the window.

" I had not waited long before my acquaintance in the cocked hat once more made his appearance; and my heart palpitated with uncontrollable agitation when I saw him advancing towards me with a

firm and martial step. As he approached he touched his hat, with the dignified politeness which an officer of rank displays in the salutation of his inferior; he then addressed me in French, nearly in the following terms: 'Young man, you seem to 'have been born to better prospects, I have long 'pitied your misfortunes'—He paused.

"Sir, said I, it is so long since I have heard any sounds, save the harsh voice of our jailor and the wailings of my fellow sufferers, that your words of pity are as a cordial to my wounded spirit; and I thank you sincerely for your condolence.

" 'I am a man of few words,' replied he, 'I am 'the Governor of this island, and on one condition 'I will set you at liberty.'

"Ah! do not trifle with the wretched; but I fain would think you as incapable of offering me dishonourable terms, as I am of accepting them.

" 'Sir, if I had supposed you undeserving the 'confidence of a man of honour, I should not have 'proffered my assistance. I shall see you on this 'spot to-morrow,'—and with a slight inclination of the head, he disappeared.

"High and various were the perturbations of my mind during that restless night. Hope and fear alternately assailed me; and, after building a thousand castles in the air, I fell into a broken slumber, and woke in the morning with my heart fluttering between doubt and expectation. A few minutes sooner than his usual time, our jailor entered, and told the prisoners, that he had orders to treat them with less rigour in future, and that I was to follow him into the court-yard, where he left me in the presence of the Governor, who bowed and thus addressed me:

"'Now, Sir, to your terms of release! Do not 'interrupt me till I have finished my remarks. I 'have been all my life in the service of my coun-'try, and several years Governor of this place. I 'tell you in confidence, that I do not approve of 'all the measures of the present rulers of France; 'yet I considered it my duty, both for the sake of 'my country and my family, to remain at the post 'which Providence had assigned me. When my 'country was attacked by foreigners, I did not 'think it was proper in me as a soldier to quarrel 'with the government at home. I knew the shameful 'and rigorous treatment which you received, and

'remonstrated on the subject; but it was in vain. 'All my motions were narrowly watched by an agent 'of the Directory, who has now left the island. 'Had I ventured more directly to interfere in 'mitigating your sufferings, it is probable that the 'lives of myself and my children would have paid 'the forfeit of my imprudent manifestation of 'humanity. I am a rough soldier, unused to 'compliment, and incapable of flattery; but I 'am a father, Sir, and can feel for *you*. I have 'two sons and three daughters, who have arrived 'at that age when the passions are strong and the 'heart susceptible. They are amiable, thought-'less, generous, and affectionate; and if you will 'promise on your word of honour,—that you will 'not form any sentimental or tender connection in 'my family,—that you will not endeavour to lead 'astray the judgments of my sons or the affections 'of my girls,—and that you will not suffer your 'acquaintance to deviate either into friendship or 'love,—on these terms you shall become an inmate 'in my family till I can procure your exchange. 'And when you part, it must be done at once, and 'no subsequent correspondence will ever be per-'mitted. I feel for you as *a man*, but I must not

'forget that you are *the enemy of France.* Now,
'Sir, if you accept my conditions, follow me.'

"I made no scruple of assenting; for none but those who have long been deprived of the glorious light of day, or who have been prevented from breathing the free untainted air of heaven, can form any notion of my feelings at that moment. Enveloped as I was in rags and familiar with filth, I certainly thought more about freedom from captivity, than about either friendship or love. The good old man re-iterated his injunctions as we went along, and added this as his chief reason for such precaution: 'I do not wish the cheerful serenity 'of my domestic enjoyments to be ruffled, or my 'children's happiness to be destroyed.'

"In about half an hour, we arrived at the Government-House, which was situated in one of the most delightful vallies of the Island. Though not large, it was constructed in such a manner as to afford comfortable and convenient accommodations to a genteel family. Its interior was fitted up in rather an antique style, which bespoke taste and refinement, devoid of splendour and ostentation. I followed my venerable guide into a spacious saloon, in which all the members of the family

were assembled; and I was so shocked on viewing myself in a mirror, which reflected my figure from head to foot, that I sickened with disgust at my squalid and uncouth appearance, and wished instantly to retreat from observation. But the Governor, taking me kindly by the hand, desired me to advance, and said: 'My dear children, this 'is the English prisoner whom I mentioned to you 'yesterday; he is your enemy, it is true, but he is 'an officer and a gentleman. After suffering a 'long and rigorous confinement, he is now your 'guest; therefore remember the cautions which I 'have given you, and treat him as your hearts shall 'dictate.'

"In an instant they overwhelmed me with offers of kindness and condolence; they flew in different directions to assist me with raiment or to bring refreshments. But I followed the elder brother, who judiciously suggested the warm bath. I was presently divested of my beard and tattered habiliments; and when I found myself once more in clean linen and decent apparel, and saw my altered appearance in the glass, I involuntarily offered to shake hands with my own image, capered about the room like a man frantic with joy, and laughed

so immoderately as to produce an hysterical affection that terminated in a flood of tears. The two brothers attended me with affectionate solicitude, calmed my agitation by degrees, and led me into the saloon to partake of some viands which had been provided for me by their sisters: For, with a peculiar degree of delicacy, they did not allow any of the servants to wait upon me at my first introduction.

"I was again overpowered by the excess of my pleasurable sensations, which became painful in the extreme, and were not diminished by the warm attentions of these lovely females. I could only gaze and gesticulate; for I was rendered utterly incapable of pronouncing a syllable. My nerves were unstrung, and I had a ravenous appetite: Yet I felt faint and sickly; and the same choaking sensation in my throat, which prevented my utterance, hindered me likewise from swallowing substantial food. At length I drank freely of a very refreshing beverage, delightful to the palate, but which bewildered my faculties; so that I found it impossible to keep myself awake, and after reposing upon a sofa for some hours, I awoke, as I thought, in Elysium.

"As soon as my eyes were open, each individual vied with the rest in tenderness and assiduity. The sisters hovered about me like ministering angels, and prevented my suffering from repletion or unnecessary exertion; for I was exceedingly weak and exhausted, through the severity of my confinement, and the want of due nourishment and exercise.

"In a few days, I was nearly restored to my accustomed vigour and hilarity. I recovered my looks and my appetite, and soon found myself completely domesticated with this charming family. The young men had been educated by the best masters that their father could procure. Their acquaintance with general literature was very extensive, and they were well skilled in all the manly exercises. In their company I explored every corner of the Island, for the purposes of hunting, shooting, or fishing, as the weather permitted or our inclination dictated. With the father I engaged at billiards, chess, or picquet.

"The daughters played, sang, and danced with feeling and taste: Their conversation was playful, interesting, and affectionate; and they had an innate sense of decorum and propriety, which imparted

an additional charm to the graces of their persons and to the virtues of their souls. This preserved them from many of those giddy sallies of witty impertinence in which French ladies too frequently indulge, and which, however familiar to natives, are seldom relished by a well-educated Englishman. Their politeness arose not from the varying and capricious rules of fashion, but it had its origin in an uniform wish to please, accompanied with that confiding gentleness and ease which innocence alone inspires. With them I read, played, sang, and danced alternately; and, when not engaged with their brothers in more manly sports, I joined with delight in their domestic amusements.

"Thus the whole family, of which I was an inmate, formed one social circle, where all was gaiety, happiness and peace. Every night when I retired to rest, I taxed myself with the crime of having felt a strong inclination to break my promise with the Governor. Most fortunate was it for me, that there was more than one object to excite my admiration! . .The three charming sisters were all viewed by me as equally fascinating; yet each of them was so different from the others, that

it was impossible for me, who generally saw them together, to resolve upon which I should have fixed my affections, had I possessed the power of choice without infringing my word of honour. Though each of them was all that the heart of man could desire; yet to this day, whenever I reflect on those pleasing by-past scenes, I am at a loss to determine which of the lovely sisters I should prefer.

"One morning before we had quitted the breakfast table, and whilst we were rallying each other on the comparative merits of France and England, the old gentleman opened the door and beckoned me out of the room. He bade me take my hat and follow him, which I did in silence for some time, without noticing the route we had taken, till I observed with a kind of horror, at a turn of the road, that we were proceeding towards the Port. I then broke silence, and asked whither we were going, and what was the purport of our walk? The Governor looked earnestly upon me, and, I thought, a tear glistened in his eye.

"'You must abide by my directions,' said he, 'and it will save you and others much pain. A 'cartel has arrived, an exchange of prisoners has 'been effected, and you will sail from the Island 'within an hour.'

"But, my dear Sir, you will allow me to return and take——

"'No, Sir! I will have no leave-taking—no 'shedding of tears at parting—no pressure of the 'hand, more eloquent than words—no uttering of 'the painful FAREWELL, so destructive to the 'future peace of mind!'

"Oh, Sir, allow me but one word! one last adieu!

"'NOT ONE, Sir! Remember your promise!'

"I seized the rugged veteran's hand between both of mine, and, pressing it fervently to my lips, I exclaimed, Allow me to express my gratitude——

"'Not to me, Sir! I have only done my duty; 'and all the return I ask is, that, if the chance of 'war should throw a countryman of mine into 'your power, you will think of your well-wishers 'at the Government-House, and be kind to him 'for their sakes. You will find trunks on board, 'containing clothes and every necessary for your 'voyage. So now we must part. There is the 'vessel! God bless you, Sir, and send you safe 'to your native shores!'

"He turned hastily away, and proceeded with a brisk pace in the direction of his home. I stood

for some time motionless, and gazing in a bewildering stupor after the tall and dignified form of my venerable benefactor, till he dwindled away to a mere speck, and vanished from my aching sight in the distance. I was strongly tempted to run after him, and press to my heart the beloved objects I had left behind; but the laws of honour forbade me. I hastened on board the vessel, and threw myself upon my bed in an agony of contending sensations, which do not admit of description.

"It was not till after the lapse of some days that I partially recovered from the shock which my feelings had received. But the pleasing ideas which are excited by the prospect of a return to relatives and friends, to home and country, exercise a mighty influence upon the youthful spirit of a mariner after a long absence; and they soon wean him from indulging in vain and useless regrets. The diversity of company on board a cartel, the hilarity of some, the sadness of others, and the recital of the various adventures through which each individual has passed, produce a salutary effect on all parties, both on the gay and the sad; and while they form a soothing species of practical amusement and instruction, during a long voyage,

they insensibly assimilate the tempers and feelings of the passengers to such a pleasing conformity, as is not to be perceived in any other society of beings invested with humanity. We were six weeks on our passage home, and felt blithe and merry of heart when we beheld once more the white cliffs of Old England. I soon forgot many of my sufferings, in the bosom of my widowed mother's family, and among my juvenile friends.

"But I have not ceased to recollect the generous and estimable mortals, who treated me with such unexampled kindness during the more pleasing period of my confinement on the French island. Though I have never since seen or heard from them, I still cling to the hope, that I shall see them again. Their images are imprinted indelibly upon my heart; and the recollection of the commiseration and the virtues which they displayed, will be dear to me, to the latest moment of my existence. It has, however, been my lot, on more than one occasion since that period, to attempt a recompence of their unbounded hospitality, in the persons of some of their suffering countrymen."

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTRAST BETWEEN BATH AND BRISTOL—THE ADVENTURES OF AN ACTOR, &c.

SOON after the sea-captain's narrative was concluded, we arrived at Bath, where the party breakfasted and separated: and I parted from my two fellow-travellers with much regret.

The business upon which my possessor was dispatched was not of the most pleasant description, though executed by him both with humanity and propriety. It was the arrangement of a tradesman's affairs at Bristol, who was making a composition with his creditors; and I confess, the conduct of my young master on that occasion gave me a bias in favour of lawyers, which I still retain. Indeed this friendly feeling seems to be reciprocal; for lawyers evince in return a hearty affection for all my kindred. Notwithstanding the universal outcry against them, I have seldom discovered that legal

gentlemen are worse than the persons among whom their transactions usually lie. After despatching his business, my possessor had leisure for making observations, and he was not negligent in improving the opportunity.

Who is it that has seen the beautiful city of BATH, without audible expressions of admiration? And who has not lamented, that, from the caprice of fashion, it is no longer a place of general resort? At every step you take, some new object of delight bursts upon your view, which is only to be equalled by the charms of the surrounding country. As we entered the Pump-room, the whole BRAMBLE family appeared in my mind's eye,—for I had heard their comical adventures recited; and on looking into the King's Bath, the idea of the powdered heads of antiquated beaux, ladies' toupees, and aldermen's wigs, bobbing about on the surface of the water, and gabbling together like so many ducks in a pond, excited in me an intellectual laugh, which, among metallic spirits, is a more refined sensation than that felt by mortals when they give utterance to a loud and debasing *cachinnus*. Smollet and Anstey have given such humourous and animated pictures of what Bath

formerly was, as will compel all recent spectators to exclaim, " What a falling off is here, in regard to the number and quality of the company !"

Of all the gay places the world can afford,
By gentle and simple for pastime ador'd,
Fine balls and fine concerts, fine buildings and springs,
Fine walks, and fine views, and a thousand fine things,
(Not to mention the sweet situation and air,)
What place, my dear mother, with BATH can compare?

This was written in the year 1776. And the place itself is as delightful as ever, and even now has charms and advantages, possessed by no other residence, for a certain description of invalids, or for those who wish to partake at a moderate expence of the amusements which may be enjoyed in a small circle of polished society. The buildings, the shops, the inhabitants, and every thing else, have an air of gentility, gaiety, and elegance; and my master quitted this city for Bristol, with an intimation of regret, to which I was not insensible, though safely lodged in his pocket.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast. The removal from one city to the other is like a sudden transportation from Grosvenor-square to Ratcliffe-highway. Though only a few miles distant, you seem as if conveyed into a foreign land.

Every thing has undergone a transformation. The *tradesmen* of the one place have a mortal antipathy to the *shopkeepers* of the other. In Bristol the sole business of existence seems to be the getting of money; and, in Bath, much of the serious occupation of the gay is how to spend it. An instance of the perversity of man is evident in the assemblage of the merchants of the former city, who, notwithstanding the handsome Exchange which they possess, with every accommodation for transacting their business, prefer congregating together at the front of this building in the middle of a narrow dirty street.

My master said, he had often heard it asserted, that particular towns were famous for the beauty or the ugliness of the females; and perhaps he had been prejudiced in this respect against Bristol. We were present at an inspection of the military of the district, which took place in Queen-square. It was a fine day, and, one may suppose, there was no lack of female curiosity. But never was an English multitude gathered together on such an occasion, in which the dearth of female charms was so glaring in my master's eyes. It must however be recollected, that his sight had been previously

vitiated by the beautiful loungers of Bath, whose flitting images still floated in his imagination; that, in several mercantile cities, prudence assumes a more severe and authoritative tone, than in places of fashionable resort; and that, in the former, the ladies who attend military spectacles are seldom accounted the most respectable in society. Prudential considerations therefore often restrain the charming female branches of the wealthiest families from exhibiting any "appearance of evil;" especially when it is not always possible for them to be escorted, to such an imposing and busy scene, by their brothers or fathers, who, as merchants, are men of regular habits and generally well occupied at the hour of review. Yet, when absent from home, and free from the prying observance and scandal of excessive prudery, both mothers and daughters frequent even the daily parade of the military in the place of their sojourn; and, whether attended or unattended by their natural protectors, they venture, like the rest of their neighbours, to listen at least to the thrilling sounds of warlike music, if a sly glance of the eye is never cast towards the warrior, his gay attire, or glittering accoutrements.

Bristol is a great commercial city, and has in it much that is admirable; but to visit Bath before Bristol, is not good policy in a traveller. From the smoke of the glass-houses, from the dirt and bustle of this noisy town, it is quite delightful to turn aside to the romantic beauty of the HOT-WELLS, and the charming scite of the elegant village of CLIFTON, which is, after all, a kind of beautiful sepulchral abode; for "death is in all her chambers," and every step seems to lead one or another down to the tomb.

Here were to be seen numbers of interesting young creatures, in the last stage of that insidious disease which holds out the cup of hope to its victims, till the very moment when they drop into the grave. The lovely Helen D. particularly attracted Mr. Hope's attention: She was walking on the parade, leaning on the arm of an elder sister, who gazed upon her with an intensity of pity and affection, whilst the beautiful invalid moved along with a light but feeble step. Her form was so attenuated and fragile, as scarcely to bend the blade beneath her feet; her complexion was extremely pale, and the hectic flush on her cheek was lovely as the first tinge of the morning upon the elevated summits of

the snow-clad Alps. Her eye was lighted up with the fire of inspiration, almost divine. She talked in an animated strain of vivacity to her sister, whose voice faultered and betrayed itself while she replied to her under the constraint of assumed cheerfulness. Bowing with sprightliness and gaiety to a gentleman who passed, Helen said, "If you call "to-morrow, I will give you your revenge at "chess;" but—so deceitful are the symptoms of this fatal disorder!—before the morrow's dawn she had breathed her last. I had never beheld an earthly creature so like an ethereal being; and I wished that I could have become her attendant spirit, when, as an angel of light, she ascended up to heaven.

> Oh! never was a form so delicate
> Fashion'd in dream or story, to create
> Wonder or love in man.

But it was one of the laws of our creation, when I and my kindred received the splendid form in which we now appear, that we should survive many generations of men, and, unless destroyed by accident, that the metals in which we are embodied should at length become "the hoary chroniclers of other times."

I was paid away at the Bush Tavern in Bristol, and was almost immediately given in change for a five-pound note to a gentleman of but trifling histrionic celebrity on the London boards, but who had then been strutting his hour away on the Bath and Bristol stages, with some little advantage to his finances; and with the supply derived from the receipts of a tolerable benefit, he was hastening to the regions of infatuation, where his cash would speedily "vanish into thin air:" For he was possessed with the evil spirit of gaming, and *played* other parts than those assigned to him at the theatre. The power which this passion exerts over the heart is so despotic, as to absorb every better feeling; it renders those men callous who were formerly humane, and those churlish who would otherwise have been liberal. I could descant for hours on the destructiveness of this vicious propensity, if it be not rather a symptom of a disordered mind; but I shall suffer facts themselves to speak aloud, and point the moral of the tale.

CHAPTER IX.

A FASHIONABLE RENDEZVOUS FOR GAMESTERS—A REGULAR GAMING-HOUSE—VISIT FROM A POLICE-OFFICER, &c.

I TRAVELLED with my new master to London. He originally was heir to a handsome patrimony, had been well educated, and, though an indifferent actor, had a fine figure, with the manners and address of a gentleman, and was a particular favourite with a celebrated Countess, who always called him her *pet player*. He was however better known in the green-room by the name of LORENZO. No sooner had we arrived in town, than he equipped himself for a visit to the residence of the Countess, in one of the streets adjoining Piccadilly, where princes and players, peers and stock-brokers, bankers and black-legs, Jews and Gentiles were jumbled together in glorious confusion, and over whom the noble hostess neither disdained to pre-

side, nor blushed to share the profits, which the keeper of the bank is sure to obtain, with the notorious Mr. Deuce, who is but too well known upon the Turf, and in every circle in which the demon of chance predominates.

This man's courage is as unquestionable, as his character is equivocal. His manners are insidious, and his command of temper complete. He is a perfect master of his art, and proceeds to the extreme verge of honesty without fear of reproof; for though he seldom loses, no one ever ventures to dispute his claim. There are some odd points of similarity between this superlative punter, and Homer the prince of Poets. If one was a Grecian the other is a Greek; and the birth-place of the one is as great a matter of uncertainty as that of the other; for though Mr. Deuce's memory is surprisingly comprehensive on certain points, his recollection is so defective on others, that he knows nothing of his origin, his family, or even the place of his nativity. He has laboured hard in his vocation; for, from the lowest obscurity, he has amassed a princely fortune, and may be seen every morning in the fashionable season of the year sitting at the window of a certain subscription

house on the right-hand side of St. James's-street, with a quizzing-glass at his eye, in familiar colloquy with some of the first nobles and commoners of the land, who are not ashamed to call him their "very good friend," and look up to him for his opinion on the calculation of chances as oracular and decisive. This man's successful progress, and the countenancec bestowed upon him by the great, might have been regarded as a satire upon the moral government of the world, did we not know, that, in spite of external appearances, he is wretched and unhappy. Look at the deeply-furrowed lines of his face, the dark frown that hangs upon his brow! The smile of hilarity never lightens up his countenance; his smile is the grin of a fiend, exulting over his prey, while the stings of conscience are gnawing at his heart.

Fortune favoured LORENZO on the evening of his arrival; but the party breaking up rather sooner than usual, he looked in at a noted gaming-house in Jermyn-street. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of one of these modern HELLS, as they are emphatically called. In their pestiferous precincts may be seen persons, the most intimately connected, labouring for each other's ruin with all

the assiduity and eagerness of the most inveterate foes. Nor do those alone whom necessity might stimulate to such a desperate course, but those likewise who are blessed with the favours of fortune, give themselves up to anxiety and often to embittered agony, for the wild hope of acquiring something additional to the profits they have secured, or of retrieving their losses. There some of the noblest by birth are seated at the same table with the vilest of the vile. Every black passion of the human heart is there frightfully personified. Every moment produces some sudden transition from despair to exultation, from shouts of joy to the most blasphemous execrations.

Great and extraordinary care is taken against surprise. The windows are padded, to prevent the sound of vociferations from being heard on the outside. None but the initiated, or their friends, are admitted within the doors. Scouts and spies are on the watch, and every avenue is barricadoed, and guarded with as much caution and regularity as the approaches to a garrison during a siege. The means of retreat are not neglected; but that evening the enemy succeeded, not by storm, but by stratagem. A gentleman in military boots and

regulation mustachios appeared at the grated loop-hole of the iron door; employing the pass-word of the night, the bolts and bars flew back at the talisman, and he was immediately admitted. He hastily followed the sentinel into the interior of the fortress, where a promiscuous assemblage of gameful combatants were eagerly engaged.

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

He no sooner entered the apartment than he presented a pistol in each hand, and swore that he would shoot the first man through the head who ventured to stir from his seat. He then shewed his authority as one of the messengers from Bow-street, made a *grab* at the Bank; and whilst he and the keeper of the cash were scrambling for the money, several of the company made their escape, some in one direction and some in another.

Amongst the rest Lorenzo, with the dexterity of a Harlequin, made a flying-leap out of the window and alighted on the leads of a neighbouring house, from whence he as nimbly dropped down into a water-but beneath. He was immersed up to his chin in water, and whilst his feet stuck fast in the muddy sediment, he found it impossible to extricate

himself from his snug yet cool retreat. The noise occasioned by his sudden precipitation awoke the master of the house, who, apprehending the approach of robbers, threw up the sash of his sleeping-room window, and, with a blunderbuss in his hand, demanded in a thundering tone, "Who "is there? If you do not instantly declare your "business, I'll blow out your brains!" and he cocked his carbine as he uttered these threatening expressions.

The frightened Lorenzo was in a horrible alternative between fire and water; but the love of life predominated over the sense of shame, and, in the most pathetic tones of his mellow and musical voice, he exclaimed, "For God's sake, Sir, if you have "any compassion in your bowels, release me from "my pitiable situation!"

"Who are you?" said the gentleman, "and "what has brought you here?"

"I am an unfortunate personage, who have been "routed out from the premises of your next-door "neighbour by the officers of Police. Not wishing "for an exhibition at Bow-street to-morrow, I "made rather an abrupt exit out of the window;

" and, to avoid falling into disgrace, I have inad-
" vertently fallen into a tub of water !"

" O, ho! Then a water-but is an excellent trap
" for a thief?"

" Bless my stars, Sir !" said Lorenzo, " I am
" no thief; but, like Sterne's starling, *I can't get*
" *out—I can't get out.*"

" Then you may safely remain where you are
" till day-light, and as I do not chuse to be any
" longer disturbed, I wish you good-night."

The sound of the sash, as it was violently pulled down again, was heard by my master in utter dismay. But the occupier of the house was a good-natured man, and he presently made his appearance at the back-door with a lantern in his hand; and when he held it up to the rueful countenance of the comedian, which was all besmeared with the dirty fluid in which he had been flouncing, he burst into a fit of laughter loud and long, in which the other most cordially joined. A garden-ladder was then procured, and he assisted the culprit to emerge from his imprisoned condition.

" But, Sir," said the gentleman, " I have found
" you in such an equivocal situation, and under

"such suspicious circumstances, that I cannot suf-"fer you to depart without knowing your name."

"What's in a name?" rejoined Lorenzo, in one of his favourite quotations, "A rose, by any other "name, would smell as sweet."

"Comparisons are odious, you know, Sir, and "the less we say about odours the better;" and he pointed to the mud with which the theatrical hero was covered, and which did not emit the most agreeable effluvia.

However, Lorenzo soon satisfied the gentleman that he was no impostor; and after having been supplied with refreshment to animate his exhausted spirits, and with clean raiment, he joined his host in renewed jesting about his comic accident, and heartily congratulated himself on his escape from the serious tragedy in which it might have terminated: But, to this day, he cannot bear the slightest allusion to the *Tale of the Tub.*

CHAPTER X.

THE LAW ELUDED BY THE KEEPER OF THE GAMING-HOUSE—THE VENAL EDITOR OF A NEWSPAPER, &c.

SEVERAL of the persons who had been caught in the gaming-house were conveyed next morning to Bow-street, and each of them was compelled to find bail to a large amount. But Mr. Dicer, who was the master of the house, and in whose possession I then was, somehow or other eluded the severity of the law, and continues at this day to carry on his lucrative yet iniquitous profession.

The editor of a certain newspaper inserted a violent tirade against the iniquity of gaming and gaming-houses. In a few days after this transaction he called upon my master, was ushered into an elegant apartment, and invited, as an old acquaintance, to partake of a luncheon served up in a style which would not have disgraced a nobleman's side-board. This early repast was accom-

panied with wines, as choice as any gentleman's cellar could have afforded.

After some *hems* and *haws*, which are of great importance to a prolocutor, and with a peculiar manner of stroking his chin and shuffling his feet, the virtuous editor began the following discourse:

"My dear Dicer, you know my friendship for "you is great; but you also know how I am situ-"ated."

"Yes, I always considered you my friend," said Dicer, "and I understand you are increasing in "circulation every day; but why were you so hard "upon us in your last publication?"

"Why, I consider the office which I now dis-"charge to be that of *Conservator of the public* "*morals*; and you must be conscious that your "occupation is deserving of severe castigation."

"Well, my friendly Censor, I must admire "your sudden conversion to morality! You used "to shake your elbow with infinite dexterity, and "pluck a pigeon without scruple or remorse."

"Ay, ay! that might be; opinion alters with "circumstances, and I am now determined to ex-"pose the secrets of the profession, the professors,

"and the students, unless you can shew me very "*convincing reasons* to the contrary."

"But are you aware of the injury we shall sus- "tain?"

"That is nothing, in comparison to the good of "society. A gaming-house is a hot-bed of vice: "and I am determined to publish at full length "the names of all those who are frequenters of "such scenes of iniquity."

"That course would effect our ruin, as propri- "etors, altogether; for nobody would come near "us, you know, under the liability of such a pub- "lic disclosure."

"Then I shall obtain the very object of my "wishes."

"Come, come, my dear fellow," said Mr. Dicer, "you cannot be serious,—take another glass of "wine."

"Your wine is excellent," was the editor's reply, "but I was never more in earnest in my life, and "I am certain that the public will receive my ex- "ertions with gratitude, and will afford *substantial* "*proofs* of the manner in which my services are "appreciated."

"But what valuable purpose, as it respects "*yourself*, will this answer?"

"The exposure of the names will materially "increase the circulation of our paper; and I must "live, my dear friend,—I must live!"

"Yes, but *live and let live*, you know, according to the old proverb."

"True, but your gains, Mr. Dicer, are enor-"mous; and then consider what I shall lose by the "suddenness of my silence: It will not be less than "five hundred guineas out of my pocket."

"Five hundred fiddle-sticks! Why, you do not "expect me to give you five hundred guineas for "hush-money, do you?"

"You may do as you please, but unless you "and your fellow-proprietors furnish me with the "sum now specified before twelve o'clock to-morrow, "I will certainly carry my design into execution in "the next day's paper; and, in consequence of a "recent event, I shall begin with you and your "house. So good morning to you, Mr. Dicer!"

"Stop, stop! Let me consider of it a little. If "you will take the trouble of calling to-morrow "about eleven———"

"That I will certainly do; for I shall be "extremely sorry to be the cause of injury to you, "if you be at all inclined to view the matter in its "proper light. You remember, it is *five hundred.* "I shall be punctual."

On the editor's departure, my master in the utmost consternation called a meeting of the most considerable proprietors in his neighbourhood: and when the urgency of the case had been discussed, it was determined, that another gentleman, in conjunction with Mr. Dicer, should meet the conscientious Journalist, and try to soften down the asperities of his demand. The two deputies accordingly were prepared for his reception, when he called in Jermyn-street the next morning, precisely as the clock of St. James's Church struck eleven. After his entrance into the room, Mr. Dicer said to him:

"My dear Censor, we have been talking over "the proposal you made to me yesterday, and tak- "ing all the circumstances into account, including "the loss which you would be liable to sustain, we "are disposed to be liberal and to meet you half- "way. We think *two hundred and fifty* pounds a "very handsome sum."

"Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Dicer? You "know I am a man of my word: Five hundred "is the sum, and five hundred I must have."

The other gentleman replied, "That being the "case then, Mr. Censor, our conference is at an "end."

"With all my heart, gentlemen! It is a mat-"ter of perfect indifference to me. I know I shall "make double the money by the execution of my "purpose: Therefore I am not at all anxious "concerning its being relinquished. Indeed, I "should never have listened to such a proposition, "if I had not been desirous of serving my friend "Dicer: So the blame of your exposure will rest "with yourselves, not with me."

"But," said Mr. Dicer, "is there no way of "compromising the matter?"

"None with which I am acquainted."

"Suppose we make it *three hundred?*"

"This sort of trifling, gentlemen, is really "affronting."

"Well, well! make it *four hundred* at once," said the associated proprietor, "and settle the "business without further discussion."

"That is something more liberal, but it will "not do."

"Well, what say you to *four hundred and* "*fifty?*"

"Better, but not enough!"

"Yes, yes! Come, let me fill up a check for "four hundred and fifty! It is a large sum. What "do you say?"

"Five hundred guineas," was the editor's expression, "and not one farthing less! So saith the "bond,—doth it not, Mr. Dicer?—However, I "tell you what I will do. I know it is a late "determination of the Jockey Club, *that all bets,* "*for the future, shall be paid in pounds*; and, to "give you a proof that I do not wish to take any "unfair advantage, I will consider this as *a debt* "*of honour*, and you shall give me a draft for *five* "*hundred pounds.*"

The proposition was acceded to with eagerness; and this rigid *guardian of public morality*, this disinterested director and expounder of national sentiment, pocketed the draft on Drummond's Banking-house, and left Mr. Dicer and his friend to settle the account with their coterie as well as they were able.

This transaction serves to shew, how one of the brightest privileges of a free country, the liberty of the press, is sometimes abused. The best gifts of heaven may be perverted, though of their excellence we cannot be insensible. It is, however, no small portion of the glory of Great Britain, that such gross and culpable venality as this is exceedingly rare, and never to be found except among the Journalists who have no reputation to hazard.

CHAPTER XI.

JEREMIAH GIZZARD, THE GAMING POULTERER—SOME OF HIS HABITS AND ASSOCIATES, &c.

THE next person to whom I was assigned was Mr. Jeremiah Gizzard, one of Mr. Dicer's particular friends, who kept a little poulterer's shop in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square. There was a medley of contradictions in this singular character, and there are some incidents of his life that strangely co-incide with those of a military gentleman well known in the fashionable world, who went out to the East Indies many years ago, where he lost his life.

Mr. Gizzard succeeded to a considerable property at the death of his father, who had lived in the same premises upwards of thirty years, and had always been renowned for the excellence of his poultry, and the extravagance of his prices. The son followed in his father's steps, with this differ-

ence, in his manner of carrying on trade, that he never would sell a single chick except for ready money; which appeared so unaccountable, in this region of long credit, that many of his father's old customers left him in displeasure. But he persevered in this determination, and exhibited capons superior in size and flavour to those of others in the trade. His shop is therefore now become the most frequented of any in that quarter of the town; where Mr. Jeremiah is daily to be seen, attired in a large white apron, and in a blue frock covered with down, till about four in the afternoon, after which time he retreats from behind his counter.

Strong motives existed for commencing his ready-money concern: Jerry had been so inattentive to his learning in his youthful days, or his craniology was so defective, as to incapacitate him from either the will or the power of acquiring even the common rudiments of education. But, in all that related to games of chance, his expertness obtained for him the nick-name of *Breslaw the Younger*; and however deficient he might be in classical knowledge, he could always play his cards to the utmost advantage. He keeps no books, and all his money

transactions, which are numerous and important, are noted down on scraps of paper, in hieroglyphics which no one except himself can understand.

In figure he is slim and delicate; his countenance is mild, his eye penetrating, and his complexion pale. After he has quitted his business in an afternoon, he sports a curricle of the most tasteful description; his crest is a cock's head between two wings expanded, and each of his horses is worth at least one hundred and fifty guineas. One of the first whips upon the town, he has completely the appearance of a man of fashion. He has a small collection of choice cabinet pictures, and discusses matters of taste with such a precise appropriation of terms, as would do no discredit to a professed connoisseur. Though unable to write or spell two words of English with correctness, he can speak French and Italian fluently enough to converse with foreigners at the gaming-table.

Under all the jokes to which his lack of learning subjects him, he never loses his temper; he knows his failing, and allows it to stand as a but for the amusement of his friends: But he will not permit strangers to take such liberties without astonishing them into silence and humility. A lecturer on

Metaphysics, who is noted for his pedantry and ostentation, has an occasional hesitation in his speech on pronouncing the words beginning with the letter P, which he prefaces with *pip—pip—pip*,—and he had from this custom obtained the name of Jemmy Pip. On one occasion, in the hearing of a large company, this learned gentleman, drawing himself up with important solemnity, in a loud voice thus addressed our illiterate poulterer, "Pip—pip—pip—pray Mr. Jeremiah Giz-"zard, can you tell me what is Latin for a goose?" "I don't know," replied the poulterer, "what is "*Latin* for it, Sir, but the *English* for it is JEMMY "PIP." It may easily be imagined that the metaphysician had no more questions to ask.

Notwithstanding the slenderness of Mr. Gizzard's figure, he is well skilled in cricket, fives, and all similar manly exercises. He is a perfect master of his racket, and will hit the line from the *over-all* at a distance of thirty yards once in three times; and if ever he indulges in mischief, it is at this game. I once saw him give his friend Mr. Dicer, who had been joking with him rather too sarcastically, several such severe raps on the back with the ball as caused him to wax wrath for a moment; but this

dabbler in dice presently recollected, that a contest by pistols with the dealer in ducks was a dangerous experiment, as his antagonist would hit the snuff of a candle at sixteen yards' distance, and seldom or never missed his mark.

He entertained his friends at his own house in a sumptuous style, and often had some of the most fashionable *bon-vivants* at his table, at which he presided with uncommon eclat. But he occasionally indulged in a jest upon his friend Dicer. One day at dinner Mr. D. had committed such frightful depredations upon a turkey which stood next him, that Mr. Gizzard desired the man who was waiting at table *to tell Billy Beak the shopman, he wished to speak to him*; and when the lad put his head in at the door, Mr. Gizzard called out aloud, "Billy, remember that I shall have a party to din- "ner to-morrow week, and you are to furnish the "cook with two of the finest turkeys we have, as "they must be both cooked at once,—*one* for my "friend Mr. Dicer,—and *the other* for the company." To this studied insult the obsequious gaming-master was compelled to submit, as he knew of what materials his man was formed, and durst not indulge in angry recrimination: For his host could have

awed him into silence by a bare allusion to some of his most notorious transactions.

Mr. Gizzard could arrange the cards at his pleasure: This gave him an opportunity of discovering the mal-practices of others, which he never failed to expose. No honest man, therefore, was afraid to venture at play when he was present; and such was the universal reliance on his honour, that no one who knew him would for a moment hesitate to engage with him for his usual stakes, which were generally moderate. And to whatever game he sat down, he seemed to play at it entirely for the love of the amusement. He became, it might be said, a wealthy man at his father's death, and he has increased his property very considerably by his own attention to business; for he has never taken any dishonourable advantage of his consummate skill at all games of chance and dexterity. In a certain circle, not indeed of the greatest fame for probity, if a man says he will *take his oath of it*, and immediately swears "By Gizzard!" it is generally considered, that he is one upon whom dependence may be placed, and who will not prove to be a deceiver.

I have introduced him into this History of my own *Life and Opinions*, because, as will hereafter be seen, he is a rare instance of a person, attached to gambling, conquering that pernicious habit and becoming a more useful member of civil society. Small indeed is the number of those who free themselves from the trammels of that infatuation, till they are compelled to it by the complete wreck of their fortunes, and the irretrievable loss of their former good name and rank in society.

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN B., A VICTIM TO GAMING PROPENSITIES —HIS ADVENTURES, &c.

During the time I was in Mr. Gizzard's possession, I became acquainted with many persons who had suffered bitterly from their passion for gaming, and who yet could not relinquish the baneful habit. Amongst others was Captain B., one of the branches of a family that traced its ancestry up to one of the most celebrated feudal heroes of the North. This young man had figured in the very first circles of the *haut ton*, had fought his way to celebrity in several duels, had been the dupe of the most beautiful demirep of the day, had squandered away a considerable portion of his property in riotous living, and was obliged to absent himself from his creditors almost as soon as he was old enough to be responsible for his debts.

In his temporary retirement, he paid a visit to Edinburgh, and lodged in a boarding-house in Princes-street. He withdrew from table the moment he had dined, and did not mix with any society in that city, for fear of being recognized. He was remarkably elegant in his person, and was frequently observed in the streets in an evening, dressed in the costume of a Highland chieftain, and styled, by those who had an opportunity of seeing him, THE MYSTERIOUS HANDSOME HIGHLANDER.

About the same time, an unknown lady of attractive manners and figure made her appearance in the northern metropolis: she took a house in Heriot-row, and had it splendidly furnished by Mr. Trotter. She sported a fashionable equipage, lived in grand style, and was supposed somehow or other to be connected with the captain, who, it was said, had been seen coming out of her house at an unseasonable hour. However, it is certain that they both disappeared much about the same time, and according to common report they departed together. Be that as it may, the lady's goods and chattels were sold by auction by Mr. Bruce; and true it is, the moral and sagacious inhabitants of

Edinburgh bought up every article of her furniture at enormous prices, under the supposition that it had been the property of the celebrated Mary Anne Clarke.

On his return to town, Captain B. had a dispute with H— B— of black-leg notoriety, which led him into an affair of honour, and the consequences of which compelled him to retreat to the continent. It is scarcely to be believed, that a British subject during the time of peace could have been liable to such persecution as Captain B. endured, from the machinations of a wretch who had been of infamous celebrity during the reign of terror for his indiscriminate denunciation of unoffending individuals, and who was still in every instance favoured by the French Police. No sooner was the Captain acquitted of one crime, than he was by this miscreant accused of another; and, in open defiance of all law and justice, was confined for many months in different prisons. But a man of gay habits, like the captain, will always afford too many plausible grounds for detention, to the myrmidons of a corrupt administration; and cannot expect to escape censure with the same facility as a person of chaste manners and virtuous conduct. Indeed, every man who has

once entered the arena of a gaming-house, by that very act has rendered himself an object of public suspicion; and in all countries which possess a strict police, such individuals are or ought to be marked out as tainted characters.

Of the following circumstance Captain B. always speaks, with sorrow and regret. He had formed an acquaintance at Brussels with a young lady of French extraction. She was on a visit at her uncle's, at whose house the Captain resided after being wounded at the Battle of Waterloo. Their intimacy on her part soon ripened into love, and nothing could dissuade her from following his fortunes, contrary to the known wishes of her relatives. She disguised herself in male attire, and departed with him when he recovered from his wounds. They travelled together, as brothers, for a considerable time; but at Dieppe she appeared to acquiesce in the necessity of parting, and he prevailed upon her, as he supposed, to return to her parents in the South of France. But, instead of this, she remained in concealment and was always near the spot where he resided.

Of this fact he had no suspicion, till he was arrested for debt at Cambray; and then, to his

inexpressible astonishment, she entered his dungeon, and became the voluntary partner of his confinement. As soon as the nature of their connection was known, the Governor enforced the strict regulations of the establishment, and unceremoniously effected a separation. When not permitted to have access to him, this unhappy young lady wandered about day and night, under the walls of his prison, till the agitation of her spirits and excessive fatigue produced a fever; and for many days she remained in a state of delirium. On recovering a little from her severe indisposition, she attempted to follow the Captain to Paris, whither he had been sent; but the effort was too much for her strength. She was seized with a relapse upon the road, and addressed a letter to him from a village near Cambray, which did not reach him till five months after its date. From that moment neither the Captain nor her own friends could ever learn any tidings respecting her, in the village where she was again assailed by disease, or in any other place in the road to Paris, in the direction to which she had last been seen to proceed "with fainting steps and slow."

Thus has this ill-fated creature, in all probability

fallen a victim to misplaced affection and unrequited love. The French females have generally been accused of an unfeeling frivolity of character, even in the tender passion. But of that intense devotedness of affection, which was displayed in the instance now produced, so many examples have been given during the progress of the late Revolution, as may serve to rescue the ladies of France from such a degrading imputation.

Captain B.'s whole narrative, and the adventures in which he was involved during his stay in the French territories, are, as he describes them, more like the hyperbolical scenes of romance, than those of real life. But the facts are well authenticated; and I have in this place alluded to them, because it was *the love of play* which was the original cause of many of the evils which he endured. The sufferings of this early victim of dissipation have been extreme, but by no means commensurate with his faults; and most sincerely do I wish, that the punitive chastisements, which have been thus early inflicted upon him, may reclaim him from his wanderings, and may serve as warnings to others, and deter them from following his evil courses, which inevitably terminate in ruin.

CHAPTER XIII.

DR. POTION AND HIS GUESTS—HIS LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENT OF PUFFING AND GAMING, &c.

As my master the poulterer seldom lost at play, I remained for some days quietly in his pocket, in consequence of which I came to the knowledge of several interesting facts.

I went with Mr. Gizzard to visit that famous empiric, Dr. Potion, who then resided in a spacious mansion in Bedford Square. He was originally of Jewish extraction, could scarcely write his own name, and never could speak the English language with any tolerable degree of propriety. His features were as far removed from beauty, as were those of the late John Wilkes of electioneering celebrity; yet his vanity was only equalled by his assurance. His complexion was bronze,—a most convenient colour; for, whatever blushes might arise, their action was imperceptible, and did not

on any occasion alter the unfading hue of his countenance. But he had an insinuating smoothness in his manner, accompanied with a shrewdness of penetration, that gave him an advantage over the more accomplished and better-educated portion of his medical compeers. He had amassed considerable wealth by the sale of two or three stimulating patent medicines of his own invention. By means of extensive advertizing and humorous puffs, he had obtained a lucrative demand for them; and for some time they produced him an income of between six and seven thousand pounds per annum.

His coach was decorated with the most gaudy embellishments, and his brilliant brass harness dazzled the eye of the beholder. His liveries were of the most glaring colour, bedizened with broad gold lace; and his horses were distinguished for their blood and beauty. All these sumptuous appearances, he said, were necessary to attract the attention of the public; for he considered the driving of his equipage through the streets of the metropolis, to be one of the very best methods of advertising himself into greater notice. Naturally of a frivolous disposition, his vanity has been often highly gratified, when, lolling at full length in his coach,

he has heard the wondering spectators, as he stopped in a line of carriages, enquire with eagerness "Whose coach is that? Is it the Austrian or the Spanish Ambassador?" "O no, it is the celebrated Doctor POTION."—On such occasions the Doctor has smiled through inward complacency, when, driving rapidly away, his horses have dashed the mire on the persons of the admiring pedestrians.

The entertainment at which we were present, was a sort of public dinner that he gave, once a week, during the London season. The quantity of plate, then exhibited, would have nearly filled a waggon. The dinner comprised all the delicacies of the season, and was served up in a style calculated to satisfy the refined palate of the most accomplished *gourmand*. His cook, one of the greatest repute in town, was retained in his service at an enormous expence; yet this was amply refunded, by the profitable connection which the Doctor gained by his hospitality. His wines were the rarest and best that money could procure, beside a vast quantity that found its way to his mansion, from the cellars of different foreign envoys; and some of the suite of these personages

were generally to be found at his table. Characters of the most opposite description met together at his festive board. Noblemen of the highest distinction did not disdain to feast upon his exquisite viands: Ambassadors from half the courts of Europe partook of his good cheer; but no one who had the manners or appearance of a gentleman, and upon whom the Doctor could rely, was excluded from the costly repast.

After the bottle had circulated briskly that day, a servant entered with a note for his master. When the Doctor had perused it, he apologised for leaving the room:—"You see, gentlemen, how I am pestered. Have the goodness to excuse me; for business must be minded. My friend Mr. Bounce will shew you every attention in my absence. John! bring in some more Burgundy." His deputy, Mr. Bounce, then proposed his *absent friend the Doctor* in a bumper. Some other person suggested another health or toast, to which due justice was done in a similar manner. Hard drinking is not exactly the present fashion; yet the wine was exquisite, and the bottle never stood still. The Doctor returned after the lapse of an hour, when the company could neither refuse his

challenge nor allow him to drink by himself. Cards were soon after proposed, the tables were set out, and the foreigners looked forward to a rich harvest from the clumsiness or inexperience of JOHN BULL; but they found, to their cost, that their money gradually glided away into the Doctor's hands, and some of it into the poulterer's pocket. For whenever the latter was matched with those who presumed to take too much advantage of their skill, he never failed to let them know that they were no match for him in scientific prowess. The Doctor's was not the only mansion, in which large sums have been won in *a professional manner* by the master, and the spoils of the guests have contributed largely to the support of the establishment.

On returning home at a late hour from this entertainment, where my master had been provoked to pocket more cash than was his usual custom, when he arrived within a few yards of his own residence, he observed, by the glimpse of the moon, a female sitting on a step, wrapped in a long coarse cloak, and trying to compose to sleep an infant that was crying bitterly on her lap.

"God help you, my poor woman!," said Mr.

Gizzard, "what are you doing in the street at this unseasonable hour? There is a house open at the corner of the next turning; here, take this, get something to comfort you and your babe, poor thing!, and go home and get to bed."

Before the woman could express her acknowledgments, he had rapped at his own door, and entered the house. When he came into his room, as he carefully folded up his blue coat of fashionable cut, and took out his blue frock, to be in readiness for his morning employment, he uttered this ejaculation:

"How strangely are the gifts of fortune distributed! What right have I to revel in luxury, in preference to that poor creature, who has not probably a place on which to lay her head? Indeed, Jeremiah Gizzard, there is much for which you have to answer. You have had many talents committed to your care; and how have you employed them? Have you sought out the hungry and the wretched, relieved their wants, and preserved them from starvation? No.—Have you traced home to their lowly dwellings, the sick and the unhappy, and soothed their anguish or softened their affliction? No.—Have you distributed

those sums which you have gained by play, in charity to the widow and the fatherless? No.—Shame! Shame, Jerry, on your unfeeling heart! This course of life will never do. I am determined it shall be altered. My career has hitherto been profitless: I will amend it; for life is precarious, and I may go out like the snuff of a candle, and be in a moment extinguished."—He suited the action to the word, by placing the extinguisher upon the rush-light as he stepped into bed.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCOTCH HONESTY—MR. GIZZARD'S GENEROSITY OF CHARACTER.

THE object of Mr. Gizzard's bounty, on the receipt of it, hastened to the public-house that had been pointed out to her, and asked for something which the woman who presided at the bar could not comprehend.

" Toot, woman, I dinna seek ony thing without " paying for it. Here's the bit siller,"—and she held her money up to the light. " Gude guide us! " What de I see? The gentleman has made a " mistak and gien me GOLD instead of a *shelling*."

" Well, mistress," said the landlady, " I think " you are greatly in luck, I'll give you change for " it, and then you may have what you want."

" Nae nae, I'll want it a'thegither; siller never " do weel with those who dinna come cannily by

" it. I know where the gentleman stays, ye ken, " and I'll gie it back to him the morrow's morn."

" You are a fool for your pains," said Joe Jaques, the dust-man, who was tossing off a glass of *blue ruin* by her side, " If I found a silver- " spoon in my basket, I'd keep it to myself. Spend " it, woman! spend it! You'll get nothing but " thanks for your honesty."

" Ye dinna ken what I'll get, mon! I'll get " mickle consolation to my ane conscience. I'll " hae the satisfaction o' doing as I would be " done by."

" Well, well, mistress! I dare say, you are " right after all; and if you don't like to part from " your money, you are welcome to a glass of " gin."

" Nae, nae, I canna tak gin; but if the gude " wife wull just gie me a wee drap mulk for the " waen, I'd be muckle obleeged till her."

" That I will, with all my heart," said the good woman of the house, whose face shone as bright and as broad, as the warming-pan which hung by the wall: " That I will, for I have children of " my own! You shall have any thing you may choose, for I am sure you deserve it: so sit

"you down by the fire and stay as long as you "please."

"Ye are vary gude. I dinna mind mysel; but "the bairnie's taes are rather nipped wi' the caud, "you ken."—And she seated herself on a bench by the fire-side, where she and her child slept soundly until about eight o'clock in the morning.

She then went to Mr. Gizzard's private door, and enquired if the gentleman of the house was at home. She was desired to walk in, and she waited in a small anti-room till he made his appearance in his blue frock and white apron, and with great good nature enquired what she wanted.

"I'll be muckle obleeged til you, Sir, an you'll "tell the gentleman of the hoose I'se want a word "wi' him."

"Well, my good woman, I am the owner of "the house."

"O ma conscience! that canna be fac, Sir: the "gentleman, who cam in at this door lat yes-"ter night, had on a braw blue coat, and buttons "as bright as gold, and you have on a blue "gingham frock and white brat."

"Well, well, notwithstanding that, I am the "identical person; so what have you got to say?"

"Only, Sir, that you should be more carefu' o' "your siller; for when you in your gudeness "intended to gie me a shelling, ye mad a mistak, "you ken, and gied me a bit gold; and if ye will "exchange it for a shelling now, I'se be muc-"kle obleeged til you, Sir! Whisht! whisht, "my bonnie Chairlie! What are you greeting for, "bairn?"

Jeremiah drew the back of his hand across his eyes as she offered him the coin, my metallic body, on which he had engraved with the point of a penknife the figure of a pigeon; for poulterers never deal in doves. On seeing this token, he said, "Little did I think when I amused myself with "sketching this dove, that it would so quickly "have come back to me, after I had parted from "it. But I shall regard it as a happy omen, a "harbinger of peace and comfort to my heart!"

Gentle reader, if ever you should meet with this piece of money with the figure of a dove engraven upon the face of it, consider it as the habitation of the spirit who now addresses you. There is no deed performed by the person into whose possession I may come, about which I feel indifferent. Let it therefore be a part of your solicitude to employ me

aright, lest I hereafter publish some circumstances that will not redound to your honour. In my frequent and rapid passage from the hands of one person into those of another, it has been my lot to note the greedy gaze of the miser, fixed upon me with an earnestness which has made me shudder, lest I should have been seized and immured for ages in his secret coffers.—When the gloating eye of the libidinous has been rivetted upon me, I have felt a sensation of disgust lest even his touch should have contaminated the purity of my nature, and left a vicious tarnish behind.—With grief have I observed the careless glance of the giddy and thoughtless, as it passed quickly over my surface; I have pitied them, and trembled lest I might unwittingly become one of the excitements or instruments of leading them into error.—I have also seen the gladdened eye of benevolence, beaming full of joy upon me while I was bestowed for the relief of the wretched.—I have seen the mild and gentle eye of christian charity, "moistened with pity's dew," as I was silently given to the unfortunate; and as the withered hand of the poor suppliant has been tremblingly extended to accept me, the receiver has almost fainted with ecstacy on

beholding me as a stranger, yet not unwelcome; and I rejoiced in spirit at being the medium of such exquisite gratification between donor and receiver.

This digression being finished, I now proceed with the narrative. When the honest creature had presented me to Mr. Gizzard, and he had recognized his own handy-work upon me, he said: "Indeed, my good woman, you shall not go unre-" warded; for your honesty surprises me."

"Gude guide us! Is there ony thing surprising "in honesty?—I want naething but the shelling; "sae if you'll please to gie it me, Sir, I'll be weel "eneugh rewarded."

"Sit down, sit down; and let me have a little "conversation with you. Come, be candid, and "tell me your story. I am anxious to know your "history and what brought you to London: for, "by your discourse, you cannot have been long "from the North."

"'Deed, Sir, I have been a gude bit in England; but, somehow or anither, the broad Scotch sticks to the roof o' my mouth, and I maun tell my ane story in my ane mither tongue.

"You maun ken, then, Sir, I was yance a sarvant-lassie in Edinbro', and about tan years

agone I war married upon my Sandie, who was a soger and, whan we became acquaint, was quartered in the Pierce Hill Barracks at Porto Bello. He was as bra' a lad as ony you'll see in a simmer's day, and was sent wi' his regiment to Spain; but they would na let me gang wi' him, you see. So I went awa hame to my mither, and bided there till Sandie cam back. She was a puir frail body and stayed at Kinghorn. It has lately pleased the Lord to tak her to himsel.

"I went doon to see my aged parent in her last illness: I gied her a decent burial, and came up to join Sandie at the barracs at Rumford. But, aweel awa! I thought I war nae to haud nor to bind, when I fund he war dead and buried twa days before I arrived. His camrades tauld me, he war na himsel for days thegither, and he did naething but rave for his Jeanie baith night and day. When I heard this, I thought I would hae gane distract a'thegither; for I fancied, if I could hae nursed him mysel, I might hae saved his life—puir dear Sandie! You dinna ken, Sir, you canna imagine what a tinder heart he had, though he war a soger! And mony a bludy battle had he been in, beside Waterloo; and the tear would start in his bonnie

blue een, when he wad tell me o' the sufferings of the wounded and the dying. And my heart is ready to brak, when I think I war nae wi' him in his last moments, puir fallow! O Sir, you maun excuse my sobbing sae; but you dinna ken what it is to lose the lad you loo sae weel! But, the Lord's will be done! we munna repine. He's gane til a better place.

"I hae twa childer, ye ken, and my eldest son, who is named after his father, war wi' him when he died, and the puir callant has scarcely lifted up his head sin. He war an ailing bairn, a stunted wee bit body, amaist nine year auld; but he's an auld farrant chiel, an' a tinder-hearted laddie, like his faither. I left him at the Spread Eagle i' Romford; but he'll larn nae gude there.

"I war going yestreen to ca' upon Mistress Euphemia Mac Alister, who is housekeeper's sarvant-lassie at the Duchess of B.'s. Femmy is a discreet body; mayhap ye may ken her, Sir. Her mither's gude sister was first cousin to my father's grandmither: and as we are sae near akin, and united thegither by natural blude, I thought she might speak to the Duchess about my lad Sandie.

"I see you smile, Sir, at my mention o' the Duchess; but she has a kind heart for a' the folks, muckle and sma', frae Scotland: The vary beasts o' the field, and the birds o' the air, wull come at her bidding, and feed out o' her ain hond, as she walks through the policy at the Palace o' D. And when ony o' the puir folk dee in her neighbourhood, this noble lady will be at their bed-side her ainsel, and do a' she can to soften the pangs of affliction at that awsome moment. She has the blessings o' the puir wharever she gaes; and her gude deeds will live in their breasts lang after she is gane to heaven.

"Weel, weel, as I war saying, Sir, I had walked mony a mile upon the broad stanes till my feet began to blister. I could na mak mysel weel understood, and I lost my road. I war unco weary, and felt mysel faint and overcome; and I sat mysel down on the stair and fell asleep, but the greeting o' the bairn wakened me. I war heart-sick and very despairing like; but 'tis wrong to despair,—for the Lord befriended me in his mercy. I met wi' you, Sir,—and that's the whale o' Jeanie Mackenzie's waefu' story, you ken."

"I believe every word of it to be true, Mrs. "Mackenzie," said Jeremiah; "if you'll send for "your son Sandie, I'll take him into my service; "and if he turn out well, I'll make a man of him!"

"The Lord will reward you, Sir! I'se be "bound, my Sandie will never disgrace his mither."

"Well, instead of this sovereign, for which I "have some regard, take that *Five-Pound Note*; "and, after you have had your breakfast, my man "William shall go and seek a lodging for you in "the neighbourhood. When your son arrives, "you shall assist him in his duties. I'll employ "you both, and allow you so much a week for his "education; for it is a pity that he should be "parted from so good a mother. Neither you nor "your children shall ever want a shilling whilst "you deserve one. Step down into my kitchen, "where my servants will give you and your Char-"lie your breakfast. So good morning to you, "Mrs. Mackenzie!"

Jeanie Mackenzie lifted up her eyes and hands in astonishment and thankfulness to God, who provides for the widow and the fatherless; and Mr. Jeremiah Gizzard went to his avocations with

greater satisfaction than he ever experienced in winning *the odd trick*. From that day he ceased to derive any amusement from games of chance, and never afterwards would engage in play to gratify the best friend with whom he associated. He found such exquisite and superlative gratification in acts of beneficence, that he resolved to devote a great portion of his property to charitable purposes.

These traits of human excellence are lovely spots in the landscape of life, upon which the eye of a spectator delights to dwell. They bespeak the hand of an Almighty and Benevolent Artist, who upon all his works has left some impress of his power or memorial of his wisdom and goodness.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FACETIOUS MR. COVENTRY—ONE OF HIS ROMANTIC ADVENTURES—HIS IMPRISONMENT, ESCAPE, &c.

I FOUND myself in a few days paid away, with a heap of other gold, for the purchase of a high-mettled racer, to Mr. Thomas Coventry, who is well known in the fashionable world by the name of PEEPING TOM, and manifests an ambition to be considered the relative of a certain great Lord in Piccadilly. But he has no other claim to such high consanguinity than that small one of *being of the same name*, and is a very different person from the man who was formerly recognized in town by the familiar appellation of TOM COVENTRY.

My possessor is the only child of his father, Mr. Thomas Coventry, of N—, in the West of England, where he has a pretty considerable estate, and, when in town, rents a house in Wel-

beck-street, Cavendish-square. To the latter place I was taken, and thrown upon a table with the rest of the purchase-money for the horse which he had sold. But no sooner had the figure of the dove upon my surface caught the eye of my new master, than he selected me from the heap, and thus apostrophised me as he held me up between his finger and his thumb:

"Ah, my pretty little yellow boy! I wonder "what fair fingers impressed this emblem of inno-"cence on your countenance. The face of innocence "you may wear; but I dare say, you brilliant "rogue, you have passed through scenes, which, "I fear, would often have put innocence out of "countenance. I would give half I am worth to "know the secrets you could disclose!"

Mr. Coventry had an uncontrollable degree of curiosity in his composition. He never enters a room at one door, when alone, without immediately applying his eye to the key-hole of the other; and from this custom he has considerably weakened the organ of vision on the left side, and is at this moment obliged to wear a green shade for its protection. He is, moreover, so restless as scarcely ever to stand, sit, or lie still, except when he is

fast asleep. He is such a determined talker that he always prides himself on saying most where least is to be said; and one may as well strive to silence an echo by the force of one's voice as to pacify him by the power of reason; for both of them are the louder for the attempt, and both will have the last word. At times he would be almost insupportable, were it not that he is so thoroughly good-natured as to prevent you from being angry. He frequently ventures his wit, at the hazard of losing his friend; but he is always in good humour with himself. I have seen him mightily pleased with his own joke, till the tears have trickled down his cheeks as he held his sides; and his whole frame has been so convulsed with laughter, as might induce you to suppose he was enacting the part of a French Harlequin, who tickles himself to death. No public spectacle is exhibited without being honoured, if not incumbered, with his presence. There is no piquant anecdote in circulation but he is certain to know it. He hurries from place to place with the rapidity of a courier; and as his ears are ever open to the slightest whisper of a report, he disseminates the petty intelligence with the lightning's speed. So fond is he of display or effect, as not to

be satisfied with the mere matter-of-fact; but, in an eccentric and theatrical style, he places the characters of the persons speaking before you, and exhibits them in their native or acquired manners and in their own peculiar expressions. With all these singularities, he has a fine person, a feeling heart, and a high sense of honour.

Scarcely had he finished his address to me, when he betook himself to the perusal of a volume of travels; and, with his chin in his hand, and his elbow on his knee, sat see-sawing backwards and forwards with a terrestrial globe by his side, when his friend Mr. Easy entered unperceived.

The latter gentleman is totally the reverse of Mr. Coventry, being one of those inoffensive, placid creatures that never trouble themselves with other people's affairs; for his time is fully employed in that easy gentleman-like occupation of having nothing to do; and he is, withal, a delectable companion to a talkative man, for he is the most patient listener alive.

"Commodiously making the circuit of the globe "in an elbow-chair, are you, Mr. Coventry?" said Mr. Easy, as he gently tapped him on the shoulder.

“Ah, my good friend Easy! I was at this “moment in the interior of Africa, and so absorbed “in contemplating the charms of the fair sex in “that quarter of the globe, as not to perceive your “approach.—What news? Any thing fresh with “you?”

“My equable way of life affords no food for “your restless spirit of enquiry; for you are posi-“tively a living note of interrogation!”

“Not exactly, because I never go any *crooked* “*ways* to work. It is true, I cannot easily repress “my desire to know what's going forward where-“ever I am. I always endeavour to learn without “asking questions, if possible: If not, I am “forced to enquire. So what have you got to “say?”

“When I see you again, I may perhaps have “something to communicate; for I called to “inform you of my immediate departure on an “excursion to the coast of France.”

“FRANCE! did you say? Be seated, my dear “fellow, and I'll tell you something about France. “But you must not interrupt me—I must tell it “my own way—Dramatize the scene a bit.”

"You really must excuse me," said Mr. Easy, with more impatience than he is accustomed to manifest.

"I cannot! You must dine with me to-day, "and I'll tell you all about it. All the world's a "stage, you know; in which, by the bye, the "actors often appear very ridiculous,—that is, I "suppose, because it is rather a *large* theatre."

"Well, my dear friend, I must be allowed to "make my exit," said Mr. Easy, "so good "morning."

"All the men and women merely players, and "each man in his time plays many parts; that's "not true, though Shakspeare says it, for I never "assumed any character but my own. I beg par-"don, though, I did once personate my papa. "Come, I know you are not in a hurry—I'll tell "you all about it.

"We were in the country at the time—in the library.—My father commenced, in a very solemn tone of voice, by telling me, 'that about nineteen 'years ago, when he was on the continent, he 'became acquainted with an English gentleman, 'whose name he was compelled to conceal, and

'that I must never allow a syllable to transpire of 'the communication which he was about to make, 'as one incautious word might betray him into 'great difficulties.'—I was all impatience and exclaimed, Father! I swear—

"'Swear not at all,' said a quaint, Quaker-like fellow of a servant, who put his head in at the door with a letter for his master, and added, 'A person on the outside wishes to speak with you.'

"My father read the letter with much agitation; then turning to me, he said, 'My dear boy, 'this blow unmans me! Read that!' and he handed me the note, which was from Mr. Plainwell his agent in London, and briefly stated, 'that 'in consequence of my father's being thought to 'be connected with a certain suspected political 'character, his liberty, if not his life, was in jeo-'pardy;' and Mr. P.'s advice to him was, to leave the country till the matter could be cleared up.—On reading this, I requested him to quit the house privately, hasten to consult Mr. Plainwell, and leave the rest to me.

"He immediately withdrew; for our servant was heard at high words with some one who insisted upon entering the room. When this obstreperous

orator made his appearance, he said, 'that his 'business was with an elderly gentleman, who had 'a stoop in his shoulders, dark eyes, and was 'about five feet nine inches high; and that he was 'certain I was not the person intended.' I told him, if he wished to see the elder Mr. Coventry, I would go and send him to him directly. I retired for a few minutes, and returned disguised in my father's apparel; and, assuming his manner and tone of voice, I said, Well, my good friend, what are your commands with me?

" 'A trifle, Sir! your name is Coventry, Tho-'mas Coventry?'

" It is, Sir.

" 'Look then at that paper,'—at the same moment tendering a warrant signed by the Secretary of State,—'And my instructions are to confine you 'in the common gaol of this place till further 'orders.'

" It is doubtless some mistake, but I trust I shall soon be released.

" 'That is no affair of mine,' said he, 'I've no 'time to lose.'

" I'll attend you, my friend; lead on.

"Thus you see, Mr. Easy, I was literally taken for my father, and to prison I went. Don't you think I hit off a tolerably good family likeness?"

"Excellent!" said Mr. Easy, "these hands are "not more like."

"When I entered my new apartment, which was furnished with nothing except a table, a chair, and a stool, I began to ruminate thus:—This is a most enviable situation for a man of my inquisitive turn of mind! Well, as there is no information to be had here, nothing to learn, and nobody to question, I must turn my inquiries into myself."

"A little self-examination, now and then, is not "at all amiss," said Mr. Easy.

"True! and I was very well satisfied with myself, when I began to reflect; for I had saved a parent from disgrace. At this moment the clanking of chains, the drawing of bolts, and the creaking of doors, stole like melting music on my ear; and the gaoler entered, pushing in another prisoner before him, with this consolatory remark, 'It is of no use to grumble; for, whether you 'like it or not, you are to remain here. I tell you, 'I am too humane!"—and he banged the door after him with a noise as loud as thunder.

"O, ho! thought I, here's a subject for inquiry, and I approached this moody gentleman with something of awkwardness and timidity.—Happy to see you, Sir!—Newly arrived, I presume?

"'No, Sir!' replied Mynheer Melancholy.

"Have you been long resident in this charming spot?

"'No, Sir!'

"Perhaps you are not fond of company?

"'I am not, Sir!'

"That's a pity, for I am. Probably you dislike talking?

"'I do.'

"Worse and worse! for I cannot keep my tongue still. Had not you better be seated, Sir? Take this chair.

"'I thank you, Sir,' said he; and I thought the whole man was made up of monosyllables.

"He seated himself in the chair, whilst I squatted myself down upon the stool. I was at a loss upon what topic to touch; but, returning once more to the charge, I said, I was afraid that time would hang rather heavy in this place, and, for want of another subject, asked *whether he could tell me the hour of the day*, when, on pulling out his watch to

afford me the requisite information, I observed on one of his seals an engraved crest of *chanticleer on a wheat-sheaf.* This excited my curiosity to know more; but I was silent on that point, and turned the discourse on the possibility of escape. I had no apprehensions for myself; but, on account of my father, I could not enter into any explanation that would effect my liberation.

"My fellow-prisoner observed, that he had been put into the cell in which we then were, as the most secure place in the prison; that the window was directly opposite to that part of the building in which the gaoler resided; that he had a very pretty daughter; and that, as humanity was the inmate of the female breast, if we could only attract her notice, she might be induced to assist us. He said, he had observed her regarding him with a peculiar look of compassion, when he first entered within the walls.

"'But,' continued he, 'I do not see hw we can 'reach the window.'

"I'll reach it in a minute, said I; and I placed the chair upon the table, and the stool upon the chair; and, mounting upon these, I looked eagerly through the grating. I saw a casement open, and

a female looking out. I could not catch her eye. I thrust my hand through the iron bars; but she did not see it. I have no more music in me than a raven; but I lifted up my voice in captivity and sang aloud, which had such an effect that she presently lowered a piece of string from the window, and made signs for me to do the same. I jumped down from my pedestal, but no string was to be found. I snatched off a black handkerchief from my neck, and tore it into strips, which I fastened together, and mounted my rostrum again; and, as I lowered down my sable fishing-line from the window, I fancied myself like a full-grown gentleman upon the Thames, sitting solemnly in a punt, bobbing for eels. If patience be a virtue, commend me to an amiable angler, who can wait for hours watching for a bite, and at last depart contented with a nibble. In a minute I felt a tug at my line, and exclaimed, *a bite! a bite!* and I pulled it up, not with a fish, but a note attached to the end of it.

"We had just time to replace every thing in *statu quo*, and enclose the paper in the folds of my handkerchief, which I tied round my neck as well as I could, when we heard the celestial sounds of

Mr. Macnab's voice echoing through the vaults, and, as we were fearful he would notice our perturbation, we agreed to be desperately angry with each other.

"'What's the matter?' was his question, as he entered, 'What can ruffle your tempers in this 'quiet place? If you are quarrelsome, I must be 'less humane. You must deliver up what you 'have got about you to me.' Without further ceremony he rudely took our watches from us, and emptied our pockets, placing their contents in his hat. Throughout this transaction he did not embarrass us with any of the troublesome appendages of politeness.

"'What! must we part with our watches too?' said my companion.

"'You can have no occasion for a watch here; 'for I will always tell you what o'clock it is, when 'I come to lock you up.'

"O Sir, you are too humane! said I, as our compassionate Cerberus vanished from our sight.

"We then had recourse to my *billet-doux*: and, to be brief, with the instructions and assistance of Miss Molly Macnab, we made our escape the next morning at an early hour. By her contrivance

with my father's servant, STUPID SIMON, as I used to call him, we found a chaise-and-four waiting for us at the end of the town; and we were whirled away upon the wheels of fiery expedition,—for the post-boys made our horses smoke along the road."

"But," said Mr. Easy, looking at his gold repeater, "I am afraid I must defer the pleasure "of hearing the remainder of the story till another "time."

"My dear friend! I would not part from you "for the world; and I'll tell you what I'll do, as a "reward for your patience,—when you return from "France, I'll dedicate a whole day to listen to "your adventures. So sit down again, and "hearken to me till dinner is ready."

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. COVENTRY'S FLIGHT—A POETICAL WAITER—HIS MADRIGALS, &c.

Having obtained Mr. Easy's tacit assent, for he was a patient creature, Mr. Coventry commenced the relation of his flight from prison, with his accustomed volubility.

"I had obtained by degrees the confidence of my companion, whose name was Morbid, and who related to me many interesting circumstances of his eventful life: But I was fearful of betraying the anxiety I felt to know more, lest he should suspect that I had motives incompatible with the concealment of something, which, I was confident, hung heavy on his mind. After having been driven furiously the first stage, we arrived at a small inn on the road, where we were to change horses a second time. On entering within the door, I observed a little squat figure of a waiter, who had a round

unmeaning face and a turned-up nose, but whose sharp grey eye denoted some degree of intelligence. He had a napkin under his arm, a pen stuck behind his ear, and an ink-horn suspended on his button. A small sheet of paper was in his hand, and he seemed so fully engrossed with his own meditations, as totally to disregard me and my companion.

"He was in the act of invocating the Muses, to assist him in the composition of some of his love-madrigals, and broke out into the following rhapsody:

'*True ease in writing springs from art, not chance,*
'*As those move easiest who are——*'

A bell rung before he could finish the borrowed line, to which he responded almost mechanically, by shouting, *Coming, Ma'am!* He then resumed, 'I have it—a thought'—The bell rung again,—*Coming, coming!* The landlady was that moment calling out, 'Peter! Peter!' But the poetical waiter continued his meditations;—'*I'm coming!* 'Amanda!' and hastily placing the paper upon his knee, he began to write,

'*When first I saw the sweet Amanda,*
'*The boisterous bre*

'No, that won't do.

> '*The gentle breezes* RUDELY—no SOFTLY—*fann'd her.*'

'Ay, that's it.—*Coming, Ma'am!*' Then, with an air of infinite satisfaction, he read in a languishing tone of voice,

> '*When first I saw the sweet Amanda,*
> '*The gentle breezes softly fann'd her.*'

"On perceiving our approach, the landlady made her appearance with a face as fierce as the figure on her own sign-board, and in sounds like any thing rather than 'gentle breezes,' demanded why Peter was thus loitering away his time when customers were arrived at the house.

"At this part of the comic scene, Mr. Morbid and I, being recognized as pleasing guests, were ushered by mine hostess herself into a little parlour, the floor of which was nicely sanded. 'Welcome to the Red Lion, gentlemen! Good 'accommodation—bad roads—you'll take some 'refreshment? Every thing in the house!'—and she smoothed down her dress, and bobbed a curtsey between every sentence.

"I told her, we were in haste, and had no time to wait; and inquired of her who the travellers

were that departed from the door in a chaise as we came up: for we had caught a glimpse of a gentleman and two ladies, as they drove rapidly away. Our fiery-faced landlady half shut one of her eyes, and, with a cunning smile, replied, 'that she did 'not know *who they were;* but that the gentlewo- 'man's gentlewoman did tell her, they were going 'the north road.'

"Thence, said I, you very sagaciously conclude that it must be a matrimonial job for the Scotch Blacksmith.

"'As sure as my name is *Jenny Jingle.* But, 'I say nothing,—so I'll send you something in 'directly, gentlemen.' She then made her oft-repeated obeisance, and sidled out of the room in an instant.

"When she left us, I asked Mr. Morbid if he had observed the exquisite features of the young lady in the chaise. He sighed deeply as he answered in the affirmative, and seemed in much agitation. But my further enquiries were prevented by the entrance of the poetical waiter, who, with a rapidity that did not seem natural to him, brought in a tray containing Sandwiches, &c.

"In rather a hurried tone I asked, *Are the*

horses ready for the chaise? His reply was, in rhyme,

'*No, Sir; they are gone several other ways.*'

" I observed him busily engaged in pinning a piece of paper to *the Bill of Fare*, which he had in his hand; and, knowing how desirable it was for us to use despatch, I began to lose all patience, and desired him to cease his doggerel and tell us his meaning in plain prose.

' I'll tell you, Sir, as fast as I am able;
' The last horses we had in the stable,
' Are in a gallop——'

" Again, Sirrah! I exclaimed in a rage.

" ' I beg pardon, Sir. It is a trick which I have ' got. The Gods have made me poetical, and I ' can't help it.. But the party who just left the ' house had the last pair of horses we had at home; ' and, as no others can return for some hours,

' You had better stay, Sir, where you are,
' And take a look at the Bill of Fare.'

And he presented it to me with such a singular expression of countenance, something between a

smile and a grin, that I was half tempted to a laugh myself.

"Mr. Morbid was in agonies at the thought of our longer detention in such an exposed situation. But it is always my maxim, to make the best of a bad bargain; I thought therefore we might as well see what was to be had for dinner, and, on looking over the usual articles of *roast fowl, veal cutlets, stewed pigeons, &c.*, I descried the paper at the bottom. Hey-day! what have we got here? said I, when the waiter immediately replied,

'If you look, Sir, I think you'll find
'Food for the body, and the mind.'

And I read, in a cramp sort of hand, in large letters displayed in the form of a title-page,

To be published by Subscription, Price Three Shillings and Sixpence,

THE FIERY FURNACE,

OR,

THE LOVES OF PETRINO AND AMANDA,

A ROMANTIC POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS.

"And do you call this *the Bill of Fare?*

"'Yes, Sir, delicious fare,—the feast of reason
'and the flow of soul!'

"Pray, who are *Petrino* and *Amanda?*

"'My name, Sir, is PETER; and though *Peter* 'will rhyme with *metre*, it is still rather unpoetical, 'and I put *ino* at the end of it, to render it more 'romantic.'

"And *Amanda?*

"'*Amanda*, Sir, is the poetical name of AMY, '—Amy Doughy, the baker's daughter, of our 'town.—*The Fiery Furnace* is the oven: and the 'story is the literal love of Miss Doughy and of 'your humble servant, Peter Parody, positively 'true, tender, and distressing! Allow me to put 'down your name, Sir,—only three and sixpence!'

"I said, I had a respect for the humblest efforts of the Muses, however unfortunately applied; and I gave him a guinea for six copies.

"'Thank you, Sir,' said he; 'I knew you had 'poetical propensities the moment I saw your face: 'But I must crave your name and address, that I 'may send you the book when published; for I 'write for FAME as well as MONEY.

O grant me honest fame, or grant me none!
'For I am

'Coming! coming, Ma'am!'—At this moment the bar-bell rang still more violently, and Peter the Poet made his exit with a fine theatrical flourish."

At a brief pause which necessarily ensued in this part, Mr. Easy was beginning to shew some fidgetty symptoms, when Mr. Coventry prevented any further display by instantly proceeding with the remainder of his story.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. COVENTRY'S ADVENTURES—AND THOSE OF ANOTHER PARTY, &c.

"I TURNED to Morbid with a wish to discover the cause of the agitation which he had manifested at the sight of the strangers, who left the inn in a chaise just as we drove up. On this subject I was the more curious, because I was myself much fascinated with the charms of the young lady, of whom I had caught a slight glimpse as the chaise rolled rapidly past.

"After expressing my desire to learn something of this celestial creature, I said, I never should forget

> The winning sweetness of her smile;

when Morbid replied, in heart-rending accents of agony, 'Oh, Mr. Coventry! that face has conjured 'up in my mind a thousand conflicting images! 'Oh, Adelaide, Adelaide! How madly did I love!

'And how, like a madman, did I think that love 'returned, till one detested being stepped between 'my bliss and me! Wretch! wretch! But let 'that pass!—It distracts me to reflect:—It drove 'me to desperation.—I had resolved to make all 'the recompence in my power for an act which 'now weighs down my very soul. I wrote fre- 'quently to England for intelligence, but could 'gain none; and when I recently came over for the 'purpose of personal enquiry, I was suspected of 'undefinable treason, and thrown into the prison —where you found me.'

"Who was it that you sought? demanded I.

"'Eustace de Couvert. For through him only 'I can now make restitution. But, Mr. Coventry, 'you must excuse me from continuing the subject; 'for my own reflections are as horrible as the men- 'tal tortures of a condemned criminal!' and smit- ing his forehead violently with his hand, he rushed out of the room.

"I pondered deeply upon what he had said; for Eustace was a name very common among my ancestors; and then the seal, which I had seen in the prison, and which bore the crest of the Coven- trys, was a co-incidence so unaccountable as induced

me to think that Morbid was, some how or other, implicated in my parent's mysterious tale. I likewise knew that my father had been wounded, some years before, when he was abroad; but I could never learn the particulars.

"I had not long ruminated upon the subject, before I heard the quick steps of the bulky landlady move along the passage, from which she called out more loudly than ever for Peter. Suspecting some sudden cause of her ladyship's perturbation, I indulged my native curiosity by enquiring, What's the matter, Mrs. Jingle? What's the matter?

"'Murder and ruination is the matter! The 'chaise will be thrown out, and the ladies broken 'all to pieces!'

"What ladies? What chaise? I asked.

"'The door that was at the chaise when you 'came up, is—'

"I heard no more of the incoherent sayings of the good woman, whose concern for her chaise seemed to be uppermost in her thoughts, but hastened to the assistance of the distressed, with all the speed I could muster. Having received no directions, about the place where I should find them, I ran instinctively along the line of road

which I had so recently traversed, till, at a considerable distance I discovered the interesting groupe of sufferers.

"It appears that the post-horses had been frightened by the breaking-down of a waggon at the moment they were passing it. The unexpected shock had unnerved the driver, who was thrown from his seat by the sudden motion of the carriage, when the terrified animals, feeling themselves under no control, immediately turned out of the main road into another, which, after winding circuitously past a farm-house and near the mouth of a chalk-pit of considerable depth, terminated in an almost indiscernible path on a wide and dreary common.

"When my eager eye caught the first sight of the chaise, the horses were galloping at full speed along the narrow green lane, and I perceived at once, that, by crossing the angle of a large field, I should meet them in a turn of the bye-road, a short distance beyond the farm-yard. As the vehicle was violently whirled past the house, a labourer, who had been at work in the barn, ran into the lane and, by a menacing twist of his flail, endeavoured to arrest the further progress of the impetuous steeds. He succeeded for an instant in

impeding their career; they paused, as if disputing the authority of the staff which stopped their course, when one of the ladies opened the door of the chaise, jumped out and was safely deposited in nearly an inverted position in the midst of a family of little grunters and the sow their mother, which received their unexpected visitor with loud exclamations of terror and surprise. The brief yet opportune pause, which the countryman's exertions had produced, enabled me to come into the lane about a hundred yards in advance of this rather ludicrous scene; at which I had scarcely leisure to smile, before the maddened coursers, unawed by the threatening flail, and suddenly recollecting the previous cause of their terror, rushed impetuously past all obstacles. Planting myself by the side of the road, I was just in time enough to seize part of the reins at the hazard of my neck; and after being dragged a considerable distance, I succeeded in guiding the heads of both the mettlesome creatures into a hedge of thorns, which they did not seem to relish. It was a fortunate circumstance that they were pulled up on that side of the lane; for had they proceeded only a few yards further on the other side, where the road made a second sweep,

they would have been upon the very brink of destruction, and in one moment horses, chaise and travellers must have been precipitated to the bottom of the chalk-pit, and dashed to pieces.

"Notwithstanding the repugnance which all sensitive creatures evince against thorns and briars, I persisted in holding the terrified animals in their prickly position, till the farmer and a *posse* of his servants came up and relieved Mr. and Miss De Valmont, (for such were the names of these two amiable persons,) from their perilous situation.

"As the horses were compelled quietly to retrograde in the direction of *the Red Lion*, which was not far distant, I persuaded the gentleman to proceed to the same destination, rather than accept the invitation to the farm-house; and I offered my assistance, for he appeared much agitated and exhausted.

"'My dear Sir,' he said, as he grasped my hand, 'this shattered frame of mine is soon put 'out of order: the alarm for my daughter has 'unstrung my feeble nerves. I know not how to 'express our sense of the obligation we owe to you. 'For had not you exerted great intrepidity, we 'should not now have been alive to acknowledge

'with gratitude your strenuous and disinterested 'efforts.'

"While her father was speaking, the colour in the cheeks of the young lady exhibited a beautiful alternation of the rose and the lilly, but it at length settled into an ashy paleness. With her hand pressed on her forehead, and her eyes fixed on the ground, she exclaimed with a shudder, 'Oh that frightful precipice!' Then, as if instantly recollecting herself, she fell on her knees, and with uplifted hands, in the fervency of sincere devotion, ejaculated, 'Great God of mercy, the Author of 'our being and Preserver of our lives, accept my 'heart-felt thanks for this signal interposition of 'thy providence, in behalf of my dear father, and 'myself!' I had never before seen a woman in such an engaging and lovely posture; and my admiration was increased when she arose and threw her snowy arms round the neck of her venerable parent. 'O my dear, dear father!' she said, 'let 'me hide these tears of gratitude in your bosom!' and she sobbed aloud; but, in a few moments, with a look of ineffable sweetness, she turned round, and, extending her hand to me, she brought mine between both of her's, and pressed it to her

lips. Good heavens! my dear Easy, the action penetrated to my heart;—the touch of her lips thrilled through my soul. That moment was worth ages of existence, as she exclaimed with the genuine pathos of nature, 'Teach me how to 'thank you, Sir! For my heart is too full for 'utterance.—My father, Sir! my dear father!'

"I was attempting to reply to such unaffected sweetness, when Mr. De Valmont said, 'Oh Julia, 'my darling child! If there is a feeling unmixed 'with the baser matter of our fallen nature, it is 'a father's affection for his daughter, such as I feel 'for you! And grateful indeed am I to heaven 'for your safety, which is dearer to me than life 'itself.—Oh, Sir—'

"Here his feelings overcame him, and I entreated him to be silent, and endeavour to recruit his exhausted spirits by means of a little repose.

"'You are very considerate, Sir,' said the young lady, 'and I am sure you will assist me. 'Come, my dear father, put your arm round my 'neck. Do not be afraid of bearing too heavily! 'There,—there,—come, father, come!'—And we almost carried him to the inn, while he alternately looked with gratitude on me, and then gazed with speechless yet affectionate tenderness on his daughter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. COVENTRY'S ROMANTIC ADVENTURES—PICTURE OF A SENTIMENTAL WAITING-MAID, &c.

"When I returned from the apartment to which I had assisted in conveying Mr. De Valmont, I observed Morbid pacing slowly along as if in deep meditation, and, at a little distance, an odd-looking figure twisting and twirling herself about, and brushing down her clothes as if vexed and disconcerted. As these two opposite beings were drawing towards each other, I stepped aside, and with some difficulty suppressed my laughter. For this was Mrs. Margaret the waiting-maid, who, while the horses were impeded for a moment near the farm-house, had been happily deposited in the piggery, from whence she had lately emerged and was making her way to the inn, with her finery somewhat dirtied and deranged, and her face and

hands not a whit the cleaner for her obtrusive visit to the swine's family-mansion. Morbid was absorbed in his own reflections, and did not at first pay any attention to her, as she muttered between her teeth,

" 'It is very provoking to have one's life saved 'by being tumbled heels-over-head into a filthy 'pig-stye! so it is! I wish I had never left dear 'delightful France: If I had been upset there, 'it would have been done in a genteel sentimental 'way, and have been nothing but a charming incident! But here—Oh shocking!—See what a condition I am in! I might as well have been murdered at once in the forest of Soignies!'

" 'What's that you said, woman, about *murder 'in the forest of Soignies?*' said Morbid, roused from his reverie, and seizing her roughly by the arm. 'Speak, what did you say?'

" 'I said, that Monsieur did not like to pass 'through the forest, because—'

" 'Because what?'

" Because murders had been committed there.'

" 'O, is that all?' said he, relinquishing his grasp.

" 'All? yes! and enough too, I think!—I am 'sure, I am not so fond of murder, whatever you 'may be!'

" 'Me!'

" 'Yes, you! Why, man, you look as ghastly 'as if you were half murdered yourself, or as if 'you were going to put an end to me! Did you 'ever kill any body?'

" 'Pshaw! I am tortured by every human 'being'—and the unhappy man darted abruptly away from her into the road, mounted on the top of a stage-coach which happened to pass at the time, and proceeded to London without waiting for me, his companion in tribulation.

" 'Merciful me! what a barbarous place this 'is!' said the forlorn damsel; 'not a decent crea-'ture to speak to. O Paris, Paris! never shall I 'forget thy dear regions of gallantry and pleasure! 'Never again shall I behold the object of my ado-'ration, the God of my idolatry? His form, his 'image will be for ever impressed upon my mind!'

" So will her's upon mine! exclaimed I aloud, as I appeared before her. She is beauty's proto-type—she is perfection's self.

"I had scarcely ceased speaking before this *Lady of the Bedchamber*, without being at all put out of countenance, turned to me with the affected grace of a French elegante, placing her hand upon my arm with the ease and familiarity of an old acquaintance, and, peering with her little grey eyes full in my face, lisped out, '*Pardonnez moi*, '*Monsieur*, but don't you think she is rather too '*petite*, too *littelle*?'

"No, Mademoiselle, I consider her as the master-piece of nature.

"'The *chef-d'œuvre* of art, you mean.'

"The most artless creature on earth. Her features pourtray every feeling of her mind!

"'*O ciel!* That's too much for a mere statue.'

"A STATUE! She has all the softness of feminine delicacy, blended with the fire of animation!

"'If cold marble can express so much.'

"SHE, *cold marble!*—She has a heart warm and tender as the turtle dove; and, give me leave to tell you, Ma'am, that you have a strange vitiated taste.

"'*Tout au contraire, Monsieur*. Every body 'of taste agrees with me.'

"Pshaw, nonsense! you are no judge.

" 'No JUDGE, Sir! I know that the best judges 'in the world give the preference to my Apollo.'

" YOUR Apollo! and pray who is he?

" 'Why, Sir, every body allows that the *Venus 'de Medicis* is not so perfect as the *Apollo Bel- 'videre.*'

" What is it the *Apollo Belvidere*, then, that you have been talking about all this time?

" 'To be sure it is, and were you not speaking 'of the *Venus de Medicis*?'

" Not I, upon my honour! I never had the felicity of seeing her goddess-ship.

" '*Oh barbare!* Then you know nothing. You 'have never been at Paris, at least when it was 'worth while to be there.'

" My dear little soubrette, I am more satisfied with the sight of your divine mistress, than I should be with all the goddesses in heaven or earth.

" 'She is a delicate sweet creature, to be sure. 'But she knows but little of life, nothing of men 'and manners. She is totally deficient in *de air*, '*de grace*, *de maniere*, *le ton*, *l'esprit*, *le tout 'ensemble* of a lady of fashion:—In short, she 'wants *le charmant je-ne-sais-quoi des demoiselles 'de Paris.*'

"This was drawled out, with a vulgar imitation of a true Parisian accent; and I was highly diverted with the little Frenchified amphibious Abigail. But our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Julia herself, who desired the waiting-maid to go and speak to her master. Miss De Valmont told me, 'that Margaret had lived 'several years with her father, and was much 'attached to him, that she was an honest kind-'hearted creature, but having resided long in 'Paris, her head was half-turned with the vanities 'of the place, which sometimes provoked her, for 'that she was not herself so partial to it as many 'young people were; and that her father had 'instilled into her mind certain old-fashioned 'notions of *right* and *wrong*, which tended perhaps 'to make her rather too fastidious.'

"I said, in my opinion, the fastidiousness to which she alluded, threw the veil of modesty over the charms of my lovely country-women, and would, I trusted, always protect them from the meretricious allurements of foreign example.

"In fact, we entered into a long conversation; and I found that, in consequence of the accident which had occurred, Mr. De Valmont intended to

return to London as soon as he was able to travel; and that it was their intention to take up their residence at the Earl of Rosemary's, in Portman-Square; where her father, she said, hoped to see me on their arrival in town. I was delighted to find her the most intimate friend of the Earl's daughter; for my father was suffering in consequence of false representations that had been made to Lord Rosemary. I solicited her therefore to induce Mr. De Valmont, to write a letter of introduction for me to his Lordship.

" 'I'll about it instantly,' said the charming Julia, 'and if *earnestness* in the cause can command success, it is yours. So, for the present, 'adieu!' And I gazed on her vanishing form with the adoration of a Persian worshipping the sun.— Thus you see, my friend Easy, I was irrecoverably gone, over head and ears, without any warning of the danger! Well, it cannot be helped, for drowning, and falling in love, are as much determined by fate as other more mighty concerns.

" As soon as I had procured my credentials, I set off for town, had an interview with his Lordship, cleared up my father's affair, and came to

the knowledge of the connection between him and Morbid, and that Mr. De Valmont was implicated in the story.—I'll now tell you all about it."

"No—No!" said Mr. Easy, "Do have a little "mercy upon me, pray."

"Well, well! we will reserve it then as a *bon* "*bouche* for some other opportunity, after your "return from abroad.

"So now let us to dinner with what appetite "we may!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A MATHEMATICAL TAILOR—HIS TALENTS—EXERTIONS IN BEHALF OF THE UNFORTUNATE, &c.

The next morning after I had been paid into the hands of Mr. Coventry, for a horse which he had sold, he was waited upon by an artist of celebrity,—who furnished him with wearing apparel, and was remarkable for the exactness of his *fit*. Indeed, he might truly be called *a man of science;* for his admeasurement was adjusted to the thirty-second part of an inch upon the nicest mathematical calculation, according to the practice laid down in the books,—that is, in the learned and scientific treatises now published on the subject of *cutting-out* garments of every description.—This philosopher, as I may call him, did not merely act up to the letter of the vulgar adage of "Cut your coat according to your cloth," but boldly stepped

out of the beaten track, and cut his cloth according to his coat; for he was the first man who turned out of his hand a perfect suit of clothes constructed on new mathematical principles. Such was the change of raiment which he brought home to Mr. Coventry, who was satisfied with his efforts and paid him his account for the preceding year; and I departed from the presence of this facetious gentleman with a considerable number of companions, that were safely lodged in Mr. Gooseberry's pocket, to his residence in Thayer-street, Mary-le-bone, where he had exercised his calling with great credit and respectability upwards of thirty years.

Why this useful profession should have been the subject of ridicule in all ages and in all countries, I cannot determine; and I never could learn the origin of the ill-natured observation, *that a tailor is but the ninth part of a man.* Certain it is, that some of the profession, who entered the British army or navy in youth, have been extolled for their courage, as well as for their usefulness in repairing garments. In both these respects, the Knights of the Thimble have distinguished themselves, and no man ought to depreciate their talents or detract from their well-earned laurels.

Mr. Gooseberry was a mighty man in parochial affairs; and prided himself in having one of the best pews in that fashionable place of public worship, Mary-le-bone New Church, in which, gallery rises tier above tier, in the same manner as in a theatre, and the most vulgar part of the congregation are allowed to occupy that part of it which is nearest to the heavens. My master was a well-meaning good sort of a man, and always stood up in the vestry for the rights of the oppressed. He considered the late Queen Caroline an injured woman; and, in the fulness of his heart, he warmly espoused her cause and interests.

To this subject it is my design to advert as delicately as possible; and happy would it be for the rising generation, if every word respecting it could be blotted out from the pages of our history. But as it has agitated the public mind from one end of the kingdom to the other, it is impossible for me, seeing what I have seen, to pass it over. There were doubtless many kind-hearted, well-intentioned persons, who entered hotly into argument both for and against the late Queen; but let those who were the warmest in her praise, now lay aside their

passions and their prejudices, and coolly consider the motives of their unqualified approbation; and let those who were the loudest in their censure imitate her benevolence, avoid her faults, and suffer her ashes to rest "in undisturbed repose."

Deputations from various trades and handicrafts assembled in crowds to present addresses to Queen Caroline,—so deeply did her Majesty and her sage Counsellors degrade royalty in her person! The brass-founders, carpenters, stay-makers, sawyers, and other associated artizans formed separate processions, and went up to Court, as they called it, in fine style. But amongst these diversified groupes the tailors did not make their appearance as a distinct body. It was rumoured, that some chagrine was excited among the brotherhood, both great and small, on account of the trifling accession of profit which all this mighty parade brought to the gentle craftsmen; and among *the trade* it was a current report, that the majority of those who were presented at the Queen's popular levees appeared in borrowed raiment.

This seeming apathy very much disconcerted my possessor, who convened a public meeting of

the heads of the profession, which was thinly attended: a committee, however, was appointed to take the matter into further consideration, and a professional gentleman attended as secretary to report and take minutes of their proceedings. The matter was debated with considerable acrimony; and when the discussion had occupied much valuable time, Mr. Gooseberry observed, "that, according "to his habits of thinking, it seemed befitting for "every honest man to go *thorough-stitch* in this "business, and he should vote for an address to "be drawn up immediately an the spot. It did "not require to be an elaborate production, but "might, by a quick hand, be commenced and "finished in as short a time as you could stitch a "button-hole."

Mr. Buckram replied, "that, for his part, he "could see no occasion for such a piece of work "about *making a new address*, as it was well "known that a certain veteran politician hawked "them about the country ready-made. Notwith-"standing the fine-drawn observations of the last "speaker, he could not discover the fitness of the "measure."

The speeches of the assembled knights were not remarkable for their prolixity; but, like the controversy between the venerable Abbot of Kennaquhair and the household chaplain of Avenel, the arguments on either side were pithily and indesinently *plied*, in the arithmetical progression of "replies, duplies, triplies, quadruplies," and so forth. In short, the debate was protracted to to a late hour, when the secretary, becoming weary of the wordy clamour, remarked the improbability of their coming to a decision that evening: "For," said he "I observe that there are eighteen "of you, NINE on one side and NINE on the "other. When A MAN is thus equally divided "against ANOTHER, the TWO cannot be unanimous. "So, Gentlemen, I wish you BOTH a good night!" He then with great coolness took his hat and withdrew.

This remark, which was delivered with an emphasis on particular words, which could not be mistaken, in reference to the vulgar stigma on their manhood, brought the tailors to the exercise of sober reflection; and the fear of appearing ridiculous in the eye of the public, prevailed against

the opinion of Mr. Gooseberry, who, on the question being put to the vote, found himself in what he called, "the glorious minority of one," and his motion was consequently negatived.

Being much chagrined at the failure of his favourite project, which he was unwilling to relinquish, he afterwards succeeded in persuading the inhabitants of his own parish to go up in a body to Brandenburgh House, where the queen held her levees for the Mobility. His whole soul was engrossed in the anticipated honour, in the glorious idea of appearing in the presence of Royalty. He could think of nothing else; and his hands and feet seemed to move solely for the purpose of facilitating the extensive preparatory arrangements. He talked in his sleep about *a gracious reception from her Majesty;* and he dreamt about it when he was wide awake. He took instructions from an eminent dancing-master, to qualify himself for entering a room with grace and dignity; he practised attitudes every morning for an hour; he addressed his customers with the profound bow of a courtier, he never passed the pier-glass in his parlour, without making a low obeisance; he was frequently seen in a corner of his cutting-room,

smacking the back of his own hand; and he was once caught practising a salute upon the hand of Dorothy his cook-maid.

The big, the important day at length arrived. It was one of the brightest of all "the Queen's days," as fine days were then denominated. Surely such a day as this was never seen! And no court in the world has ever yet recorded in its annals the assemblage and presentation of such a motley multitude of human beings, as was on that day exhibited. All the finery and full-dresses of Monmouth-street were put in requisition. All the satin and feathers, which had once been white, were brought forth from their hiding-places into the ~~open light~~ of day. Great numbers of barouches-and-four, with vehicles of all standards and capacities, descript and non-descript, were provided for the fairer part of the addressers. Every one, both male and female, was decorated with a white favour; and every lady who had ostrich-feathers in her head-dress, and could contribute her seven shillings towards the expences of the journey, was accommodated with a seat in a carriage.

The heterogeneous and really picturesque cavalcade reached from Hyde Park corner to Kensington

Church. Every countenance beamed with exultation, every heart beat high through a sense of its own importance; and no one could refrain at least from a smile on beholding the amiable condescension of the ladies, who waved their white handkerchiefs to the admiring crowd, and modestly intimated, by the peculiarity of their smiles, that they were proceeding to prop up the innocence of their queen, by that portion of the commodity which they still possessed.

Many of them had providently secured to themselves a bottle of *liqueur*, and a commodious footless glass, which might often be seen in a course of being handed around amongst a happy half-dozen; who, by the celerity with which they emptied the exhilarating bumper, testified their heartiness in the cause of injured royalty.

The turnpike-men and victuallers, on the Hammersmith road, never before had a harvest equal to that which was then displayed. Every house was crammed to suffocation, every cellar and larder were speedily emptied of their substantial contents. Indeed, the consumption of liquor and provisions on that occasion produced a temporary famine in the vicinity.

The tedious procession at length reached its destination, when the prodigious rush of the accumulated multitude, like an impetuous torrent, bore down all before it: Trees, hedges, gates, and rails presented a feeble opposition; every inch of the grounds about Brandenburgh House was covered with this dense mass of population; and so difficult was ingress into the favourite mansion, that many hours elapsed before the whole of the motley train could be admitted.

Could it be a proof of *Absolute Wisdom*, to recommend such exhibitions as this? For nothing could equal the burlesque absurdity of the scene, and I looked on it with a mixture of pity and contempt. I remained snug in the pocket of a pair of superb satin small-clothes, which had been made on the preceding day by my master's own hands; and when I saw him sitting on the shop-board, in that graceful position alike common to tailors and Turks, and plying his nimble fingers at the agreeable task, I smiled at the idea of a man making the very breeches in which he was about to appear at court.

Mr. Gooseberry approached the royal presence with the continued and most laboured performance

of his long-practised obeisance, down to the very verge of her Majesty's foot-stool; and a universal titter ran through the apartment, not on account of any peculiar ungracefulness of posture, but from an unhappy accident of which he was not then aware: In the extreme pressure of the crowd, he had come in contact with the rude fingers of some youthful filch from St. Giles's, who had most unceremoniously abstracted a considerable portion of satin from his inexpressibles, which, with a large rent that was torn while in the act of hastily snatching away the supposed prize in Mr. Gooseberry's pocket, exhibited a most unseemly vacuum to the astonished beholders behind him, and which he rendered the more conspicuous by his frequent and deep *congees*, that necessarily protruded the hinder parts of his body beyond their usual collateral dimensions.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance himself could not have suppressed a smile on perceiving the tokens of profound respect, mingled with supreme self-satisfaction, which emanated from the features of this tall and raw-boned Knight of the Thimble, while he knelt down to salute the extended hand of her Majesty. The contrast was great in his

crest-fallen countenance after he arose, and had discovered the depredations which had been committed on his sable satins. But he blessed himself on finding that his money was safe, and that no further dilapidations had ensued: for he was a lucky left-handed man, and carried his cash on the sinister side. When he had again squeezed through the crowd at the hazard of his life, he mounted the barouche, in which he had come as passenger, and about seven o'clock in the evening arrived safely at his residence in Thayer-street. With many other well-meaning persons on that day, he appeared to be satisfied, that, whatever perils and mortifications he had endured, he had acted a conscientious part, and had only done what he conceived to be his duty.

CHAPTER XX.

CHANGE OF POSSESSORS—THE GOOD MR. FIRKIN—HIS PASTOR, THE EXCELLENT MR. MATTHIAS.

AFTER the danger from which I escaped at Hammersmith, my master thought it prudent on his return home to deposit me in an old wainscot bureau, where I remained in idleness for some days; at the expiration of which, I was startled at Mr. Gooseberry's remark to his son, as he opened the little drawer in which I was placed, "that he was going into the city, and would pay "into the Bank all the money he had in the "house." He was wealthy, and kept a cash-account with the Bank of England: I shuddered therefore at the words; for I had an insurmountable horror at the idea of being again immured in that place of my early sufferings and captivity. But I was quickly relieved from this distressing

apprehension by being counted out, with nine of my golden companions, and again lodged in the bureau.

Two days afterwards, I passed into the hands of Mr. Batch, a baker in High-street; by whom I was paid to Mr. Slang, of the Green Dragon public-house, and keeper of the livery-stables opposite, which was a famous place of resort to the gentlemen of the *Fancy*. If I wished to encroach upon the unhallowed ground which has been occupied in so *classical* a manner by the author of Boxiana, I could relate descriptions of fistical combats, which would afford ample additions to the *copia verborum* of the English language; but whether they would be ultimately reckoned among its beauties and elegancies, would depend much upon the difference in tastes. I shall however resign this refined and delicate subject to hands of greater prowess.

I was paid away by the *bang-up* Mr. Slang for a load of hay in the Hay-market, and was carried down into Berkshire, by John Nobs, the waggoner, who was in a most restless state of anxiety till he had safely delivered me into the hands of his employer, a salesman or jobber near Reading.

I was not long in the possession of this latter person; for, at the time when he received me, preparations had been made for his travelling to London, where he kept an account with Mr. Firkin, a considerable bacon-factor, in the settlement of which I was consigned to the well-furnished till of the substantial citizen. There was nothing sufficiently interesting in his character or person, to demand a particular description. He was a man of industrious and sober habits, and one who "held the noiseless tenor of his way," judiciously regardless of whatever did not immediately concern him, and attentive only to the interests of his family and those of a Dissenting church in which he was a deacon.

The reader will not need to be informed, that the duties of this office, among Dissenters, are chiefly confined to the regulation of secular affairs. It is only in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper that the lay-officers take a higher stand: In the administration of this ordinance, which they who dissent from the Church of England profess to conduct after the manner of the feast of the five thousand, the deacons act in the place of the dis-

ciples, and, receiving from their minister the sacred emblems, present them to the multitude.

Among other duties which devolved upon my master, was the payment of the pastor's salary;—a duty which he loved to perform, as it afforded him frequent opportunities of indulging his own benevolent propensities, without wounding the feelings of a man so much his superior in habits and education. Mr. Firkin was one of that small, but, I hope, increasing class of philanthropists, who, in the nobleness of their nature,

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;

and, thus preferring to conceal the actions of his right hand from his left, he was privileged to hope, that "his Father, who saw him in secret, would reward him openly." The people over whom my owner exercised this subordinate kind of authority, were lamentably poor; in consequence of which, the stipend of their minister, as apportioned from the pew-rents and a private subscription, was by no means adequate to the maintenance of his numerous family. Mr. Firkin had always been sensible of this, and having reaped considerable

profit from the public discourses and private conversation of his spiritual guide, he could not, either in gratitude or justice, permit him to be in want, while he had "enough and to spare;" he therefore uniformly doubled, from his private purse, the amount of what was set apart for the minister's support. It was by this means that I became the property of the Rev. Bartholomew Matthias.

I was placed on the table of this gentleman one morning in the company of several members of that paper family, so much despised by the old aristocratical guinea that flourishes in the commencement of my memoirs; but whom, notwithstanding the raggedness of their progenitors, I esteem as they deserve, and acknowledge their relation to myself, without adverting to the difference in our specific gravity.

I was received by my reverend possessor with far more enviable emotions, and apostrophized in more consistent terms, than those which were felt and employed by Mr. Coventry when he observed the peaceful emblem which appears upon my surface. The eye of the one beamed on me with the careless flashes of facetious folly, while that of the

other glistened with the falling tear of unaffected thankfulness. Mr. Coventry addressed me as the witness of the faults of others. Mr. Matthias feared that I should testify of his own. I was the cause of anxiety in both: The curiosity of the one felt piqued, when he thought he could not become acquainted with my story and experience: and the alarms of the other were excited, lest I should know any thing which he had done derogatory from his sacred character, or lest I should be the recompense of services unfaithfully performed.

"My friend, when he brought thee hither, it is true," exclaimed the minister, as he took me from the table, "spoke of *the well-earned reward of my labours*; but, I fear, that if he knew the secrets of my heart, confiding and benevolent as he may be, his opinion would be altered. There is but ONE, however, before whom the secrets of all hearts are revealed. He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are but dust, and is at all times willing to assist our infirmities. I trust I can appeal to Him, that I have discharged, to the best of my ability and with the purest intention that my frailty would permit, the duty which I owe to the people of my

charge : But after all, I am an unprofitable servant, and utterly unworthy of the smallest of Heaven's blessings."

There is something, however, so intrinsically great and good in a person who is truly devout, that an awkward man may as well pretend to be genteel as an hypocrite to be pious. Neither is it any proof that a man is deficient in the consciousness of inward rectitude, if, in the moments of his retirement, he questions the uprightness of his actions, or the purity of the motives from which they proceed. For he that is convinced of his natural depravity will ever be distrustful of his best performances.

A noble mind disdains not to repent;

and few are the mortals who will not find calls for repentance continually suggested; perhaps the more frequently, as they become more exempt from the influence of those evil habits which have been perpetuated in the world ever since the day of "man's first disobedience."

The Rev. Bartholomew Matthias was above the ordinary size; not in perpendicular, but in circum-

ſtrence: for his measure round the waist was, like that of Falstaff, somewhat in advance of two yards. These extraordinary dimensions had been a stumbling-block to many persons, who, in other respects, entertained a good opinion of my master. Why this circumstance should lay any foundation for objections, though sufficiently *solid* in itself, I was always at a loss to conjecture: for I knew it could not be attributed to any excessive indulgence of his carnal appetites, and was therefore less his fault than his misfortune. It may however be in part accounted for, by contrasting his mode of life, and the habitual cheerfulness of his heart as seen in the smoothness of his face, with the miserable self-denials and ascetic manners of those, who, disgusted with the laxity of discipline which had injured both the morals and religion of the members of our established church, in the days of Charles the First, brought back the ancient regimen of sack-cloth and ashes, and who crowned the whole in their personal deportment, with the equivocal insignia of sad and disfigured faces.

When I have seen the *scathed* ruins of a joint of meat departing from the table of the worthy

divine,—when I have seen him charge his HOOKAH with tobacco, which, as Cowper says,

> Beats all Antycira's pretences
> To disengage th' *encumbered* senses,

and is therefore the more fit to follow the valiant exploits at which I have already hinted,—when I have seen the smoke of its ignition rise

> In circling eddies to the skies;

and when the alternate puffs and jokes have issued from the laughing lips of the good man in beautiful succession, as though to verify the ancient proverb, *Ex fumo dare lucem*;—when I have seen all this, and have supposed that a Puritan or two of Cromwell's time were also witnesses of it; how have I imagined their righteous souls to have been shocked on beholding a son of theirs, who had departed so far from the line of demarcation which themselves had drawn, as, instead of fasting unto prayer the live-long day, to relieve by frequent intervals of this sort, obligations which they had deemed so exclusively important.

The liberal opinion of Dr. Watts,

> Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less,

is not distorted when interpreted to mean, that no man is called upon by any duty, to make a *continual* sacrifice of the comforts of this life when within his reach; and though abstinence at proper seasons is undeniably the part of every good Christian, yet creature-comforts were designed by the Giver of all good for the sustentation of the outward man. He that gave, will, when necessity requires, withdraw his gifts, if they be not used with becoming moderation; but mortals have no need to anticipate the Divine intentions. It is therefore plain, that my reverend possessor, while he retained the primitive simplicity and sterling piety of his fore-runners, might consistently depart from the rigorous and arbitrary sway which they, in the spirit of super-erogation, maintained over the appetites of the body and the innocent vivacities of the heart.

The peculiarities of Mr. Matthias were, like those of all public men, eagerly seized upon as food for ridicule by little minds. His enemies however were not able to relate any thing at all to his discredit; they could only tell you, that when he received a call to the charge which he now holds, the vestry door-way had to be considerably

widened; as he could not, like men of less rotundity, pass side-ways through. For, though (speaking mathematically) his periphery was still elliptical, yet the transverse diameter was little less than the conjugate, and neither of them was short enough to form a tangent with the door-posts. There was also a report, circulated, I believe, by Master Jonathan Chantum, his facetious Clerk, that the cast-off gowns of the minister were not so small, but that they made some half-a-dozen frocks for the daughters of the Janitor. "Our minister, I think," Jonathan sometimes said, "acts up to the letter of the proverb, *Laugh and grow fat*; but, mind me, I speak it under favour of his reverence's absence."

With regard to the qualifications of my owner for the ministry, I had not an opportunity of judging, except from his conversation with occasional visitors, and the ghostly consolations which he administered to the sick and dying; in both of which he appeared to great advantage. The duties of relieving the wretched, of encouraging the fearful, and of confirming those who wavered, seemed to be his peculiar delight. His whole heart went along with the petitions which he offered up to

heaven, from the bed-side where "parting life was laid;"

> By their controul,
> Despair and anguish fled the trembling soul;

And many, whom he was the instrument of saving on the brink of perdition, shall be "the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus." I was the more pleased also, with the order of his family, as I had never before been the inmate of a house where so marked a reference was made, in the common transactions of life, to the immortality of the soul. In other families, the safety of the soul was sacrificed to the gratification of the body; but in this, the soul was very properly considered as "the nobler part," and the body, so frail and uncertain in its duration, was never humoured when the interests of its undying inmate were concerned. The venerable man was aware of the responsibility which attached to him as the father of a family, and it was therefore his constant aim to educate his children in the nurture and the fear of God, as well by the force of his own example as of the precepts contained in the Gospel.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PASTOR'S FAMILY—THEIR EVENING DEVOTIONS—A FRAUD COMMITTED AND DETECTED.

I HAVE said I was pleased with the orderly conduct of my master's family, and I think, that no sight and sound could be more gratifying to a well disposed mind than those with which I have been greeted in his dwelling. It was customary for the minister,

At the close of the day, when the [city] was still,

to assemble his household for the purpose of devotion. On the night to which I now refer, as soon as they were all seated, the worthy father opened his Testament with these words: "Here beginneth "the Twelfth Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the "Romans." In a solemn and impressive tone he read the whole chapter, and concluded with a clear and familiar enforcement of the duties it enjoins.

When this was done, they sang a version of the first psalm, which is so beautiful as to require an

insertion in this page: It was composed by the unhappy BURNS; and, like many other charming productions from poetical sources equally objectionable, was transcribed in the Album of Mr. Matthias, without any allusion to the author's name, lest his other more profane effusions should vitiate the minds of his children.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
  Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
  Nor learns their guilty lore;

Nor from the seat of scornful pride,
  Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
  Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
  Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
  And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
  Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
  Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore,
  Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
  Shall ne'er be truly blest.

The last note of the piano, touched by the delicate fingers of the eldest daughter, had not ceased

to vibrate, and the general voice was silently expiring, when all knees were bent, and the minister engaged in prayer. Beginning with the glorious perfections of the Deity and the wickedness of man, he proceeded to acknowledge the bounty of the HIGHEST in providing himself and his family with food and clothing, and a house in which to dwell, while others who, he said, were more deserving of such expressions of the Divine Goodness, were entirely destitute. He then confessed the multitude of his own sins and his family's, with their constant liability to err; and asked forgiveness of God, and his grace to help them in the time of need. Afterwards he prayed for the blessings of the night, for comfortable rest, and freedom from all danger; and commended each and all before him to the special protection of Heaven. Then he implored merciful supplies for the poor and the needy, the sick and the afflicted; and entreated that the varied dispensations of Divine Providence, towards nations and individuals, might accomplish their designed purpose. Finally, he begged, that the Lord would turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, and hasten the appointed time, when the knowledge of his glory should cover the earth, &c.

As soon as the prayer was ended, the children bade good night, according to their seniority.—First came the rosy youth of thirteen, who had been the very picture of his father from the hour of his nativity, except in one single particular, concerning which no comparison could be instituted, as the son had not arrived at his *full growth*. Next, in succession, came the pictures of their mother, grandmother, and three aunts, whose correspondence with their prototypes was quite as matutinously discovered as the former, and, doubtless, equally correct.—The youngest, who lay, a smiling cherub, in his cradle, was most likely to be the picture of them all: For he had the eyes of one, the nose of another, the mouth of a third, and the silken tresses of a fourth; combining, as the parents would frequently observe, the principal graces of the family in one celestial countenance. Whether there be any truth in what some writers have asserted,—that the youngest in a family, though never so devoid of beauty, is always accounted the most lovely,—I cannot pretend to determine; but I may, without according entirely with the decisions of the parents, safely affirm, that I have not seen a more healthy and blooming company of children than the little Matthiasses.

The manner of their dismissal was peculiarly impressive: The warm and affectionate embrace of their mother was first given. From her they passed to the father, who sat with patriarchal dignity upon his elbow-chair, and, placing his hand upon each of their heads, as they passed in due order, repeated in a tone of deep solemnity:— "Jehovah bless thee and keep thee!" &c.

After they had retired to their dormitories, the father and his spouse drew nearer to the fire; he to light his pipe, and she to evince her affection by enduring with cheerfulness, what cannot but offend the delicacy of female nerves, the strong effluvia and smoke of tobacco. This dutiful endurance of an habit which her husband had, perhaps unfortunately, contracted, often reminded me of a pleasant tale which I have heard Mr. Coventry relate:

A certain lady, in the middle ranks of life, had, from a perusal of a treatise by King James, entituled A COUNTER-BLAST TO TOBACCO, imbibed a more than ordinary aversion to that pungent weed,

> Which, whether, pulverised, it gain
> A speedy passage to the brain,

or be used in the way of fumigation, is equally offensive to many persons. Whenever this became

a topic of conversation in her presence, she always declared, that perpetual celibacy was infinitely preferable to a yoke-fellow who was either a taker of snuff or a smoker of tobacco; and she frequently enforced her philippics, with the following quotation from the royal author: "Moreover, which is a great iniquity, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean-complexioned wife to that extremity, that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment." And truly, I think, had she lived in the days of Mr. Lundifoot, she need not, for lack of *opportunity*, "have deceived herself," as Cumberland remarks, "with opinions upon which she had not thoroughly reflected in her *solitary* hours." She was, however, well confirmed in her resolutions, when a gentleman, who had seen her at a public place, addressed her with offers of marriage. After the usual vacillations of pretended dislike and real inclination, the suitor was received, and the nuptial ceremonies were performed, greatly to the satisfaction of themselves and their connections. They were fondly attached to each other; and every thing went for-

ward very smoothly, till after the expiration of the honey-moon, when the maid came running down the stairs one morning, almost breathless with anxiety and haste, and exclaimed, as she reached the lowest step, "I declare, Ma'am, if my master "is not smoking!"—The lady was astounded at the words, and would not believe that her *caro sposo* was addicted to so gross an habit. But the maid persisted to assert, that she had not only seen the pipe, but the smoke also; and if her mistress would but go up stairs, and peep through the key-hole, she would see it for herself. She did so, but she was not thrown into hysterics by the sight; and returned to her occupations in the kitchen, replying to the maniac gaze of the poor girl, who had previously known her deep-rooted antipathies to tobacco, "It is just as you told me, Betty; but "he smokes so prettily!"

As soon as the minister's evening regale and the grateful converse of his wife were finished, the fires were carefully extinguished; and "tired nature" sought again in "balmy sleep" the restoration of its vigour.

After the performance of the customary family-devotions on the following morning, and while the

children were seated with them at the breakfast-table, my master and his wife were surprised by the receipt of a letter from a brother of the Cloth, in the vicinity of town; of which, though it certainly was *ended* on the second *side* of the sheet, they could not, as they phrased it, "make either *end* or *side*." It was couched in the following words:

"*To the Rev. Bartholomew Matthias.*

"Dear Brother,

"THE Lord hath truly said, *The silver is mine, and the gold is mine; the cattle also upon a thousand hills:* and whatever He hath given, is of his pure mercy. Since he hath caused the light of his face to shine upon us, and hath filled us with the finest of the wheat, let us rejoice and be exceeding glad. *There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.* Such was our deceased friend, who maintained his regard for the prosperity of Zion to the end of life, by the tokens which we both possess. I hope we shall not, by our good fortune, be induced to invite our souls to take their ease, but rather say with the Psalmist, *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.* For my own part, I do

not apprehend much danger on this score, my stipend, as you know, being none of the most enviable; and my family,—I bear in mind the passage of the lilies of the field,—having scarcely wherewithal to clothe and cover them. It will, I doubt not, be equally seasonable to you. Praying, that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace, and that our garners may be full, affording all manner of store, I unite with you in thanks for this singular dropping of the showers that shall one day come in better coin, and remain,

"Your brother in the Gospel,

"MATTHEW BAXTER.

"P.S. My wife unites with me in Xtian regards."

I confess that I was very much *at fault* to comprehend the meaning of this document. It seemed to convey something congratulatory both to the writer and to my master; and hinted at advantages accruing to them from the death of one of their mutual friends. But it left no ground for plausible conjecture, much less for any definite con-

clusion. The worthy couple whom it most concerned, were as much confounded by it as myself: and, notwithstanding the penetration of the lady was, on other subjects, very deep, she could not unfold this mystery.

"Do you recollect, my love," said she, "any "one to whom the term *deceased friend* will "apply?"

"No; unless it be the poor old man I visited "last Lord's-day. He gave me,—what I value "more than this world's dross,—the blessing of "one that was ready to perish. But it cannot be "he, for our friend Mr. Baxter has no acquaint-"ance with him."

"But is it not strange that he should write in "this way? He must have some foundation "for it."

"Doubtless, he has; for he is a man of too "much gravity, to make a jest, especially in such "a strain as this. I dare say we shall—"

He was proceeding to remark, that it was probable the matter would in time be cleared up, when a genteel knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Matthias immediately quitted the apartment; and a young gentleman, of very prepossessing appear-

ance, was announced as desiring to speak with the minister. He entered the parlour; and, after an exchange of civilities, informed my master, that "he was the clerk of Messrs. ———, of Man- "chester," whom Mr. Matthias knew to be respectable solicitors.

My master begged him to be seated.

"Thank you, Sir," said he, "I cannot stay; I "merely called to inform you of the death of Mr. "Allan."

"Dead! I heard he was exceedingly well, a "week ago."

"And so he was, Sir; but on Thursday morn- "ing last, as he was taking his usual walk, a fit of "apoplexy seized him; and he died in less than "an hour."

"Poor man! I am sorry for his widow and the "dear children. They have lost a good husband "and a kind father."

"They do indeed deserve our sympathies;" replied the lawyer; "but I also came to inform "you, that your name is mentioned in the will, in "company with that of Mr. Baxter, a minister in "the vicinity of London: To each of you, as "esteemed friends of the deceased, is bequeathed

"the sum of *one hundred pounds.* My employers "are appointed, by the will, joint-executors with "the widow."

"I thank you for the information, Sir; and am "only sorry for the lamentable cause, that gave it "rise. Will you take some refreshment?"

"I have just taken breakfast, Sir.—If you would "prefer receiving the bequest now, you may. It "is a matter of perfect indifference to us when it "is paid.—Only I had leave, in case you should "desire immediate payment, to make out the "necessary order. Will you have it now, or when "the will is regularly executed?"

"I should be sorry to presume on the kindness "of your employers; but if it is not inconvenient, "Sir, I certainly feel disposed to accept of your "polite proposal."

"By no means inconvenient; it gives me plea-"sure to oblige you, Sir. I suppose you are "aware of the expences attending transactions of "this nature?"

"I am not much versed in matters of business," replied the unsuspecting man; who was, in truth, as unable to cope with any of the *Devil's own,* (though it was a part of his profession to expose the

subtleties of their aspiring head,) as a lamb to release itself from the talons of an eagle; "but I leave it "in your hands, Sir, you will do me reason."

"I am flattered by your confidence, Sir; and "am entirely at your service. I shall pass by "Somerset House, in the course of the day, and "will call there and procure you the necessary "document, which will cost 50 shillings."

"I take it very kindly, Sir: shall I now give "you two pounds ten?"

"There is no necessity; it will do quite as well "when I return. Good morning, Sir."

"Good morning to you; we shall hope for the "pleasure of your company to dinner."

The lawyer's clerk did not, however, return to dinner; and the joyous couple had leisure to congratulate each other. It is no reflection, I presume, upon their feelings, to observe, that the death of their friend, as a calamity, was soon forgotten in the accession to their little fortunes which it had occasioned; for he was a man prepared for whatever might befal him, and was, besides, very opulent: His immediate connections, therefore, had no need of his support. A great allowance is certainly to be made for that indefinable attach-

ment which mortals feel to all who partake of the same kindred flesh and blood; but even this, after the few first ebullitions of sorrow are gone by, will yield to the reflection, that "death is the portal which opens to the good man's view a scene of painless and ineffable enjoyment."

By this I do not mean to infer, that the good couple partook at all of that feeling in which a mercenary heir once indulged, who exclaimed in the presence of his widowed relation, "His loss is our gain," betraying, by an involuntary transposition of the pronouns, the indecent tendency of his reflections. The sudden departure of their friend did not fail to produce its natural effect on minds so susceptible as theirs. It formed for some time the subject of their conversation, and gave rise to many appropriate and affecting observations on the uncertainty of human life, and the necessity of preparing for the hour of death and the day of judgment.

A decent pause at length intervened, during which the feelings had time to relinquish, in some degree, the mournful cast which they had lately assumed, and the lady was the first to speak.

"What shall we do then with this legacy, my

"dear? For I see no danger of counting our "chickens before they are hatched."

"I did not anticipate this kindness from my old "friend; but I know that he was every way "capable of it. And therefore, as you say, what "shall we do with it?"

"First, there is Matilda's school-bill, and her "music-master; both want paying. That will take "off 10 pounds from the sum."

"Then you shall have the silk-gown, so long "promised you; the cost of which you are better "qualified to compute, than I am."

"But I must request that you will first procure "yourself a great-coat;—an article you need "much more than I do a gown."

"Which, though I am no appraiser, will not "exceed, I should imagine, our present ability of "payment, even after I have given my consent to "the purchase of a top-coat."

"Certainly, my dear; but I would not seem to "be extravagant."

"You do not know your danger, I should "rather say *your safety*. EXTRAVAGANT is a "word of Latin derivation: it means *wandering* "*beyond*, or *out of bounds*. Do you see your "error?"

"It would be greater, if I should resist your "inclination; and, as you wish it, I will have this "piece of finery.

"For thee alone these little charms I dress."

"You were ever before me, in upholding the "memorable decree of Ahasuerus, which he made, "as you may recollect, at the suggestion of a "Median prince, when Vashti refused to submit "to the pleasure of her royal husband."

I will not fatigue my readers with any more of their discourse, which, however interesting to me as a display of conjugal sportiveness and affection, will not perhaps be generally relished. It will be sufficient to say, that the legacy was easily disposed into separate small portions, without any just imputation of extravagance, either in its Latin or English signification.

The attorney's clerk was faithful to his promise; and called again in the course of the afternoon. As before, he was exceedingly polite, and repeatedly disclaimed the obligations which my master as repeatedly expressed. The *two-pounds-ten* affair was now produced from the young lawyer's bill-book; and with much apparent uncon-

cern was spread upon the table. But what was my surprise, on discovering that this expensive article was only one of those papers which are indiscriminately given to any respectable person who applies at the Legacy Office; and which, when properly filled up by the Legatee, are returned to the same department, that the appointed officers may know what duty to demand. My master was, however, entirely unaware of the cheat: The formidable array of black and red letters interspersed upon the paper imposed upon his ignorance; and the impression of its authority was not a little increased when he saw the sounding words *One hundred pounds sterling*, most ingeniously placed in one of the blank spaces which were left, and confirmed by the syllogistical succession of black and red print and manuscript, arranged with such logical precision, that no man, like my master, unacquainted with the world, but familiar with the schools, could ever hesitate about the legitimacy of the written conclusion, which was this—

By order of the Executors of W. ALLAN, ESQ.
to which was appended the bold signature of the *soi-disant* clerk.

The whole was done with the air of one that is more anxious to serve another than himself; and the refined robber evinced such carelessness about the re-payment of his *two-pounds-ten* when offered to him, that, if any suspicion had arisen in the mind, it would have been instantly suppressed. He proceeded so far as to accept the minister's invitation to tea; and conversed in such a tone of enthusiasm about the progress of missionary exertions, and other matters connected with the state of Christianity, that Mr. Matthias pronounced him in his own mind a *very worthy young man.* He also engaged him to take his letters of condolence to the widow of his late benefactor, when he should return to Manchester. He remained till late in the evening, and seemed particularly affected by the devotional services of the family; and after his departure, his praises with Mrs. Matthias ran so high, that she exclaimed,

> "Take him for all in all,
> We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

A prophecy which I, who began to see into his character, most heartily hoped, in a sense a little different, would be verified in their experience.

They are only boys whose sleep is interrupted by a fortunate occurrence; and though I was paid away as an unwilling part of the recompence of the unmanly fraud, by my late possessor, yet he, good easy man, unconscious of the wrong, was neither less *sound* nor less *sounding* in his slumbers on account of the imaginary increase of his property. He arose betimes; and, after breakfast, went with the order for his legacy in his pocket, to receive the gratulations of his friend Firkin, who rejoiced in every thing which related to his prosperity.

As soon as he entered the shop, and had received a hearty shake of the hand from his worthy deacon, he exhibited the paper that contained the bequest of his friend Allan, when Mr. Firkin, without waiting for an explanation, asked *if he were going to pay the duty;* but in the same breath, for he was all the while perusing the document, he exclaimed, "My good Sir! How did "you come by this? it concludes somewhat mys- "teriously: I am afraid you have been swindled!" My master began at the beginning of the history, and was proceeding regularly on; but when he

came to tell that he had paid *two-pounds-ten* for the expences, the wrath of Mr. Firkin could no longer contain itself; and he launched forth into a violent tirade against dishonesty, too long for repetition; but which concluded with an exposition of the laws of legacy, that will prevent the good pastor from being duped so easily again, by the artificial politeness and plausible pretences of one whose credentials are forged.

Mr. Matthias returned home to communicate the upshot of the matter to his wife, who was not a little vexed that she had lavished her praises on so indifferent an object as their new friend from Manchester. They did not however allow it to disturb their equanimity; but notwithstanding the silence which they observed on the subject, it appeared to have been divulged: For, a few days after the occurrence, Mr. Matthias received an anonymous letter, enclosing a bank note for twenty pounds, which bore this laconic inscription: "*A trifling compensation for a great disappointment!*" The reader will be disposed to adjudge the merit of this act of kindness to the citizen and cheese-monger: but, be that as it may, it was the cause

of great thankfulness to the minister, and enabled him to pay off the arrears of his daughter's education, to procure his wife a silk gown, and himself a great coat,—the three principal objects of their recent contemplation. He preserved the legacy order in his cabinet of curiosities, endorsing it with this very suitable inscription from Juvenal, in commemoration of the kindness of the gentleman who made it out:

> Signator falsò, qui se lautum, atque beatum
> Exiguis tabulis, et gemmâ fecerat udâ.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROGRESS OF CRIME IN A YOUTHFUL SWINDLER—ASCOT-HEATH—MR. BRISKET'S CHARACTER, &c.

The fellow, by whose artifice I was removed from the happy house of Mr. Matthias, was a practised swindler. His father was a reputable tradesman in the town of Manchester; and his son had the advantage of a good education. At the age of sixteen years he was articled to a respectable solicitor in London, and passed through his term of apprenticeship, so far as concerned the transaction of his master's business, in a very creditable manner. But long before the expiration of that term, he had abandoned the judicious advice of his mother, and preferred the creed of his dissolute companions, who taught him that his hatred to a theatre arose from the narrowness of the principles which he had imbibed. "If you would not render yourself ridiculous," they were accustomed to

say, "you must resign these foolish notions of yours; they are only fit to be adopted by old women, who, because they are no longer able to partake of the pleasures of the young, will enviously condemn them, and instil into the minds of inexperienced youths, like you, a thousand absurd prejudices. *Not go to the Theatre!* How absurd! It is the best school of manners, the glass of fashion, the medium through which we gain a knowledge of the world; and, if you have any idea of being called to the bar, it is the place where you may study the graces of delivery after the most finished models."

The unfledged attorney was very speedily convinced, that he must either yield to the persuasions of his friends, or must submit to be the butt of all their ridicule and scorn,—an alternative which, more than all the boasted advantages, prevailed over his better resolutions, and induced him for once to attend a theatre. Once, twice, and thrice he went; and every time, some new attraction was presented, till at length the fascinating charm was broken, the novelty was past, and the finest exhibitions of the drama ceased any longer to allure him.

He had, however, by attending at the theatre,

acquired the tone of *a man of the world;* he learnt to interlard his conversation with a graceful oath, and to ridicule religion,—qualifications which fully prepared him for every successive step in his headlong march of wickedness and dissipation. Billiard-rooms and petty gaming-houses became the great places of his resort, about the time when his apprenticeship expired; and in them he made rapid advances in the art of genteel robbery, which he has long practised to admirable effect. His first occasional losses drove him to desperation; he robbed his master to a considerable amount, and, being afraid of discovery, absconded. He was, however, at no loss for the means of subsistence; for he became acquainted with a set of black-legs, who, on hearing of his late exploit, very cordially received him into their fraternity, and speedily instructed him in every branch of their profession. He soon acquired the finish of a sharper, and, in a trial of skill, was able to cope with any of his senior brethren; but his particular department was that of *obtaining money under false pretences.* He had the faculty of easily acquainting himself with the character and connections of any of his dupes; and of finding out the

way in which it was most easy to practise a fraud in a colourable manner. To this cruel penetration he had sacrificed many a simple individual, besides the worthy minister whose character I have briefly delineated: for his moral feelings were completely destroyed, and he cared little who the victim might be, provided he was empowered to indulge his evil propensities, and to gratify the worst passions of his nature.

It is scarcely necessary to name the parties into whose hands I passed when I was separated from this wicked man, "young in years but old in crime." I was paid away in rather quick succession to many disreputable persons, whose revolting characters would disgrace these pages, while the recital would serve no moral purpose. The first honest man in whose possession I found myself, after being tossed about nearly a fortnight among gamesters, harlots, and vagabonds, was an eminent salesman in Smithfield.

This person parted with me almost immediately, in some transaction respecting cattle, which I did not understand, to Mr. Brisket, a butcher at Windsor, who is well known in the neighbourhood of Peascod-street. The first day I was with him,

he passed over the bridge, and stopped for some time to witness a grand cricket-match between the Etonians and the townsmen of Windsor; and I was highly gratified at the assemblage of these bold and beautiful boys, scions of the nobles and commoners of the realm, and regarded them as the future heroes, statesmen, and divines of their native country. Their youthful spirit and activity triumphed over the skill of their more mature antagonists; and when a shout from two or three hundred of these exulting urchins announced the victory of their comrades, at this truly English game, the sound thrilled through my frame with an undefinable sensation, such, I suppose, as human adults must experience when they reflect on the days of their youth that are fled for ever.

A few days afterwards Mr. Brisket mounted Punch, his brown poney, which had a shaggy mane and a straggling switch tail, with a coat as rough and shabby as his master's. For the butcher's blue frock, and the steel which hung at his girdle, as the badge of his profession, were never laid aside, except on Sundays or some very extraordinary occasion. Notwithstanding the uncouthness of the animal's appearance, it could trot fourteen miles an

hour with ease, and had been victor in many a well-contested match.

All the world appeared to be going along the same road; a full tide of human population was pouring onward to Ascot Races. Vehicles of all denominations, from the Royal barouche, down to the dustman's one-horse cart from Tothill-fields with fifteen inside passengers, might be seen in the train. Horses of all pedigrees, from the high-blooded hunter, down to the broken-knee'd hack, and shuffling Shetland poney, jostled against each other on the crowded road.

No sooner had we arrived on the course than the busy note of preparation was begun; the weighing of the jockies, the buz, the betting, the agitation of the croud, attracted my attention. Then, the riders mounted in their gay and variegated jackets, ranging themselves ready for the contest:—Here, you might see *a knowing one* whispering into the ear of a jockey:—There, the owner of a favourite horse fondly patting his sleek and silky sides, whilst the high-mettled racers, pawing the ground beneath their feet, "stood like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start."

Hark! the signal is given,—off they go, with a

swiftness equal to the arrow's speed! Every eye follows them; the short man raises himself an inch higher on his toes; he who is taller stretches forth his neck with eagerness, to catch a glimpse of their career. The noise of the multitude is hushed, the breath of the spectators is suspended, till some three or four of the noble creatures are seen straining with every sinew towards the stand, where the judges of the race must decide. Now the rapidly alternate passions of *hope*, *fear*, *despair*, and *exultation*, became apparent in every variety of tone and gesture; and short ejaculations break forth from the pressing crowd, according to their several wishes:—"Now blue!" "Well done pink and white!" "Five to four on the grey horse!" "See, see! the filly's a-head!" "The filly against the field!" "Now they are all four abreast!" "She has it—No—Yes!" "Hurra! the filly has it by half a head!"—And the knowing ones instantly proceeded to the betting-post, where the noise is equal to the din of the Stock-Exchange, and where all sorts of personages are on a par with each other.

My master had never missed a race for the last twenty years, and was as well-known as any jockey on the course. He had realized a handsome inde-

pendence, principally by his experience on the turf; and recourse was had to his opinion on all critical occasions.

When the vociferations of "Two to one on the filly!"—"I'll take the odds on the grey horse!" "An even bet on Smolensko!"—had somewhat subsided, my master, brushing up briskly on his poney to a thin effeminate-looking man, in appearance much like a groom, said, to my astonishment, "I'll bet your Grace five to four, the grey horse "against your bay filly."

"Done!" was the reply, and the butcher's greasy fist was enclosed in the delicate palm of the Duke of ———.

"I mean HUNDREDS, of course, your Grace!" said Brisket, who noted down the bet on a little dirty bit of slate-paper which he held in his hand; then clapped spurs to Mr. Punch, and trotted away, whistling in a careless strain, till the event of the race proved the excellence of the butcher's judgment, when he very coolly put into his pocket the Duke's draft on Coutts' house, for four hundred pounds.

Between the different heats, the ladies stepped from their carriages and promenaded on the turf,

which was soft and smooth as a turkey-carpet. The elegance and beauty displayed on that occasion, the surprising variety of splendid equipages, the vast number of equestrians mounted on the finest animals in the world, and the motley concourse that made up the rest of the crowd and cavalcade, gave the semblance of enchantment to the moving prospect, and formed altogether such a scene of splendour, opulence, and interest as England alone could produce.

It was a delightful day, and the glowing mass of beings around me exhilarated my spirits. But, on a race-course, there are some sad concomitants not calculated to satisfy the purity of an ethereal being; of which one is, the wide field that it opens to the passion for gambling,—and the other, the baneful impulse that it imparts to the prince and the ploughman. Neither could I see any reason why such numbers of E O tables should be so openly allowed: At some of them, boys of fifteen, with clothing scarcely sufficient to cover them, were seen winning their guinea with careless indifference.

At one of these tables I noticed a little dandy stripling, not more than a dozen years old, sporting

his money with the coolness and experience of a veteran gamester. The boy's countenance was exceedingly beautiful; but his youthful features were distorted, according to the variations of his fortune, and he still pursued the game, regardless of adverse consequences. My master interfered to prevent the further loss of his money; and on enquiring to whom he belonged, he discovered, that he was groom to the notorious Major D., whose fancy it is to receive into his employ the most beautiful lad he can find, to equip him in a riding costume, similar to his own, and to have his clothes made by his tailor of the finest materials, with no variation by which to distinguish him as a servant, except a small crest, engraved on the buttons of his blue jacket, that is generally covered with a superlatively fashionable white great-coat. This practice has now become quite the mode among the aspirants for celebrity on the turf; and a dashing young man of *ton* can scarcely be seen in these days without one of these pretty equivocal miniatures of himself seated at his side in his tilbury or barouche.

Mr. Brisket had just learnt these particulars,

when a hue and cry was raised, and a call for Major D.'s servant was heard from several quarters. This *little master of the horse*, it seems, had been left in charge of the curricle, whilst the owner of it prattled on the course, or walked up to the ladies' gallery: The boy thought himself equally entitled to some gameful relaxation, and required little invitation to quit his charge, and join in the hazardous amusements around him; in the interval, a company of those ingenious abstractors, from town, who make an imposing part in all large concourses, borrowed the Major's horses and curricle, and vanished from the course, whilst the boy was eagerly engaged at the E O table, to which he had been purposely allured by one of the genteel depredators. Information was promptly given at Bow-street, but without effect: For the horses were speedily cropped, nicked, and metamorphosed in such a jockeyish style, as to render it impossible to recognise them. The colour of the carriage was likewise expeditiously transformed from a King's Yellow to a dark Green; the body was placed upon new wheels, and the Major's wheels were attached to another body. These changes ren-

dered the identity of the curricle exceedingly ambiguous, so that it could not be properly called *an old friend with a new face*, but "an *old* friend with a *new* body." Though the alterations which it received were ultimately well ascertained, yet no one could undertake to swear to the property, and the Major thus became *minus* a curricle and pair.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WINDSOR AND ITS VICINITY—ANECDOTE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

After the feats of the day, my master and I jogged on to Windsor, where he kept open house during the races. I accompanied him the next morning, while he shewed *the lions of the place* to a party of visitors from London; and though he had been more than twenty times before through the castle, yet on this occasion he doffed his blue frock and steel, and acted as attendant to his friends along the well-known route. In spite of his occupation, I never passed through the hands of any individual who had more genuine politeness than the Windsor butcher; for, *Do as you would be done by*, one of the many simple maxims of Christianity, is superior to all the elaborate rules of good breed-

ing that have been invented by my Lord Chesterfield.

Mr. Brisket was a great favourite with his late Majesty George the Third; and he delights to relate a number of traits characteristic of the goodness and familiarity displayed by this amiable monarch. His Majesty loved greatly to talk with him on the subject of breeding and feeding cattle; and he declares, that the King was an uncommonly good judge of the qualities of animals and their value; and that he was the best practical farmer in the county of Berks.

Among other anecdotes which Mr. Brisket related, was the following:—His late Majesty was not particularly easy of access to persons in high life; and he seldom, I believe, admitted any person, however distinguished for birth or talents, in a familiar manner to his table. But he was extremely fond of entering into conversation with the lower and middle ranks of society; and few individuals of this description resided long in the neighbourhood of Windsor without having, at some time or other, held discourse with King George the Third.

"Some years ago," said Mr. Brisket, "they

was a boy in my employment, in the capacity of a shepherd. He was a thick-set, sun-burnt, sturdy fellow, about 10 years old, with coarse features, and a bristly red head of hair, 'and each particular hair did stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' One sultry summer's day, while he was seated on a bank near the road-side, watching his flock with a book in his hand, the King happened to be walking that way unattended, which was frequently the case at that period. His Majesty marched up to the boy and thus accosted him: 'What, what, what book is that?' The little red-headed urchin gruffly replied, 'A spelling-'book!'—'Ay, Dyche, Dyche, Dyche, a good 'author! Can you spell?' 'A little.'—'Let's hear 'you try,' said the King, as he took the book from the boy.

"It must have been curious to see the monarch of a great empire assuming the character of a country pedagogue, with a spelling-book in his hand, and hearing the ragged churl his lesson, 'Can you spell 'two syllables?'—'Yes, I can.'—'Come then, let 'us see, let us see, ABBOT!'—'*A-b* ab, *b-o-t*, bot, [illegible]T.'—'Good boy, good boy! CRIMSON!'— [illegible], crim, *c-o-n*, son, CRIMSON.'—'Ay, that

'will do, that will do—Can you read as well as you 'can spell? Do you go to school? Can you read 'the Bible?'

" 'My mother is too poor to send me to school; 'and she has got only a piece of a Bible, which is 'so torn, and the leaves so dirty and dog's-eared, 'that we can't make it out at all.'

" 'That's pity, pity, pity! What's her name? 'Where does she live?'

" 'Her name is Hannah Potts, and she lives in 'Dirty-foot lane.'

"The King took out a pencil and wrote down the name and address, and departed, to the great disappointment of the rude and surly young shepherd; who, with the cunning peculiar to some in low life, pretended to be ignorant of the King's person, when at the same time he knew very well to whom he was talking.

"On his Majesty's return to the Castle, he called for the Gentleman who then acted as his private and confidential secretary, and said, 'There 'is great want of education amongst the poor 'people in our neighbourhood:—This ought not 'to be. This packet must be delivered according 'to the direction, and the woman must be expressly

'told that the book is a gift from ourselves, as a 'reward for her perseverance in teaching her son 'to read. Her circumstances must also be enquir- 'ed into, and her children sent to school.'

"The monarch put a five-pound note into a common printed Bible, and wrote with his own hand upon the title-page, 'THE GIFT OF GEORGE R. TO HANNAH POTTS,' adding the day of the month and the date of the year. The King then delivered it to the gentleman with these words, 'Let this be sent immediately; for it is our wish, 'that every subject in these realms should be able 'to read the Bible.'

"This poor woman has been offered, at various times, since his Majesty's decease, considerable sums of money for this precious volume, which she as constantly refuses to sell, and often declares that '*she will never part from it while she lives; and that, if it please God, she will die with it under her pillow.*'"

Frequently as I have since been at Windsor in custody of my various possessors, I have seldom visited it except with renewed delight, and never without Gray's beautiful Ode recurring to my memory; the first verse of which is so peculiarly appropri-

ate to the prospect from the terrace, as to compel every person of taste to repeat it aloud, while looking down upon Eton College:

> "Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
> That crown the wat'ry glade,
> Where grateful science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade!
> And ye, that from the stately brow
> Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
> Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
> Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
> Wanders the hoary Thames along
> His silver winding way."

No surprise ought to be excited at the circumstance of ethereal beings, like myself, treasuring up the effusions of soul-ennobling poesy: For all of us, however modified and confined, watch over the thoughts, words, and actions of a poet, with peculiar interest and affection.

As we ascended the steep to the castle, we looked into St. George's chapel, that beautiful receptacle of the mighty dead. But, alas! notwithstanding all the pomp and pageantry of human woe, exhibited in depositing the bodies of monarchs and their nearest connections in those superb inclosures, the career of each was soon terminated, and the sole chronicler of the

very existence of some of them is a *hic jacet.* This reflection is acknowledged by mortals to be true, and they see VANITY inscribed on all terrestrial glory; yet each generation tries to surpass that which preceded it in the pursuit of quickly-fading honours. There is, however, something so awfully pleasing even in the precincts of this hallowed dome, as to cause a holy influence to pervade the heart and to affect the feelings.

When we entered the Round Tower, it occurred to one of the company, that here that high-born bard, the all-accomplished Surrey, poured forth his love-sick lays to the beautiful Geraldine; and when they gazed from the window of that noble apartment in the castle which overlooks the enchanting lawn beneath, it seemed a theatre worthy of the gorgeous tilts and tournaments of ancient times. Indeed, in what direction soever this magnificent structure, and the surrounding scenery are contemplated, the spectator is almost compelled to exclaim: "This is a residence truly worthy of a king!"

From the interior of the castle we entered that part of the grounds to which the public have been admitted only since the death of Queen Charlotte; and those beautifully-adorned slopes, where nature

has been so judiciously and so tastefully assisted by art, can only be excelled by the hanging-gardens which flourish in Eastern story.

From thence we proceeded through the grounds at Frogmore, to the Great Park, where a stag, the proudest of his herd, bounded boldly onwards before us, with that elegance and elasticity of motion peculiar to his kind. The notch in his nodding antlers proclaimed him of superior race; for he had once escaped with life from the royal hounds, and was now allowed to range at large, privileged and unmolested. He turned his head round, and with a bend of his graceful neck cast a look of proud defiance behind him, which seemed to say, "Pass on! I fear you not."

Those who have been on this spot for the first time, cannot but be struck with the mighty grandeur of the oaks, which, if one may form a judgment by their magnitude, must have been rooted there for ages, whilst the inhabitants of the earth have, race after race, mouldered into kindred dust, and with few exceptions are forgotten, as if they had never been. But even these branching and magnificent records of ancient days, which are now flourishing, must wither and decay; for HERNE'S

OAK, which Shakespeare has immortalized, is no longer to be seen. I never behold one of these gorgeous monarchs of the forest, but I consider how much his kind are indebted to the man who plants an acorn. It must be an act of pure disinterestedness, for unborn ages alone can receive the full benefit of his care and forethought.

There are some characters, whatever may be their situation in life, whose conversational powers seem like the gift of inspiration; but, on closer examination, it will be found, that good common sense alone forms the essence of their discourse, which, delivered with an air of urbanity, adds a charm to all their remarks. This was exemplified in Mr. Brisket towards his London friends, during this morning's ramble. Amongst a variety of local information, he entertained them with the following anecdote.

The summer before last, a royal and noble party of visitors at the cottage determined to amuse themselves with fishing, on that beautiful little lake *Virginia Water;* and a certain gentleman, whose corpulency has often served as a *butt,* and who has very rapidly risen from a humble nautical situation to a place at Court, had, in the true style of an

ambitious man, over-reached himself, and tumbled headlong out of his boat. Though he was no swimmer, he contrived, by paddling with his hands like a dog, to keep his head above water, and to cry lustily for help. At length a gentleman in one of the boats, with great presence of mind, threw a net over the drowning man, and dragged him ashore, with no other detriment than a fright and a ducking. After the company had recovered from their alarm, they rallied the corpulent sufferer most unmercifully. A nobleman said, "he had "given evident proofs that he was not born to be "drowned." And a facetious Countess observed: "Your preservation, dear Sir, appears quite mira-"culous. I can compare your admirable buoyancy "in the water to nothing more appropriately than "to that of a cork, which, however deeply im-"mersed, quickly rises again to the surface. But "this is not the only circumstance in your life, "which is to be solved on a principle common both "to a cork and yourself—*a native propensity to rise* "*in the world!*"—The gentleman, who is exceedingly witty, instantly replied, "Your ladyship must "therefore allow, that, while in the water, *I was* "*not out of my element!*"

When we had finished our morning's excursion, the party set out once more for Ascot-heath. As my master passed the stand, he was accosted by a gentleman, who said, "Well, Brisket, what sport "are we likely to have to day?"—"Very little, Sir; "the horses are not well-matched; the odds are "much in favour of the bay mare: and I'll bet "you two to one on her against the field—that is, "a cool hundred to fifty."—"No, no, Mr. Bris-"ket, you are far beyond my mark. I never "wager more than a guinea: so, if you like, I'll "bet you an even sovereign, the field against the "bay mare."—"Done!" said the butcher who grasped the gentleman's hand, and departed. The odds were so much in favour of the mare, that Mr. Brisket could find no one to sport his money with; and lucky was it for him, that this opinion was so prevalent, for she fell lame the second heat and lost the race. He then rode up to the Stand, and paid me into the hand of Mr. Trundle, a coach-maker from London, and I parted from my generous *Knight of the Steel*, with much regret, for he was a gentleman by nature, the prince of good fellows, and the soul of hospitality and honour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. WILY—THE CORONATION—AIR BALLOON—CHANGE OF POSSESSORS, &c.

For a considerable period I passed through a variety of hands of such a common-place description as to make little impression upon my memory. My existence became dull and monotonous; I forgot names, dates, and circumstances; and lost all trace of time, till I found myself one evening in July, in the Mail coach, in the possession of Mr. Wily, a Yorkshire gentleman, who was coming up from Rotherham to be present at the Coronation.

Two or three days previous to the ceremony, he walked down to the intended scene of splendour, and examined the mighty preparations which were making, for the grand display, and for the accommodation of the public. Unfortunately, great losses fell upon almost every individual who

speculated in the erection of galleries and stands for spectators, which were sufficiently ample to contain at least a hundred thousand persons. But this must be ascribed, in a great measure, to their own cupidity:—The prices which were asked, prevented moderate people from attempting to obtain a view of the procession, drove many persons away from the metropolis, and deterred hundreds of others from entering it. A considerable number of places were at first let at as high a rate as *twenty*, *ten*, and *five guineas*, for each seat. But my new master was too cautious to be in a violent hurry about such an affair, and, on the evening of the 18th of July, 1821, he secured an excellent situation for *twenty shillings*, directly opposite to the door of Westminster Hall.

Mr. Wily was a man of considerable property, and seemed to live for himself alone; for he was scarcely ever seen with a companion. It was difficult to ascertain his real sentiments upon any topic, as he was seldom known to have given an opinion. The sound of his voice was not frequently heard, except on particular occasions, when his lips inadvertently suffered a solitary monosyllable to escape. He was perfectly inde-

pendent, being a bachelor, and living within his income. Never intruding himself into the secrets of other people, and rarely asking a question, he did not relish the practice of other people intruding themselves into his concerns. He was neither rude nor polished,—more singular than selfish; yet, on account of his reserve and taciturnity, his neighbours considered him unfeeling when he did not merit the imputation: For he performed many an act of real benevolence in his own odd and quiet way. Abhorring ostentation, he was provoked if any body surprised him in the fact of relieving the distressed.

This quiet creature went, at dawn of day, on the 19th of July, and occupied a seat in the gallery, for which he had paid the preceding evening. Well was it for those who imitated his example: For he had scarcely adjusted himself, when a bulky female came and squatted down by his side, while she muttered, that she had paid a high price for her seat, and was determined to keep it. "You "know, Sir," she added as soon as she was seated, "possession is nine points of the law."—"Then I "should think, madam," replied Mr. Wily, squar-

ing his elbows for a little more room, "you are "perfectly secure, for you have already obtained "at least nine points and a half."

He was a complete contrast to this lady: Naturally pale, tall, and thin, he appeared still more so when near her, who was rosy, short, and stout, or in vulgar terms, "as broad as she was long." Mrs. Dory was a fishmonger's wife, from Norton Falgate. She was not an active person, yet her tongue was seldom idle, and her volubility was more than a match for Mr. Wily's taciturnity. Throughout the morning her discourse was chiefly directed to him, and she gave no quarter. I heard him declare his belief, that he had never talked so much in one day since he was five years old.'

She was accompanied by her son Master John Dory, a boy about ten years of age, dressed in nankeen pantaloons and a scarlet jacket, with an enormous cravat tied in a true-lover's-knot under his chin. He was an only child, and the spoiled pet of his mother, who had paid four guineas for a seat for her darling, and ten for herself, because "she would have folks to know that she did not "mind money, and she thought it right for her

"son Jackey to see the coronation, that he might
"be able to talk of it in his old age when he had
"passed the *sieve-wick chair.*"

The party assembled in this gallery or stand, which communicated with the second floor of the house, were genteel and respectable people; and after some warm altercation at first about the right to particular places, they all seemed disposed to associate agreeably together, like passengers in the same ship.

The early hours of the morning passed heavily along: The spectators were drowsy and dull; and the military, who had beeen upon duty all night, were most of them, officers as well as men, stretched out upon the matting of the raised platform, reposing themselves in various attitudes, as in former days when at a *bivouac.* Many of them were fast asleep, when a sudden cry of "the Queen! the Queen! the Queen!" ran tremulously through the crowd. The soldiers instantly flew to arms, and cleared the platform from intruders with unceremonious expedition. I felt agitated and alarmed; for all the horrors of the French Revolution, of which I had often heard, flitted before my imagination: Indeed, when a popular

tumult once begins, no one knows where it will terminate.

This fluttering sensation, perceptible to no one except myself, had not subsided when her Majesty made her appearance. She descended from her carriage immediately opposite to the place occupied by our party, and, addressing herself to the Officer of the Blue Royals, who was there upon duty, she demanded admittance, which was firmly but politely refused. She then proceeded towards an open door in a partition behind the Champion's stables, which, she was induced to believe, would have conducted her to an entrance into the Hall, from the side next the river, but which really led to the Speaker's house, where the King happened then to be. When the Queen approached within a few paces of this door, it was abruptly closed. She then retraced her steps back to her carriage: and, as she was not greeted with the acclamations to which she had been accustomed, her livid countenance, quivering lip, and angry eye, bespoke the perturbation of her spirits.

Who was it that could be weak or wicked enough to advise a Princess of the House of Brunswick, to place herself in circumstances

at once humiliating and ridiculous? Had the former tumultuous clamour of applauding thousands rendered her deaf to the counsel of her wiser friends? But though I could not applaud her behaviour, I pitied her situation: for she was a Queen and a woman. No lengthened comment is necessary, since it will be the province of the historian to dilate upon this extraordinary transaction. My master did not utter a word, but with a sarcastic curl of his nose, and as comical a sneer, gave legible tokens of the sense which he entertained of this unfortunate intrusion. Her Majesty quickly disappeared from Palace-yard, and the business of the day met no further interruption.

Mr. Wily was acquainted with a gentleman who acted as attendant upon one of the peers,—and, through his means, obtained a peep into the Hall, while the magnificent host was in a course of being marshalled. The splendour and brilliancy of the spectacle exhibited beneath that high and spacious roof, dazzled my senses. As it has been detailed in the public prints a hundred times, I shall not attempt a description. Yet, like all other authors, I suppose my work will be read when those ephemeral accounts are all forgotten: I shall

therefore make a few remarks for the benefit of posterity.

When Mr. Wily returned to his original seat, his patience was put to the severest test, for Mrs. Dory assailed him with a thousand questions. The curiosity of the spectators was, by many hours' long delay, worked up to the highest pitch of expectation; and, about half-past ten o'clock, the Honourable Miss Fellowes made her appearance on the platform, to all appearance most perfectly satisfied with the part she had to perform.

Master Jackey was the first to make any remark, "Law, Mamma! Is that Ophelia strewing "flowers upon the stage?" "No, my dear, that's "the King's *Yerb-woman* and her six maids of "honour: are not they, Sir?" said the lady, addressing herself to Mr. Wily.—"As far as any thing "I know to the contrary, Ma'am," was the reply.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Dory, "wonders and wiseacres will never cease! if there "ben't the two Aldermen W.s marching before "the King! And see, see, Jackey! there's your "old acquaintance, the Alderman of Portsoken "Ward, with all his blushing honours flushing in "his face!"

When she had exhausted her terms of admiration upon the beautiful costume of the Knights of the Bath, the Marquis of L— came in sight; and as he was the only Knight of the Garter, who was not a Prince or a Peer of the realm, he walked by himself in the superb dress of that noble order, and undoubtedly was one of the most elegant and conspicuous personages in the procession. He seemed extremely well-pleased, and he certainly had a right to be proud of the high station which he held in the councils of the nation, and in the confidence of his sovereign. The lady from Norton Falgate declared that she had never seen any man who had made such an impression upon her, with the exception of her dear Mr. Dory before he was married.

She then became so overcome with wonder as, for a time, to be astonished into silence. Mr. Wily had consequently a little respite; but, immediately after the Regalia, she espied the chief Magistrate of the City, and exclaimed, "See, "Jackey, see! there's the Lord Mayor! Don't "you see his gold chain! You are to be Lord "Mayor, you know, one of these days, my dear!

"—Pray, Sir, who is that pretty young man with "a long train of purple behind him?"

"It is Prince Leopold, ma'am." The manner of this Prince was particularly dignified and graceful; but his deportment was serious and inclining to sadness, as if reflecting on those who were departed. He is entitled to high consideration on account of the relation in which he stands to the reigning family,—as relict of the lamented Princess Charlotte, the late heiress to the throne,—as uncle to the young Princess Victoria, the Duke of Kent's infant daughter, who is now in a direct line very few removes from the succession. As natural guardian of his sister's child, he must always of course have an influence over her mind: It is therefore impossible to conjecture what important part he may be destined hereafter to perform in the government of these realms.

The Royal Dukes, with their train-bearers, came next in view. The King then appeared on the platform, with all the great officers of state, bearing the paraphernalia of royalty around him, as he stepped forward, from under the canopy borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports. This

part of the procession was grand beyond the conception of those who did not witness it; and was a gorgeous exhibition of the pomp and pageantry of royal magnificence.

Directly at the angle where the platform inclined from the Hall-door, a slight degree of interruption occurred in the order of march, and the King stopped nearly a minute, exactly opposite to our gallery. His Majesty looked around him with evident marks of exultation, and surprise at the splendid display of spectators in all directions, particularly in the front of the houses on the terrace in Palace-yard.

" Look, Sir," said Mrs. Dory, " did you ever
" see such a graceful bow as that in all your life?
" Jackey, my dear, kiss your hand to the King;
" I declare his Royal Majesty is bowing to us with
" both his hands! Lord love him! How conde-
" scending that is! My dear boy, you shall
" practise that bow to your papa, when you go
" home."

She gazed after the royal groupe till they gradually disappeared, when she exclaimed, " Well, do you know, Sir, this exhibition will
" save me a great deal of money; for I shall not

"wish to see any other sight for these twelve-"months to come."

I was not sorry that Mr. Wily did not proceed into the Abbey; for some parts of the ceremony, which are celebrated within its sacred walls, do not accord with my spiritual feelings. It is extremely proper that the sovereign and his subjects should enter into a solemn and religious compact, and that the Peers should swear fealty and do homage to their King; yet I cannot think it altogether seemly, that the most sacred rites of the Christian Religion, whose very essence is humility, should be administered in the midst of the gaudy insignificance of human grandeur. Others, however, may consider the kneeling posture in which royalty receives the sacred emblems from the Archbishop's hands, as well fitted to remind the Monarch, even when he is surrounded by all the attributes of earthly splendour, that in the presence of the King of kings, he is but as an atom of dust. I am no friend to innovation; and perhaps it may be better to submit to what is not absolutely perfect, than to be perpetually subject to the whimsical alterations of every capricious individual who may be desirous of introducing novelty. We know, indeed,

what the one is, but we do not know what the other might be.

The newspapers have detailed the variety of arrangements which were made for the amusement of the people on that day of general relaxation; and it is most gratifying to reflect, that not a single accident occurred in the celebration of this joyful event, which is, I trust, a fortunate prognostication of the happiness which the subjects of King George the Fourth may hope to enjoy under his mild and auspicious reign.

Mr. Wily did not follow the procession into the Abbey; but, as he was one of those who wish to see the most for their money, he proceeded in the interval into the Green Park, and obtained an excellent view of the ascension of Mr. Green, the Aëronaut.

A balloon is, perhaps, the most daring of all human inventions; and the sensation on beholding a fellow-creature soaring into the regions of mid air, till he becomes at length lost to the eye of man, is so blended with the awful and sublime, as to be, in reality, a more imposing spectacle than even a Coronation. But, unfortunately for the bold adventurer, it can be seen without remuneration:

and it is of more utility to the light-fingered gentry than to any other class of his Majesty's subjects. Nothing can suit their purposes better; and, it must be owned, they never fail to take a due advantage of such a glorious opportunity.

On this occasion they were too cunning even for my careful Yorkshire friend, who gazed upwards till the balloon was dwindled to a speck, being at one time lost behind a cloud, and, in a moment, emerging again into view, with a sun-beam glittering on its side. His eyes were strained in looking after it; but he was suddenly brought back to the notice of sublunary things, by discovering, that both the pockets of his breeches were turned inside out; for I had passed, as if by magic, into the hands of the ingenious Bill Crick.

CHAPTER XXV.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG THIEVES—MR. CRINGER, THE BLIND IMPOSTOR—MR. GARNISH.

THE change in possessors which I had recently experienced was but the work of a moment: For I was conveyed away with such professional ease and celerity, as shewed the hand of an adept, and rendered the transfer imperceptible to Mr. Wily.

I now became acquainted with scenes, the recollection of which makes me shudder. It would not be advantageous to the rising generation to familiarize their minds with the detail of gross and indecent acts of depravity; for the purity of the innocent mind is, in a certain degree, contaminated merely by the knowledge that such crimes are perpetrated: these pages, therefore, shall not be stained with those broad and disgusting features of licentiousness, the exhibition of which is called "a

knowledge of real life." But the notices of what I have seen, shall be expressed in general terms, and dismissed with the observation, that such things are, such things ought not to be, yet they are suffered to exist. But I flatter myself, that the energy of the present police-establishment of London will soon rectify these flagrant abuses.

William Crick was a thin cadaverous little wretch, of nine years old. His parents were of the most worthless description, the one a well-known thief, and the other a low and abandoned prostitute. It was not to be expected that such beings could have much affection for their offspring, whom they regarded in no other light than as a youthful candidate for the gallows; and all their care respecting him was, to make as much of him as possible at the earliest opportunity. From the time when he was three months' old, he was frequently let out at a certain sum per day, to a very decent and respectable-looking woman, who tried to excite compassion by the infant helplessness and apparently starving condition of two or three miserable children: What parent could turn away from such a scene without leaving a contribution? The excellent Mendicity Society has done much

to rid the public of these impositions upon their feelings, but much still remains undone.

At the age of seven, this child of iniquity was sold by his parents, for three guineas and a half and a pint of gin, to a person, who from his bloated countenance is distinguished by the appellation of Doctor BRAZEN-NOSE. He resides in a large old-fashioned house, in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green, which he has fitted up as an academy for the education of thieves. He is punctual in the payment of rent and taxes; and, on his taking possession of the premises, he intimated his intention of *establishing a business in which a number of boys would be employed.* It is very humiliating to be obliged to allow, that the abandoned little miscreants, who are occasionally seen emerging from this school of vice, have quite as respectable an appearance as many of the poor diminutive creatures that are doomed to dwindle out their existence in the corrupt atmosphere of some manufactories. The proprietor of this establishment says, that he gives offence to no one, keeps a quiet house, pays his way, and confidently relies on the protection of the law. He always purchases his subjects from their parents, that he

may have full and uncontrolled dominion over their persons.

The order, strictness, and regularity, observed in their discipline, would be worthy of imitation in more respectable seminaries. When the young ones are first brought to the house, they are instructed in every branch of their art, by their seniors in dexterity, much after the Lancasterian plan of education. Those who have attained to a particular degree of excellence, have two or three younger pupils placed under their care, for whose progress and conduct they are responsible both at home and abroad. The rules of the house are observed with inflexible pertinacity; and the slightest breach of order is punished with shocking barbarity; sufficient care being always taken to prevent the cries of the sufferers from being heard in the surrounding neighbourhood. When they are sent out in small bands, it is rarely that any of them escape from the vigilant eye of their monitors. Upon extraordinary occasions they are allowed a general *jollification*, as it is called; when, notwithstanding their juvenility, every species of drunkenness and debauchery is encouraged. After obtaining by their proficiency certain honorary

distinctions, they are entitled to a portion of their earnings for themselves; and when they have been a certain period inmates of this house, which they call "Brazen Nose College," gone through the necessary course of studies, and taken the regular Degree of a *Master of the Refined Arts*, they obtain their freedom, and are at liberty to exercise the profession on their own account; unless they prefer, as some of them do, to domesticate themselves with the Head of the College, and become partners with the Doctor in joint predatory concerns. One of the regulations of this thievish community, which is never in any instance omitted, is the institution of a strict personal search of each of the collegians on his return home every evening. This anticipated ordeal induces the lads to invent a variety of schemes to elude the vigilance of their monitors, and to defraud the master of his iniquitous perquisites.

The moment when Bill Crick, my enterprising young possessor, had relieved Mr. Wily of his superfluous cash, he hastened into St. James's Park, and placed me, as the share of the spoil set apart for himself, in a hole of the wall not far from the

German Chapel. He filled up the cavity with a piece of loose brick, and left me, as he thought, in a place of security till he might have an opportunity of paying me another visit.

But, alas! how often are the best-concerted human plans frustrated by the most unexpected means! The whole transaction was observed by *a blind man*, who was passing that way with a little boy for his guide; and no sooner had Master Crick departed, than the impostor went up to the spot where I was deposited, and I found myself very coolly transferred into the pocket of Mr. Cringer, who was a beggar by profession, and probably considered himself a very honest and industrious character.

I was taken by Mr. Cringer to the residence of a person who keeps an old clothes shop, in a street near the Seven Dials: It has the appearance of many other shops of the same description in this intricate neighbourhood, but it is in reality a *depôt* of the most extensive nature,—a masquerade warehouse for all sorts of dresses and disguises for mendicants, swindlers and thieves of both sexes. The premises have a communication with a dwelling-house, whose front is situated in a different

street; and as it is supposed to be inhabited by a private family who let lodgings, the variety of well-dressed Ladies and Gentlemen who are occasionally seen coming out, excites little or no suspicion. My master left his blind beggar's apparel in the warehouse; and, with the full use of his eyes, issued forth from the private door of this emporium of deception, where individuals of the vilest description are metamorphosed into the appearance of characters totally different from their own, and are thus enabled to carry on their depredations at all public places, but particularly at our modern masquerades, with unparalleled audacity and effect: For if they escape instant detection, it is almost impossible to identify their persons.

Mr. Cringer was now accoutred in the neat and plain habiliments of a man who might be supposed to live respectably upon his income. He rented a small but genteel house in a new street, in the vicinity of Edgeware Road. A reputable-looking female, an officer's widow in decayed circumstances, acted as housekeeper to this gentleman, who was considered by her and by the persons in the neighbourhood as a man of property who had some

connection with the Stock Exchange, whither he was supposed daily to resort; for he always went out immediately after breakfast, and seldom returned until the dusk of the evening.

He had an only child, Miss Amelia Cringer, who was educated at a fashionable boarding-school at Richmond, where she learned all the variety of accomplishments which are taught at that expensive establishment. He was doatingly fond of this girl, and was not satisfied unless he went two or three times in the course of the half-year to see her at school; but even in those excursions of pleasure he did not entirely lose sight of his vocation. He was extremely liberal to his daughter and her young companions; and had more than once made a remark in the presence of the governess, "that if ever he changed his condition in "life, he should prefer a lady who had superin-"tended the education of young people;" and, as he was thought to be a rich man, he always found a welcome reception. In his journey to the seminary, he seldom deemed it needful to exercise his profession; but it was his custom, on his return homewards, to retire cautiously into a secluded spot,

at a little distance from the road; and, in less than two minutes, he turned his coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, inside out, tied a black handkerchief round his neck, and was completely trimmed in a sailor's jacket and trowsers. Then with the true slang of Jack Junks, who had lost his arm at the battle of Trafalgar, he levied contributions upon the charity of the passengers in his road to the Seven Dials.

At the time when I first entered his house with him, Miss Amelia Cringer, a good-looking, fashionably-dressed young lady, about sixteen years of age, gracefully saluted her papa. She had come home for a couple of days, for the purpose of going to a ball with her father, who had received an invitation and tickets from a Mr. Garnish, with whom he had lately become acquainted, and who was very anxious to insinuate himself into the good graces of Miss Amelia. Indeed she was generally regarded in the neighbourhood as an heiress, who was deserving of attention.

Her father supposed this gentleman to be rich, and did not discourage his pretensions: For he ascertained, that Mr. Garnish had a very respec-

table cash-account at Hammersley's, kept his hunter, and appeared like an independent gentleman; though he was but a *gentleman's gentleman*, or acted the part of *maitre d'hotel*, or house steward, to the Earl of Rosemary, in Portman-square. He had been some years with the late Earl, who spent part of his early life in India, where he acquired habits of profusion, of which honest Mr. Garnish had not failed to take due advantage. Even in the present Lord's time, vast sums of money passed through his hands, which he added to his stock of cash at the banker's, and gave checks in his own name in payment of the tradesmen's bills, &c. Thus he was regarded as a monied man, though in reality his wealth was merely nominal, consisting more of shadow than of substance; but he contrived to make it appear considerable in the eyes of the wary mendicant.

The ball at which the young lady was to appear, was held at a suite of elegant rooms, built by subscription, adjoining to the Crown Tavern, in Paddington. Those apartments were called *the House of Lords*, and were supported chiefly by

the upper servants of the nobility, who were joint proprietors of them, and a select number of whom were appointed as managers and directors of the evening's entertainment. These personages were generally chosen from those who were in the service of the most ancient families of the nobility, with some others resident with the great officers of state, or with noblemen who were very fashionable or very rich; and it was the province of Mr. Garnish, on that evening, to preside as *Master of the Ceremonies.* Tickets, *at One Guinea each*, admitted a gentleman and two ladies, and entitled the party to refreshments. No one was allowed to be present, who was not introduced or recommended by one of the directors. No money could obtain admission for other people; and the most scrupulous care was employed to exclude "low or improper company." It was highly amusing to see this assemblage of second-hand nobility, these mock patricians, assuming the titles of their employers, dressed in the same style of fashion as their betters, the men displaying a much greater portion of self-sufficiency than their Lords, and many of the vulgar and affected Abigails decorated in the bor-

rowed plumes, and even in the jewels of their noble mistresses!

Miss Amelia Cringer had a diamond necklace of her own; and was regarded with no small degree of envy, as the future Mrs. Garnish. In addition to this little epitome of Almack's, there were accommodations adjoining to the ball-room, for those who did not chuse to sport their figures in waltzes or quadrilles—for country-dances were altogether exploded: In those quiet recesses the parties could amuse themselves with cards and games of chance; and hundreds of pounds, not their own, were won and lost by these elegant "sons of independence," as they call themselves, with as much *sang froid* as is usually displayed in St. James's-street.

Whilst Miss Cringer was engaged with a new partner, Mr. Garnish entertained her papa with a rubber at whist, and lost about fifteen pounds with perfect indifference, when he threw down a bank-note for twenty pounds with the air of a Lord, and pocketed me as part of his change, without the least discomposure of feature. He afterwards resumed his station in the next quad-

rille, and kept it up until a late hour in the morning, when he saw the fair Amelia to her carriage, changed his dress, mounted his horse, and arrived at Datchet, time enough to be in attendance upon my Lord Rosemary when he rose from his pillow at the usual hour.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ORIGIN AND HABITS OF THE EARL OF ROSEMARY—HIS SON, LORD LAVENDER—LADY BELL.

I NOW found myself at his Lordship's villa at Datchet, where he frequently retired to relax from the weighty business of the State; for he fancied that the whole responsibility of government rested on his shoulders, while, in fact, he was only a Right Honourable passive instrument of those who really guided the national helm. This nobleman was a younger brother of the late Earl of Rosemary; who when a very young man had gone out to India, where he amassed vast riches, and, at his return, purchased a large estate in Cornwall, with which he acquired so much interest in more than one borough in the immediate vicinity, as to be able to command several votes in a certain honourable assembly. Being a man of talents and possessing some ambition, he rendered himself sufficiently

important to be considered a desirable acquisition to the administration of that day; and after efficiently filling a subordinate station in the ministry for several years, he was created a Baron, and an Earl when he retired from office.

His father, Mr. Lemuel Lavender, was an honest and industrious cordwainer, in a little town in Staffordshire. The present Lord had been bred up to his parent's occupation, who was so bigotted to it as to name this younger son, "CRISPIN," in honour of the tutelary Saint of the craft. Crispin married the daughter of Mr. Whipham, the schoolmaster of the town. Though her personal charms were the theme of universal admiration, she was an unaffected amiable woman, and had taken great pains with the education of her children, a son and daughter. But she had departed this life long before her husband entertained the most distant idea of arriving at the honours of the peerage. For the late Lord, his brother, had three sons, by a lady whom he married in India, and who died shortly after bringing the youngest into the world. These young men, after attaining the age of manhood, were successively cut off within a few years of each other. Only one of them was alive at the

period of his father's decease, and survived him little more than a year. The present Earl then most unexpectedly succeeded to the estate, and to the immense wealth which his brother had accumulated.

On the first Lord's return from the East, he had settled a liberal annuity upon his brother Crispin, and took charge of the education of his nephew and niece; and as he had no daughter of his own, he regarded the latter with peculiar fondness. He intended to procure a situation in the diplomatic corps for his nephew; but as his Lordship died without a will, they were very slenderly provided for till the death of their three cousins.

Some time before his brother's decease, the *ci-devant* translator of soles had taken up his residence at a small market-town, not far from the place of his nativity; where he amused himself with reading the news-papers, and fishing for trout, the latter of which had always been his favourite recreation; and his annuity enabled him to maintain a respectable appearance, and to be looked up to as a man of some consequence in the neighbourhood. His figure was Herculean, his countenance hard-favoured; his manner of address was abrupt,

though he exhibited a species of shrewdness in his discourse. An awkward stoop was visible in his shoulders, which indicated too clearly the nature of his former sedentary occupation. This defect he frequently attempted to hide by assuming a peculiar toss of the head, which seemed to insinuate thus much: "If I am not a great man myself, at least I have a brother who is one." He was fond of society, took his glass freely, played a good game at whist, and lived upon familiar terms with most of the minor gentry and farmers in the vicinity.

But most amusing is the influence of wealth and power! For no sooner had he succeeded to his brother, than the stoop in his shoulders was gone for ever, his head was elevated at least an inch, and his whole frame became as straight as an arrow. But while his accession of fortune improved his outward appearance, it seemed to have a contrary effect on some of his mental powers: It was particularly observed, that his memory failed him greatly; he forgot the names of several of the gentlefolks with whom he formerly visited, and did not recollect the face of a single farmer in the county. The trout-stream too lost its charms, and he hastened immediately to town, to enjoy the pro-

perty which had thus suddenly become his by the law of inheritance.

In order to ensure the support to government of a man of such great possessions and so much parliamentary influence, a new creation of peers soon took place, and Mr. Crispin Lavender was advanced to the peerage by the same title as his brother, the late Earl; and the moment that "the Earl of Rosemary" sounded in his ears, he assumed all the dignity of an old-established patrician. His equipage and establishment were brilliant; his dress, fashionable for his years; and he provided himself with what may certainly be considered as a delectable appendage to a new-made lord, viz. a pair of Mr. Bowtell's celebrated revolving heels, which enable the wearer to cut his acquaintance with admirable dexterity, by turning upon his heel, with the same celerity as if moving on a pivot.

The following circumstance occurred on his Lordship's first presentation at the levee after obtaining his title. When he had kissed hands on his introduction and made his first retiring obeisance, he forgot in whose presence he was, and turned hastily round upon his heel: quickly recollecting himself, he whirled round again in an

instant, and again made his obeisance; but no sooner had he lifted his head into an upright position, than his former absence returned, and he made another revolution and another bow, when, perceiving a smile on his sovereign's face, he became so confused as to repeat this odd sort of rotatory vertical motion, several times, like a puppet upon a wire, to the great entertainment of the King, who could not refrain from laughing heartily at the embarrassment of this noble novice. On enquiring what could be the occasion of such singular behaviour, his Majesty was informed by some of the nobility near him, "that the new Earl of Rosemary had such a trick of turning his back on his friends, that he could not leave it off even in the royal presence."

However, when his honours began to sit more easily upon him, the administration thought it was a good plan to attach a man of such vast wealth more particularly to their interest; and his Lordship was sworn in to the Privy Council and appointed to a place of some trifling responsibility, which he considered as adding amazingly to his dignity. "My dignity" was a phrase which he frequently employed, and from which he was in con-

stant fear of derogating, and of unluckily merging the Peer in the shoe-maker. I once heard him, in a moment of inadvertence, suffer the word "lap-stone" to escape, when his colour fled, and every limb was seized with an alarming tremor.

His son, now my Lord Lavender, was an uncommonly fine and well-proportioned figure, about six feet high, with an open ingenuous countenance, and a gracefulness in his deportment as if he had been destined from his birth to move a Lord! He had displayed considerable abilities at College, and taken his degree with much eclat, endeavouring in every respect to do honour to his uncle's patronage, and to fit himself for the diplomatic station which he was designed to fill. But so singularly is real character altered, or perhaps only developed, by situation or circumstances, that no sooner had this young man dropped the appellation of plain "Mr. Lavender," and acquired that of "my Lord," than he lost all inclination to distinguish himself except as a leader of the *haut ton*, and is so completely overcome with *vis inertiæ*, as to doze away his existence in apathy and indifference. He spends one half of his time in doing nothing, and the other half in forgetting that he had any thing

to do. He was, or affected to be, exceedingly absent, and never to be punctual to any of his engagements: He frequently went to dinner, when he had been invited to a route; and made his appearance fully equipped for the ball-room at midnight, when he had merely been asked to a family-dinner at seven o'clock. He seldom recollected the day of the week or the hour of the day; and if he chanced to leave home without a card in his pocket, it was not at all uncommon for him to forget that he resided in Portman-square.

On one occasion he went into a bookseller's shop in Bond-street, and desired a set of Lord Byron's works to be sent home to him; and when the boy behind the counter put the question, "Where "shall I have the honour to send it, Sir?," his Lordship replied, "What did you say?"

"I have not the pleasure of recollecting your "name, Sir."

"Why, at this moment, I do not recollect it "myself, but," significantly inclining his head on one side, "I shall remember it before I get to the "top of the street." And his Lordship actually called again in a few minutes, and very coolly

desired the books to be sent to the proper address.

When his former acquaintances reproached him for his indolence, his reply was, " that since he " had become a Lord, he had no motive for exer- " tion ; and as he found idleness exquisitely agree- " able, idleness was his only pursuit: He did not " like to be outdone in any thing, and he defied " any one to be more indefatigably industrious in " doing nothing than himself." This foible, how- ever, did not altogether obscure his original good sense : nor was he guilty of it in order to be thought a man of genius, for he often indulged in a vein of sarcasm that was an indirect satire on himself.

Lady Bell Lavender, the only daughter of the present Earl of Rosemary, was in some measure the petted and spoiled child of her uncle. But unrestrained indulgence had not injured the natural sweetness of her temper, or the goodness of her heart; and she still possessed buoyant spirits and independent principles. Light and free as the air she breathed, there was a charm about her that induced all hearts to become her willing slaves. No father was ever prouder of his daughter, than

her uncle the late lord was of his beautiful, his all-accomplished niece. She was instructed in every polite acquirement, and teachers of the greatest celebrity in every branch of education had been abundantly supplied by the care and bounty of her uncle. Her figure was tall, graceful, and commanding; her features lovely, and beautiful as the light; and her form was symmetry itself. But as no portrait can justly exhibit the *vis animæ*, the life and soul of beauty, so no description can render adequate justice to her charms. When walking with her brother, it was universally allowed, that they were the handsomest couple in the kingdom.

The Duchess of Doright, whose fiat was a law in a certain circle, had for a long time taken her under her charge, so kindly and so pointedly, that, even when she was merely Miss Lavender, she was the object of admiration to half the fashionable world; though some of the envious high-blooded spinsters took especial care to let her admirers know, "that she was nothing but a cobbler's daughter."

The low origin of Miss Lavender was soon forgotten in the spell, which the title of *Lady Bell* threw around the resplendent charms, taste, wit,

gaiety and accomplishments of this perfect model of grace, elegance and beauty, who now reigns without a rival, as star of the ascendant in the fashionable hemisphere, and has only to be seen to be admired.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FAMILY BREAKFAST—MRS. FALLIBLE—FASHIONABLE TRIFLES.

IN THE morning after my arrival, his Lordship wanted gold for a small check on his banker, which was supplied by Mr. Garnish; and I entered with the Earl of Rosemary into the library, where he was for some time busily employed in looking over letters, packets, and papers, which lay in heaps around him on the writing-table.

Lady Bell presided at breakfast: My Lord Lavender presently made his appearance, when he took up a newspaper, and threw himself negligently upon a Grecian sofa.

Lady Bell began the conversation by observing, "that her father had not been out of London "more than four and twenty hours, and he was "already immersed in business and musty papers."

The Earl drew himself up with an air of imperious self-satisfaction, accompanied with the toss of his head, for which he was noted, and said, "he was engaged in matters of importance to the "State, and the fate of a nation might depend "upon the folding and sealing of a letter,"—and he folded up an envelope with the most scrupulous precision. Indeed, he was already statesman enough to know, that a great deal depends on little things.

"I suppose, dear papa," said Lady Bell, "you "are making up a despatch for Prince Metter-"nich on the great question of peace or war "between the Greeks and the Turks."

"An affair of much greater consequence to us "occupies my present thoughts—a precise rule of "conduct for Mr. John Mac Nab, the keeper of "the next county-gaol, some of whose prisoners "have again absconded.—Domestic treason is rife: "there are dark doings on the carpet."

"So says the Morning Post;" said my Lord Lavender, reading as follows:—"*It is positively "asserted that Lady W. D., a dashing gay spinster "of forty eight, has absconded with a well-known "veteran in gallantry of the age of eighteen.*"

" I wish, my Lord Lavender, you would have " done with such frivolous insipidities: for, they " are beneath the dignity of a Nobleman's atten- " tion."

" I beg your pardon, my Lord Rosemary; " these little interesting innuéndoes add a zest to " the morning's repast. We relish scandal, like " cream to our tea; and demolish characters, and " bread and butter, with the same keenness of " appetite."

Here they were interrupted by the announcement of Mrs. Fallible, a widow lady of fortune, whose residence was within view of the Earl's house at Datchet. She was a liberal benefactress to the funds of a certain chapel, not a hundred miles from Portman-square, which is crowded every Sunday morning by people of the first fashion, who admire the doctrine and eloquence of the Rev. Octavius Octagon. Whilst this reverend gentleman subscribes to the Thirty Nine Articles, and uses the Liturgy of the Established Church, he has a peculiar creed of his own, upon which he has set up for himself, and a very profitable speculation it has been. He is what is termed, " a popular preacher," but is literally a clerical cox-

comb, who, with his white cambric handkerchief, and with the diamond ring on his lily-white hand, indulges

> A silly fond conceit of his fair form
> And just proportion, fashionable mien
> And pretty face, in presence of his God !

My spiritual nature reverences the pure principles of religion, and I honour those who are professors for conscience' sake; but a hypocrite in devotion is my abhorrence.

The method which the Rev. Mr. Octagon pursues in his pulpit, is attractive and ingenious. In soft and silken phraseology, he deals condemnation around on all those whom he judges to be his foes, on account of their aversion to the lax interpretation of the Gospel which he is in the habit of giving. But to those of his hearers who place their faith in his hands, he promises eternal salvation upon very polite and easy terms, such as no man of fashion can attempt to decline. He is followed as an enlightened guide, by a number of rich old ladies, some of them Dowagers, and others only spinsters who have passed their grand climacteric. By fashionable saints of this class his chapel is crowded, and his pockets are well filled.

Mrs. Fallible had seen the Earl at this modish place of worship, more than once; and a thought had suddenly passed her mind, (such vanities will occasionally assail the best,) that if she could work upon his Lordship's religious sensibilities, she might obtain an affectionate share in his regards: For there were stranger things in her code of belief, than the possibility of her becoming *the Countess of Rosemary*. In accordance with the principle of that vagrant thought, which she had often unsuccessfully tried to chase away, this visit was paid, in order to ingratiate herself with Lady Bell, as a preliminary step to the good graces of the Earl. She was a contributor to a vast number of public charities, in the lists of which her name was sure to appear with great prominence. Herself an early riser and a great economist of time and of provisions; she wished her servants to imitate her example; and what was saved by pinching them and herself, was bestowed on the poor. She had her pensioners daily in attendance at her gate, which was only a few paces from the public road.

It is hard to judge rashly concerning those deeds which are apparently virtuous; but all this was

done almost at the very door of the Earl of Rosemary. As a spirit, I could easily see through the thin disguise of the ostensible motive. Indeed, it was so obvious to the penetrating eye of Lady Bell, that, with all her good-nature, she could not refrain from regarding Mrs. Fallible with a degree of aversion bordering on contempt; and, as soon as she entered, Lord Lavender threw himself at full length upon the sofa and pretended to be fast asleep.

After the usual salutations of the day, she said, she had come to induce her Ladyship to honour her humble abode with her presence in the evening, to a concert, in a quiet domestic way.

Her Ladyship replied, " I thank you for your " politeness, Mrs. Fallible, but I have an engage- " ment with Lady Di Dash, at the Opera, to-night, " and I would not give it up for the world !"

" I fear, my Lady, that is not exactly the high " road to Heaven."

" If not, it is the Elysium of all *earthly* amuse- " ments. Besides, you have no occasion to attend " to the performance; and you may talk as loud " as you please, *without fear of reproof.*"

" I cannot but think, Lady Bell," said her

father, "that you would consult your dignity more, "if you talked less."

"Give me liberty of speech, my Lord, and I'll "leave DIGNITY to you and the privy council.— "Pray, Mrs. Fallible, when were you last at "Almack's?"

"I seldom go, my Lady; for I never waltz."

"O exquisite delirium! delightful as the intox- "ication of an opium-eater! We absolutely swim "in pleasure, while others look on."

"I consider the place, my Lady, as but a refined "school of fashionable gallantry."

"The whole system of modern gallantry is, "doubtless, greatly refined; for you know, Mrs. "Fallible, that middle-aged gentlemen and ladies "are now all the rage."

"Indeed! then there are some hopes"—

"None, I am afraid, for me, for twenty years "to come. And, seriously, I do think we young "people are very much to be pitied."

"So we are, Bell, both male and female," said my Lord Lavender, with his eyes half shut and his mouth half open, "I think I have some tolerable "requisites myself; but, upon my honour, I stand "no chance since the veteran corps has taken the

field. However, my dear Mrs. Fallible, it saves "me an immensity of trouble, which, you know, "I abominate"—and he instantly relapsed into his former recumbent position.

"Well," said Mrs. Fallible, "my fear is, Lady "Bell, that both you and my Lord Lavender are "incorrigible; but if the Earl of Rosemary "would honour my little cottage with a visit"—

"I am engaged to meet my Lord Bow-at-court, "on particular business, this evening, Ma'am; but "some other time I will do myself the honour."

She then made her adieus in polite form; and the Earl of Rosemary handed the lady to her carriage.

After her departure, Lady Bell addressed her brother in a familiar and affectionate manner: "My dear Lavender, I wish you would drive me "to town this morning. Sir Thomas Lawrence, "after six months' solicitation, has promised to "finish my portrait at another sitting; and I am "dying to see a true picture of myself."

"Ten to one, then, you'll be dissatisfied with "yourself."

"Why so?"

"Because, my dear Bell, with all the President's

" skill, he can never furnish you with half so per-
" fect a picture as you will see in your glass."

" Fie for shame, Lavender! Your praises will
" make me vain. But will you drive me to town?"

" Why, you are a tolerable figure for a curricle;
" and I will square my elbows to oblige you. I'll
" just go and toiletize myself a little, and then,
" sweet lady sister of mine, we'll be off in the
" twirling of a tooth-pick."

For, lazy as he was,

> He oft would boast his matchless skill
> To curb the steed and guide the wheel;
> And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
> With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
> The ideot wonder they express'd
> Was praise and transport to his breast.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SIR OSMYN MORLAND—A BATTLE STORY—GENEROSITY OF A SOLDIER, &C.

In the course of the day I found myself at his Lordship's superb mansion in Portman-square, which was furnished with all that wealth and ingenuity could devise to strike the eye with admiration, or that could contribute to the gratification of its inmates,—forming an unrivalled assemblage of what was rare in art and elegant in decoration. The taste of Lord Lavender and his sister was transcendent; and their father wisely submitted to their judgment, in all matters relative to etiquette and ton, by which means he avoided the display of any vulgarity that naturally adhered to him on account of his original occupation in Staffordshire.

When I saw the beautifully-tapered fingers of

Lady Bell, extended to receive me from her father, I felt a sensation similar to what an earthly lover would experience on first touching the hand of the idol of his heart, but my admiration of this charming creature was perfectly in unison with the ethereal purity of my nature. She was somewhat vain;—and, what female ear was ever averse to flattery? She was frequently the dupe of her passions, and she had a short-lived warmth in her resentments. But as her faults proceeded from the impetuosity of her feelings, I regarded them merely as foils to her virtues; and had she been more perfect, I should probably have been less attached to her.

In the midst of her gaiety a sigh would sometimes escape her; and I knew, though perhaps she did not, that her heart was not altogether at her own disposal.

The next morning, just as she had finished her toilette, a servant announced that Sir Osmyn Morland was below; and instantly a heightened blush suffused her lovely cheeks, and her sparkling eye darted additional fire, as she turned her head over her shoulder to adjust one of her dark brown curls upon her ivory neck, and as she caught a glimpse

of her finished form in the glass while she glided out of her dressing-room, fully convinced that there was some *truth*, as well as *partiality*, in her brother's complimentary remark.

Sir Osmyn Morland was the representative of one of the oldest Baronetcies in the kingdom, and was allied to many of the ancient families of the nobility. He had been a soldier from his youth, and served with the Duke of Wellington in almost all his campaigns. Indeed, he was a cornet in the Fifteenth Regiment of Dragoons, during his Grace's rapid and brilliant career in India. He had been several times wounded, for he was ever foremost in the charge. Whenever he was complimented on his military prowess, his modest reply was, "Where the harvest of honour was so "abundant, it would have been hard indeed if I "could not have gleaned a few straggling laurels "for my share!"

At the glorious battle of Waterloo, which will be much better appreciated in future ages than it has been in modern times, Sir Osmyn was desperately wounded in the memorable charge which the English heavy-horse made upon the French Cuirassiers, and was left weltering in his blood till the

next morning. Oh "ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,"—you who know nothing of the evils of warfare, except taxation which keeps it from your own fire-sides,—you unthinking clamorous advocates for war,—could you but view the field of carnage the morning after a battle, and hear the groans of the wounded and the dying, your hearts, callous as they too often appear, would sicken within you; and you would with shuddering exclaim, "Good God! must victory be purchased with horrors such as these?"

Sir Osmyn had fainted on falling from his horse, and he had lain a long time insensible till the blood from his wounds had coagulated and ceased to flow. The moon shone with splendour at intervals during the night; and the first moment when he again became conscious of existence, his thirst was intolerable, and he felt as if his vitals were burning coals within him. On casting his eyes around, he saw, at a little distance, a young woman kneeling by the side of a wounded soldier, and applying a canteen to his mouth: he called out as loud as his faintness would allow, "For the love "of God, spare me a single drop of water!" The

soldier made a motion with his hand, and the woman immediately hastened to Sir Osmyn, and lifted the liquid to his parched lips, and it operated as a renovating cordial to his exhausted frame.

This female was young and handsome, though then pale and in tears. She had an infant, about fourteen months old, who was strapped like a knapsack upon her back. Her husband was a serjeant, and she had followed him from Brussels to the field of battle. From the report of one of his comrades, who saw him fall during one of the many charges of that fearful day, she found out the spot where he lay, had staunched his wounds, and was then administering to his comfort as well as she was able. She covered Sir Osmyn with a military cloak, and placed a great-coat under his head for a pillow. But he would not attempt to stir for fear of opening his wounds afresh; and he was so much revived by the refreshing liquid with which she frequently supplied him, as to be determined to wait patiently till day-light, when, he knew, parties would be sent out to the assistance of the wounded and to bury the dead. The woman made every possible signal to attract attention, and the morning

had scarcely dawned before a party of men arrived upon that part of the field, and with the utmost expedition constructed a sort of litter, in which they intended to bear away Sir Osmyn on their shoulders. They were about to place the serjeant in a common cart, with many others who were in the same pitiable condition, when the poor man entreated them to "let him alone, for the jolting "of the vehicle would certainly kill him, and he "could but die where he was." On hearing this, Sir Osmyn assumed his right to command, and desired the men to place the serjeant on the same litter with himself; for he declared, that he should be carried with himself, and should be lodged in the same apartment which he was to occupy, that he might see him furnished with proper and comfortable attendance.

The poor serjeant lived only a few days*; a locked-jaw took place, and he expired in the arms of his faithful and affectionate wife. These are the scenes in which the patience, the fidelity, and the heroism of woman are tried to the uttermost, and seldom are they found to be defective.

After her husband's death she threw herself on

his body in speechless agony for some minutes; then, starting up and clasping her infant in her arms, she dropped down on her knees by the bed-side, and with streaming eyes cast a look of humble piety to heaven, while she exclaimed, "God's will be done! I must still live for my child."

She had never been in bed since the day of the battle, but had watched alternately her husband and Sir Osmyn, the latter of whom, after the death of her husband, requested her to take some rest. But the next morning she was again in attendance upon him, and begged that she might be allowed to minister to his wants till he should no longer require a nurse: And she did not leave him either night or day for a week, whilst he remained in the delirium of a fever without hopes of recovery. When he approached to something like a state of convalescence, this faithful creature, overcome with sorrow, fatigue and anxiety, sickened and fell into a nervous fever, which appeared slow in its progress at first, but soon took a decided and fatal turn.

Sir Osmyn felt the utmost anxiety respecting her fate: After an absence of some days, she sent

to request to see him. The first visit which his strength allowed him to make, was to her lodgings; where he found her languid and weak, with her little smiling boy reclining by her side. She stretched out her feeble hand to him, and grasped his with a faint pressure: "Pray pardon me, "Sir," said she, "but I could not die satisfied "without seeing you:—My child!"

"I will be a father to your child," said Sir Osmyn, and he snatched the boy up in his arms and kissed him with eagerness.

"Thank God! then I have no longer any wish "to live."

"O yes, you must not talk of dying. Be com-"forted; you will yet revive."

"No, I know it cannot be! But since my child "will not be lost, I die in peace.—God bless you, "Sir! Be, be a father to my helpless"—*babe*, she would have said, but her maternal feelings were too poignant for her strength: She fell back with exhaustion and spoke no more. The scene was too much for the shattered nerves of Sir Osmyn, weak as he was: He felt a choaking in his throat, amounting almost to suffocation, as he hastily withdrew to his own apartment.

The next morning he was told that this excellent woman had breathed her last during the night. He caused her to be buried by the side of her husband, attended the funeral as chief mourner with the orphan in his arms, and shed tears of manly sorrow over her grave. He hired a nurse for the infant and brought them both over to England as soon as he was able to travel; and the child is now under this woman's care at Hampstead. He has had him christened Osmyn Tomkins, which was the name of the serjeant. Sir Osmyn's *protegè* is a fine blooming little fellow, and he intends to train him up for the army. The good baronet says, he does not think it possible for him ever to feel, for a child of his own, a stronger attachment than that which he indulges towards this orphan boy; for he considers, that the mother of the child not only saved his life, but sacrificed her own by her assiduous attentions.

Many are the taunts and sarcasms thrown out respecting the innocent Osmyn Tomkins: Even Lady Bell has sometimes felt an undefinable sensation respecting him; but she is not altogether

satisfied with herself for having granted the slightest entertainment to an ungenerous thought. Indeed, all the world knows Sir Osmyn to be frank, open, and sincere, as a gallant soldier ought to be; yet he is somewhat impetuous and jealous of his honour, but *sans peur, sans reprôche.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FEMALE COQUETRY—SAGE ADVICE—GRAND BALL AT ALMACK'S, &c.

When Lady Bell entered the drawing-room, Sir Osmyn approached her with a mixture of gallantry and frankness that I knew was particularly pleasing to my mistress, though I noticed a spark of coquetry lurking in her eye. Sir Osmyn had been soliciting the Earl of Rosemary in behalf of some person, whom he thought aggrieved; and his lordship, for dignity's sake, said he would take the case into serious consideration.

Lady Bell said, "Well, Sir Osmyn, has my "father granted your request?"

"No, my Lady, I wanted your aid; beauty, "pleading in the cause of humanity, could not "have interceded in vain."

"I am fearful that the hurry of a fashionable

"life renders me too apt to be occupied with trifles, "and too regardless of higher claims."

"You should act then, my Lady, from the im-"pulse of your own sound judgment, without any "reference to the absurd dictates of fashion, which "gives wit to dulness, grace to deformity, and "importance to frivolous forms."

"How can I help myself, Sir Osmyn? I am "spell-bound in the magic influence of fashion's "charms."

"Break the imaginary spell. It is merely a "delusion, into which you have been led by your "fondness for admiration."

"How can you wish me to dispense with such "flattering distinction?"

"It is neither to be expected, nor even desired, "that you should rid yourself of it altogether, but "direct it to nobler purposes than to that of wast-"ing your time and talents upon the vain idlers, by "whom you are so frequently surrounded. You "sacrifice pleasure to parade, and enjoyment to "ostentation. Your career is extremely hazardous; "for your Goddess brings every thing, except vir-"tue, into vogue by turns."

"O now, Sir Osmyn, you are severe; and I "must say that your remarks are delivered, more "with the poignancy of a satirist, than with the "gallantry of a soldier!"

"Pardon me, my Lady, they are at least dic-"tated by sincerity; and if your friend, Miss De "Valmont, were here, I am sure she would "acknowledge their justice."

"No doubt, Sir! there is a wonderful co-inci-"dence of opinion between that lady and your-"self."

"There is one point upon which I am certain we "shall always agree."

"Indeed, Sir, what is that?"

"The high opinion which we both entertain of "the heart and the understanding of Lady Bell "Lavender."

"Down to the ground, I thank you for so much "consideration! And I am sorry to be obliged "to leave such *lively* and *agreeable* company."

"You are surely not going, my Lady!" said Sir Osmyn.

"O yes! I am engaged a thousand different "ways. I have not a moment I can call my own.

"I am tormented to sanction this concert, to put "my name to that subscription, to patronise parti- "cular candidates for public favour. I am quite "pestered with artists and dancing-masters, with "authors and musicians! I am so importuned by "trades-people of all denominations, so teazed "with *the Lavender this* and *the Lavender the* "*other*, that I do find these provoking privileges of "distinction monstrously inconvenient. I should "have been off an hour ago; for I was engaged to "attend Lady Sarah Simper, to a lecture on attrac- "tion at the Royal Institution. So good morning "to you, Sir Osmyn Mor-ality!" She kissed her hand, and smiled archly as she departed.

"Farewell, thou lovely trifler!" said Sir Osmyn, as he left the house. "With all that "levity, she has a heart that is worth a mine of "diamonds."

Her ladyship then stepped into her carriage, and drove rapidly to a fashionable haberdasher's in Regent-street, where I was much amused with the assumed importance of the well-dressed automata behind the counter, who moved, simpered, and looked as if they could imbibe a certain portion

of nobility from attending to their titled customers.

From thence we proceeded to Rundell and Bridge's on Ludgate Hill, and I never before was sensible of my own insignificance, till I beheld the dazzling blaze of precious stones that glittered all around.

After my fair mistress had given orders about new-setting a diamond neck-lace, we drove back again along those crowded streets which so strikingly display the enterprising spirit of the Metropolis, and where may be seen that moving mass of population, which has been emphatically called "the *full tide* of human existence."

We proceeded to Ebers's in Bond-street, who, since the Opera-house has been under his management, obtains, by the urbanity of his manners, the good-will and patronage of half the nobility in the kingdom, and will realise a fortune for himself, after relieving the Lord Chancellor from the weighty responsibility of appreciating the value of an Italian Buffa's notes, attending to the steps of a French figurante, or adjusting a point of equity between Mynheer *Fiddle-de-dum* and Signior *Fiddle-de-dee*. In his shop we were surrounded by numbers of

the gaudy butterflies of fashion, who flutter away their trifling existence in the regions of Bond-street. Other more solemn drones of distinction buzzed about the lovely Lady Bell, as if she had been the Queen-bee of beauty. They whispered the honied accents of flattery into (as they supposed) her listening ear. But these airy nothings passed unheeded by her, as the idle wind which she regarded not; and, after a thousand questions and replies about Opera-boxes, Almack's, and new novels, a whole cargo of which was tumbled into the coach, we gratified the loungers in Bond-street, by driving once or twice by the side of the *pavé*, took an airing for half an hour in Hyde Park, and returned to Portman Square, where we found Mr. and Miss De Valmont.

Lady Bell's fine features were lighted up with joy and affection, as she flew to embrace her friend, Julia De Valmont, for they really loved each other. Her esteem for Mr. De Valmont was likewise great, though the old gentleman sometimes ventured to remind her ladyship, that, though it was not in human nature to be quite perfect, yet every one might make nearer approaches to perfection.

They gave her an animated account of their accident, and described, with grateful delight, the intrepidity of Mr. Coventry. Lord Lavender came in, and listened with eagerness to the interesting recital: At the close of it he exclaimed, with more than usual vivacity, " Oh my heavenly " Hebe! How I envy the happy fellow who saved " your life! The sight of such an effort would " have roused all the energies of my soul! I have " unfortunately been sunk in apathy itself since I " saw you."

" I believe you, my Lord," said Julia, " the " last time we parted, I recollect you were fast " asleep."

" My dear Julia! you know I am a very lazy " fellow, but at the same time very sincere; and if " you would assure me, that I should have nothing " more to do than to throw myself at your feet, " to obtain your hand, I would take that trou- " ble! I would, upon my honour!"

" If you actually wished to please me, you " should appear what you really are, and not take " so much pains to be something different."

" Oh! but my sweet little epitome of all that is

"lovely, I should then lose my supremacy in "Bond-street."

"Pray, my Lord," said Mr. De Valmont, "what qualifications do you consider necessary to "sustain your reputation there?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sir, a very slight "stock of intellect will suffice! I cut but a sorry "figure indeed, till I appeared to get rid of the "small portion of talents which Providence had "been pleased to bestow on me. I found that the "senses were useless, and that feeling was incom-"patible with taste; for you must have, or pretend "to have, a *taste* for music, painting, dice, dress, "equipage, women, and horse-flesh."

"Add to which," said his sister, "a listless "indifference about every one but yourself,—no more "of the gift of speech than will allow you to lisp "out half a word at a time,—as much energy as "will barely suffer you to drag one limb after ano-"ther,—and then I think you will have a pretty "correct portrait of such a fine gentleman as my "noble brother, Lord Lavender!"

"And I believe, my dear Bell," said his Lordship, "that, with a very few variations, it will "answer equally well for a fine lady."

"Indeed, Lavender, I can only answer for "myself."

"Believe me then, Lady Bell," said Mr. De Valmont, "that you have more to answer for than "you are aware of. You are elevated to the highest "rank of distinction in fashionable life. You are, "in some degree, the glass of fashion by which "other persons dress themselves: you are the arbi- "tress of manners, morals, and taste. The influ- "ence of your example is felt through every grada- "tion of society, and may tend, not very remotely, "to the safety or destruction of the State. But "your Ladyship will think that my remarks have "become too serious. We will therefore retire, "and dress for dinner, if you please." Each of them then withdrew to their separate apartments.

In the evening, Lord Lavender, his sister, and Julia proceeded to Almack's. They were rather late, and impeded at their entrance. But they were highly diverted, to see the man who had dictated to half the powers of Europe, and the hero who had never been conquered, both cooling their heels together in the lobby of Willis's Rooms, and waiting patiently till their servants returned from their respective habitations with *tickets of admission*,

which those noblemen had forgotten to take with them when they went to a cabinet-dinner, from which they had just returned, and were presuming on their *great names* for instant admission: But so strict are the regulations, and so impartially enforced, that they could not be allowed to enter without the regular passports.

Lady Bell ironically condoled with them on their distress: When the noble Duke said, "I and the "Marquis are reduced to this pitiable situation, "solely from the desire of seeing your Ladyship "waltz this evening."

"Yes," replied the Marquis, "his Grace, "though never before conquered, is compelled to "submit to the force of your Ladyship's charms."

"Submission would be worse than death to me "in the field," said the Duke, "but I consider it "no disgrace to *yield* either in the ball-room or the "cabinet."

"But here come our tickets," said the Marquis, "and we shall be proud to enter as the attributes "of Beauty."

"And who would not be proud of such attri- "butes as Wisdom and Valour?" said her ladyship

as she gaily took the offered arms of the two noblemen, followed by Julia and her brother.

As they walked up the room, all eyes were rivetted on the party, and a buzz of admiration ran like wild-fire through the noble and brilliant assemblage, at the head of which shone the Marchioness of L. in all her native beauty and splendid decorations.

She kindly took Lady Bell's hand, and said, "Upon my word, Lady Bell, you look so divinely "to-night, that you even excel yourself."

"Or, as I should say," rejoined the Marquis, "none but herself can be her parallel."

"If his Lordship's fidelity was not, in my "mind, firm as the basis of a rock, I should certainly be jealous of you, Lady Bell."

"O, my dear Marchioness, the dim lustre of "my humble pretensions dwindles to a *spark* "before the blaze of your Ladyship's *charms!*"

"O you cunning one! You allude to my *deco-* "*rations*, not to the *wearer!* Well! I am not "vain of my person, but I certainly am of my "ornaments: for I consider every one of them as "a tribute of regard to my HUSBAND. I know

" this is an old-fashioned word, yet I am proud of " it: So give *me* your arm, my Lord, and let us, " in the true style of Darby and Joan, go and pay " our respects to the Duchess of Doright."

Well might her Ladyship be proud of the ornaments she wore; for they were the gifts of half the crowned heads in Europe, when she shone triumphant amidst the congregated assemblage of beauty, met together to do honour to the congress of Potentates, Princes, and Ministers, at the arrangements of the late treaty of peace. But the meanest cottager in the village of —— will tell you, that her Ladyship is worthy of the homage of the poor and the lowly, as well as of the proud and the mighty.

Lady Bell displayed her noble figure to great advantage in the revolving movements of the Waltz; whilst the sensitive Julia contented herself with the more intricate but elegant mazes of the Quadrille; and they returned home at a late hour. Thus ended the first day that I passed with the fascinating and fashionable Lady Bell Lavender.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EFFECTS OF FEMALE COQUETRY—A CHALLENGE ANTICIPATED—A DUEL PREVENTED.

My former possessor Mr. Coventry, being now on habits of intimacy, visited in the Earl of Rosemary's family; and was treated with almost an affectionate degree of kindness by Lady Bell. She felt as if she could never be grateful enough to the preserver of her Julia's life, whom she loved with a real sisterly affection, and whom she believed more worthy of being loved than any woman breathing.

Sir Osmyn and Mr. Coventry were upon very friendly terms; but the Baronet was not altogether satisfied with the marked attention which was shewn by her ladyship upon all occasions to Mr. Coventry. Jealousy is said to be as inseparable from the flame of love, as burning is from fire.

Lady Bell was Mr. Coventry's warmest advocate with Miss De Valmont; yet, through her natural fondness for admiration, she was not at all averse to his delicate flatteries of herself; and several times Sir Osmyn thought she was less pleased with his assiduity than with Mr. Coventry's attentions. She considered the latter as the professed admirer of Julia, and had not that delicate feeling of restraint before him which is experienced in the presence of those whom we love; and certain it is, that she was not entirely free from restraint in Sir Osmyn's company.

Mr. Coventry called the morning after she had been at Almack's, when he found her Ladyship alone, with a newspaper in her hand. She declared that she entertained serious thoughts about retiring from the world of fashion, as, from the tenour of the newspapers in these days, she trembled lest she should see her own name at the head of a column of unfounded scandal.

Mr. Coventry observed, "that exposure was a "tax which all those who moved in high life were "liable to pay."

"Yes," she replied, "but even private individ-"uals are now dragged before the public tribunal.

"No one is secure. A malignant enemy, or even a "jealous rival, may wound your feelings or sully "your fair fame, through the distorted medium of "a prostituted press: And it is hard that a thought-"less and inoffensive creature like myself, cannot "move through the mazes of a dance, without "having my name exposed to the coarse jests and "bitter animadversions of every alehouse politician "as if I had been guilty of an offence against the "State. I understand that this was not formerly "the practice; and that editors, though bitter "enough in politics, seldom sullied the columns of "their papers with malicious anecdotes from pri-"vate life. If I were to be thus exposed, I "should die with shame. I see no resource but to "retire, and hide my diminished head in a foreign "land, in some wild sequestered spot, where no "more mention of me might be heard."

"Indeed, my Lady Bell, you have no cause for "apprehension; for it would be as easy for the "puny efforts of envy and malice to hurl the sun "from his sphere, as to detract from your reful-"gence or diminish your glory."

"Upon my word, Mr. Coventry, I had supposed "that a certain refulgent star, called JULIA, had,

" in your eyes, eclipsed all the luminaries of this " nether world."

" I beg your pardon, my lady; I may behold " with fondness the mild lustre of one beautiful " planet, and at the same time gaze with admira- " tion on the brilliancy of another."

" My sweet friend is worthy of your undivided " adoration; and, I assure you, I have always " pleaded strongly in your favour."

" You, my Lady, are good as you are charm- " ing; and if you will condescend to advocate my " cause, I am certain of success."

Here she thought she heard the voice of Sir Osmyn Morland on the stairs, and she said she was determined to mortify him a little for having presumed to offer her his sage advice the day before; and she requested Mr. Coventry to co-incide with her humour.

Sir Osmyn entered with a frown on his brow, expressive of his opinion, that this man crossed him like an evil genius. Her ladyship, pretending not to notice him, said to Mr. Coventry, with a fascinating smile, " Adieu, my dear Sir, for the " present. Believe me, you have no cause for " despair."

" A thousand thanks for that flattering asser-
" tion! My dearest Lady Bell, Adieu!" and he kissed her extended hand with gallantry and warmth.

" Ha! parting so tenderly! This is too much" —muttered Sir Osmyn, as he stepped forward before them, saying, in a sarcastic manner, " I am " afraid, I intrude—I should be sorry to be any " interruption—"

" Apology is quite unnecessary from Sir Osmyn " Morland," replied Mr. Coventry.

" I am not in the habit, Sir, of apologizing to " any GENTLEMAN."

" It is not to be expected, unless you had acted " wrong."

" I do not consider myself responsible for my " actions to Mr. Coventry."

" Nor shall I presume to question them, unless " your warmth should lead you beyond the bounds " of politeness."

" WARMTH, Sir! let me tell you, this intru- " sion—"

" Sir Osmyn," said my Lady, " your agitation " alarms me!"

" Do not be alarmed, Lady Bell: Your kind

"consideration sufficiently protects the gentleman "from resentment."

"I desire no protection, Sir, but what the laws "of honour allow. It is never my intention to "offer an insult; and it is my determined resolu-"tion never tamely to submit to one. You have "insulted me, Sir Osmyn, without provocation; "you know the consequences. The lady's pre-"sence prevents further explanation."—and he left the house with a full determination of demanding an apology, or the satisfaction which one gentleman expects from another.

Lady Bell trembled for the event. She saw her jest had gone too far, and was become a serious affair. In a faultering voice she said, "Oh Sir "Osmyn! was this well done? Did Mr. Coventry "deserve such treatment? Did I—" and she burst into tears.

"I beg pardon, Lady Bell, for having excited "your apprehensions; but my anger obtained the "mastery over my discretion. I know I ought not "to have acted thus in your presence."

"If you have any regard for me, I entreat you "then to pursue this business no further."

"I cannot in honour retract."

"HONOUR! O fatal prostitution of the word! "Do you, who have fought the battles of your "country, and are covered with the scars of glory, "wish to substantiate your courage? You who "have braved danger and death in every shape,— "do you still desire to vindicate your honour? O "for shame, Sir Osmyn! Set the example for "which every man of real courage will admire you, "every upright mind will applaud you. It was "you who gave the offence, you know; therefore "manfully acknowledge it, and do not meet Mr. "Coventry. Promise me, you will not meet him."

"I dare not promise."

"The truly courageous will DARE every thing."

"What! the censure of the world?"

"Yes, in a righteous cause. And, with your "established reputation, who will presume to "question your conduct? For my sake, say you "will not meet him!"

"Thus far I assure you, my Lady, that I will "not give the challenge. As a soldier I must "accept it. The laws of polite society are so "constituted as to forbid any refusal. But I will "not fire. At your desire, believe me, Lady "Bell, I would freely hazard my life, my peace,

" and *almost* my honour.—For your sake, then, " Mr. Coventry is safe."

Sir Osmyn hastily withdrew, while she called after him, " Stay, Sir Osmyn, stay! O mercy! " he is gone, and perhaps for ever! Why will he " persist in the delusion that I was partial to Mr. " Coventry? Oh! what extent of misery has " this vile spirit of coquetry brought upon me!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Julia De Valmont entered the room. " Oh Julia, my love! " Soothe me, comfort me! I am fallen into the " lowest abyss of wretchedness!"

" Repose your sorrows in my bosom, my dearest " Lady Bell;" and she entwined her arms around her as she spoke. " What is the cause of your " distress?"

" I hate, I abhor myself. Oh Julia! I have " put the life of the man I love in jeopardy!"

" Not willingly, I am sure."

" Yes, wantonly wounded his feelings, childishly " trifled with his affections. Sir Osmyn has quar- " relled with Mr. Coventry."

" Indeed! How?"—stammered out Julia, and her colour fled.

"On my account. I encouraged Mr. Coven-
"try's flattery, even before Sir Osmyn's face."

"And did Mr. Coventry flatter *you?*"

"To be sure, he did:—He could not open his
"lips without. Did he never flatter *you*, my dear?"

"No, except by his attentions."

"He had too much respect for your good sense
"and simplicity; but he was aware that he was
"offering an agreeable sacrifice to the vanity of a
"silly coquette when he bestowed it so lavishly
"upon me,—ideot that I was to encourage it!
"Should he kill Sir Osmyn—"

"Oh selfish idea! Should Sir Osmyn kill him—

"My dearest Julia, do not agitate yourself so
"much! You have no cause for alarm; for he
"promised me, before we parted, that he would
"not fire at Mr. Coventry."

"Excuse me, Lady Bell, I am not used to such
"things. He was the preserver of my life, the
"preserver of my honoured parent's life too; and
"there is something in a duel so repugnant to a
"feeling heart—I would not have my father know
"it for the world. Here comes your brother;
"perhaps he can assist us."

Lord Lavender now entered, and Julia turned to him with a winning sweetness in her manner, which, one would have supposed, was perfectly irresistible; and, laying her hand upon his arm, she said with great earnestness, "O my dear Lord "Lavender, if ever you had the wish to oblige "me, give me now a proof of your sincerity!"

"My dear creature, I never took the trouble to "be insincere. What are your commands?"

"Mr. Coventry and Sir Osmyn have had high "words—"

"That's wrong, very wrong: It is superlatively "vulgar to get into a passion."

"Oh my Lord, but they intend to fight!"

"Of course; but they should conduct themselves "coolly. A man cannot draw a hair-trigger with "precision, unless his hand is steady, firm, per-"fectly cool—"

"Lavender," said Lady Bell, "how can you "let that horrid apathy which you assume, over-"shadow the better parts of your reason?"

"Softly, my good sister,—I am a greater philo-"sopher than you are aware of. I never suffer "these little matters to disturb the serenity of my "cogitations—"

"Well, but my dear Lord," said Julia, "cannot you interfere to prevent this meeting?"

"Not for the world! When once the parties "have committed themselves by an angry word, it "is a duty I owe to my own reputation never to "attempt a reconciliation. It is quite irregular. "No, no! I will exert myself to see the laws of "honour rigidly enforced, but I will not interfere "to make up a quarrel."

"O," said Julia, "the blessings of the peace-"maker will be upon you!"

"No, no. The pistol is your only peace-maker. "It unravels the subtlest distinctions, and settles "a dispute without the trouble of further arbitra-"tion. I'll hasten and see justice duly adminis-"tered; take care that the preliminaries are pro-"perly adjusted; but I'll not interfere. No, no: "that's quite contrary to all the laws of etiquette "and honour."

"O brother, brother," said Lady Bell, "if you "had the least spark of gallantry or feeling, you "would fly to Mr. Coventry and tell him that "Julia's fate depends upon his life."

"Yes, yes," retorted Julia, "that your sister's

"happiness is entwined with Sir Osmyn's exist-
"ence!"

"If you wish for the happiness of Miss De
"Valmont"—

"If you value your sister's peace of mind"—

"Dear brother, I entreat you"—

"My Lord, I conjure you—"

"Softly, softly, my dear creatures!" said his Lordship, "your earnestness and agitation place "this matter in totally a different point of view. "If you are both so seriously concerned, I cer-"tainly will attempt a mediation."

"Fly, fly, my dear brother, or you may be too "late to save him!"

"Fly, fly, my dear Lord, for life may depend "upon a moment!"

"Tell Sir Osmyn," said my Lady, "that he "has quite mistaken Mr. Coventry."

"And tell Mr. Coventry, that he entirely mis-"understood Sir Osmyn," said Julia.

"Yes, yes, I'll tell them, that you have all mis-"understood one another; at the same time, you "are all of one mind. I think it no trouble to "oblige you in such a delicate dilemma: I do not,

"upon my honour"—and his Lordship left them with a haste and energy altogether unusual.

Julia said, as he departed, "O, my dear Lady "Bell, I blush at the recollection of my own emo- "tion; I tremble at the thought of seeing Mr. "Coventry again."

"You need not, my dear Julia. I flirted with "him on purpose to create the jealousy of Sir "Osmyn; and his attentions to me were merely "that sort of badinage with which he saw I was "but too much delighted. If any thing serious "should happen from this quarrel, I should never "recover my peace of mind again."

These twin sisters in affection then withdrew in tears. Her Ladyship retired to her dressing-room, where she gave vent to her feelings without restraint, sobbing violently. Her heart palpitated as if it would burst that beauteous bosom; whereon I lay *perdue* in her purse, concealed from the prying eye of mortals; and where I could have been content to remain for ever, had my lovely mistress been at ease. However she was soon released from the torture of suspence: For Lord Lavender acted with so much earnestness and

celerity as to prevent the meeting, and I was witness to such a scene of rapturous reconciliation as made my spirit leap for joy. An explanation took place between all the parties concerned, who spent the evening in Portman-square, in that delightful reciprocation of felicity which proved,—that it is possible to settle a dispute without a duel,—that people of fashion may rationally indulge their feelings,—and that there is such a thing as *real happiness* even in high life.

CHAPTER XXX.

HISTORY OF OWEN PUNLEARY—HIS DISINTERESTED AND BENEVOLENT CHARACTER, &c.

The various emotions which had agitated my charming mistress's mind on this eventful day, kept her awake the greatest part of the night; but, in the morning, she fell into a sweet and profound sleep, and did not awake from her blissful dreams till a very late hour in the day. When she rang for her attendant, she was told that Mr. Punleary had been waiting at least an hour to obtain an audience: And whilst she is hastily finishing her toilette, I will acquaint you with the history of this gentleman.

He is the eldest son of the Rev. Lewis Punleary, who was formerly curate of the parish of R. in Glamorganshire. Parsons' wives are proverbially prolific, and sometimes even favour their husbands

with twins. Mrs. Punleary was an industrious good sort of woman and brought the poor curate six children in five years. In addition to this family, he had a pony, a cow, and a pig. He dabbled a little in husbandry, brewed his own ale, smoked his pipe in peace, and "was passing rich with forty pounds a year." But a fever, which he caught on a visit to a dying parishioner, carried off this worthy man, and left his widow nothing for the support of herself and her orphans, but a small annuity, from a society which had been established for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Clergymen. The little Owen, who was ten years old when his father died, looked upon himself as a burthen to his mother, and became restless and uneasy. He had received as much instruction as his father could give him, or as one of his tender age could imbibe.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at its ebb, leads on to fortune.

In like manner, it often happens, that some apparently fortuitous circumstance determines the fortunes of individuals, and this frequently arises from the perusal of a particular book. In the

course of Owen's studies, he had fallen in with the interesting story of *Whittington and his Cat;* and he never heard the sound of the three bells (one of which was cracked) in the steeple of the parish church, but the merry tune of "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," rung at the same time in his ears. He never suffered his mother to rest till he had obtained her consent to put himself under the protection of their neighbour Mrs. Ap Llewin, who was then making preparations for proceeding to the metropolis to join her husband, who had lately purchased a milk-walk in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, and was thought to be likely to do well in the world. This good woman kindly offered to take charge of the parson's son, and to allow him to reside with her till he could find some employment; for she had a great respect for the curate, and was fond of the boy for his own sake.

Mrs. Punleary did not know a creature in London; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she penned a letter to *the Prince of Wales*, and charged her son to deliver it into his own hands when he got to town. Owen took a tender leave of his mother, and of his little brothers and sisters; and with six shillings and threepence half-penny in his

pocket, and his ward-robe tied up in a blue-and-white handkerchief, which he carried on a stick as a bundle over his shoulder, he set off on foot with Mrs. Ap Llewin; in the full and rational expectation of one day becoming Lord Mayor of London.

An accident occurred on the road, which had nearly proved fatal to one of our aboriginal adventurers: They had overtaken a huge machine called *a flying waggon*, which moves at the quick rate of about three miles an hour: The driver allowed them to get into the hinder part of it, and to travel on with him till he arrived at the next market-town. Being overcome with fatigue and very snugly nestled in a truss of straw, they both fell fast asleep; and, by a sudden jerk of this ponderous vehicle, Owen was thrown out into the middle of the highway. Stunned with the fall, he did not recover himself till the waggon was out of sight, when he got up and found himself alone in a dark night and on a strange road. He was like a mariner who had lost his compass, and could not tell what course to steer; but he sat down by the way-side, and wept bitterly. Very early in the morning a farmer on horseback, who was going to

market, happened to pass, and enquired into the cause of his distress; having heard Owen's story, he very good-naturedly took the boy up behind him, and they soon overtook the slowly-pacing conveyance, to the great surprise of the waggoner and Mrs. Ap Llewin, who had never missed the embryo Lord Mayor.

After a wearisome journey of many days, they at length reached the metropolis in safety; and the morning after his arrival at Whitechapel, Owen discovered, to his great dismay, that his mother's letter to *the Prince of Wales* was rubbed all to pieces, by the friction of his money in his breeches-pocket. By this accident he considered himself a total stranger in a new world, in which he and his good mother had hoped for great things from "the great man, who was the Chief of the Principality," and to whom Mrs. Punleary's letter was affectionately addressed.

Owen had a round unmeaning face, with a little obtuse nose; and nothing prepossessing in the rest of his features: Yet there was altogether a look of downright honest simplicity in his countenance, that spoke volumes in his favour. He was remarkably docile and good-natured; and Mrs. Ap

Llewin took him with her every Sunday to the Welsh chapel near Lambeth Palace, where she frequently met with an old acquaintance of her husband, of the name of TRAMP, who was a shoemaker in Lambeth-walk. This man, on learning who the little Owen was, offered to take him into his shop; and if both parties liked each other, he should be taught the gentle craft, art, or mystery of a cordwainer. Owen made no objection, and went home one Sunday with his new master to dinner. There was a man in Mr. Tramp's employment of the name of Bristlecraft, who was at once orator, politician, and poet. He lent Owen books, and often treated him by allowing him to read aloud, whilst he plied his hammer on the lapstone. He took much notice of the boy; and was very fond of him. He assisted him to improve in his writing and arithmetic; and Punleary ever spoke of this man with much affection and gratitude. He was indeed exceedingly kind and attentive to him as long as he lived. After Owen had been with Mr. Tramp some little time, Bristlecraft opened a shop on his own account in Coventry-street. He was allowed to take Punleary with him, and

encouraged the fondness for learning which Owen had displayed.

After he had resided in this situation a year or two, a person came to lodge in his master's first floor, who was connected with the Drama. Being pleased with the extreme civility of the odd-looking youth in the shop, this gentleman frequently gave him an order for the theatre. Owen became passionately fond of dramatic exhibitions, and sometimes went behind the scenes with his new friend. But the pride of the young Welchman received a blow, which altered his destination in life. For some of the scene-shifter's boys had written out a burlesque play-bill and posted it up in a situation where it was sure to meet the Cambrian's eye:

" *To-morrow Evening will be performed*

THE TRAGEDY

OF

ROMEO AND JULIET:

THE PART OF ROMEO BY

MR. SNOB,

FROM THE SHOEMAKER'S THEATRE,

COVENTRY-STREET."

This placard disgusted him with his occupation; and he told his employer the next day, that he could not conquer his repugnance to his trade, and must therefore quit his service. The good Bristlecraft did not wish to thwart his inclination, but with a tear in his eye said, "that though he did "not like to part with him, he would look out for "something that might suit him better."

In a short time, through the recommendation of his friend in the first floor, he obtained employment as a messenger or under-clerk, in a newspaper-office in the Strand. This was exactly what suited our hero's propensities. He could visit the theatres whenever he pleased. He fancied he had talents for the stage, and he sat up night after night studying the first tragic characters in Shakspeare. He then waited on Mr. Harris, and offered to make his debut in Shylock; on giving him, and the late Mr. Lewis, who was present, a specimen of his powers, he proceeded in the part as far as "And what's reason? *I am a Jew*,"—when they burst into a loud fit of laughter, and Mr. Harris said, "Indeed, my good friend, you are a very funny "little fellow; but you have not a face fit for

"a *Jew;* and your voice reminds me of a penny "trumpet!"

This rebuff entirely cured him of his theatrical aspirations, and he directed his studies into another channel. Growing up nearly to man's estate, he attempted little paragraphs, and an occasional sonnet, which were inserted in his master's newspaper. He was employed in collecting intelligence, and by degrees he was received on the establishment as a regular contributor, and was a man of considerable importance—at least in his own eyes. He formed an acquaintance with most of the small-talk men of literature and bon-vivants, in the metropolis; frequented clubs; wrote songs; and published poem after poem, dedicated, as was then the custom, to some noble patron or patroness, from whom he frequently received a douceur, but often not in such liberal measure as the praises which he bestowed. At length he became, and has continued ever since, a writer by profession, or a man who lives by his wits. His hand-writing is straggling and almost illegible, and frequently appears so pale and thin as to render his meaning unintelligible. Indeed, his ink seems to be entirely without gall, and is not black enough to give force

to his satire; but he has the art of decking trifles in pleasing colours, and, if he is not brilliant, he never offends. With all this meekness, he possesses such an independent spirit, that, though he may not have a shilling in his pocket, he never runs into debt. While he never was known to do a dishonourable action or to give utterance to a malicious sentiment, he cannot recollect that he ever had an enemy except the scene-shifter's boys.

He was never married; and has now no relative alive; and yet when he dies he will be followed to the grave, with more regret than thousand of those who leave more than one generation to weep at their departure. He never solicits a favour for himself, but is indefatigable in the service of his friends; and he was now come on a friendly mission, as his subsequent interview with Lady Bell will sufficiently explain.

"I am sorry to make you wait so long, Mr. "Punleary," said her Ladyship as she entered, and good-humouredly requested him to be seated.

"I am never tired of waiting for Lady Bell "Lavender, for she never yet sent me unkindly "away."

" And if I know my own heart, Mr. Punleary, " I trust I never shall."

" Well, then, my Lady, I am sure you will " pardon my presumption in becoming the humble " advocate of a friend of mine, who is at present " under a cloud, and ignorant of this application. " For he manifested an aversion against reminding " your Ladyship of a person, whom you used to " know formerly at school, but whom, in your pre- " sent state of splendour and prosperity, he said, " you would blush to acknowledge. But I told " Mr. Sensitive, that I could not indulge such an " ungenerous thought."

Her Ladyship blushed, but it was with a kindly suffusion of benevolent feeling, as she replied, " I " thank you heartily, Mr. Punleary, for doing me " so much justice. Indeed, I should think myself " totally unworthy of my good fortune, if ever I " forgot the kindness I have experienced from " Henry Sensitive. When I was learning to write " at my grandfather's at W—, he was monitor or " head-boy in the school, and appointed to over- " look my rude efforts at penmanship. When I " was at fault, he repaired my pen; when I failed " in the shape of my letters, he guided my hand;

" and even then I could not avoid remarking, when-" ever he directed my fingers, my letters were more " crooked than before. I felt his hand tremble as " he held mine; and once, when I turned round " my head and told him with a smile, *that I thought* " *his cheek was closer to mine than was necessary,* " he blushed to his fingers' ends, and never more " undertook the pleasing task of directing my " hand. Soon afterwards he left the school, and " sent a sonnet addressed to myself, full of tender-" ness and affection. I did not feel any thing like " love; but my youthful vanity was gratified, and " I ever remember Henry Sensitive with grateful " recollections as my first admirer. Indeed, it is " not long since I looked at his sonnet with a " degree of emotion. But I always understood, " Mr. Pupleary, that his father had amassed a " large fortune by his profession, that Henry had " gone to College, and that, as an only child, he " could not fail to succeed to an ample inheritance."

" My Lady, he married without his father's " consent, who says he will disinherit him, in favour " of a nephew who now resides in his house. On " discovering that my friend had known you in

"early life, I was determined to acquaint your "Ladyship with his situation."

"You have acted kindly and judiciously, as you "always do, Mr. Punleary. Give me his father's "address. I must not at present go near the proud "Henry; for I am well aware of the extreme "sensibility of his nature. But I will not rest till I "have some how or other re-instated him in the "good graces of his parent. In the mean time, "here are ten sovereigns, that you can use for his "benefit, in the way which your own delicate feel- "ings may suggest; and do me the favour to take "these ten for yourself, which I am indebted to "you for your late beautiful poem on GRATITUDE. "There—say no more! You shall hear from me "again very soon: so good morning, good Mr. "Punleary,"—and I departed from this incomparable creature, more and more convinced, that she is deserving of all the admiration she receives. If imitation be the sincerest flattery, Lady Bell Lavender is flattered more than any woman alive; for she is followed and imitated by half the town.

CHAPTER XXXI.



HISTORY OF HENRY SENSITIVE — PUNLEARY'S EXERTIONS IN HIS FAVOUR, &c.

THE influence of benevolence on the human countenance was never more strikingly displayed, than on the face of Punleary, which was lighted up with a gladness that rendered it agreeable, if not beautiful. He hastened to the residence of his friend Sensitive, which was an attic story, in one of those newly-erected houses in the neighbourhood of White Conduit Fields, in a street as yet without a name. He was in such habits of intimacy with him as precluded ceremony; and, on this occasion his heart was too full of joy to think of punctilio. On ascending the stairs towards Henry's apartment he heard him talking aloud, and, imagining he was not alone, he stopped to listen, when he overheard the following soliloquy: "*My dear*

" *Father, I confess I have acted wrong*—Lullaby, " lullaby, hush my sweet baby !" This he chaunted forth in the true nursery recitative.

" *I repent of what I have done*—No ! my pen " belies me—I do not repent !"—And he tore what he had written to atoms.

> " *For heaven has already crown'd our faithful loves*
> " *With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty !*

" Hush, hush my darling ! for in spite of your " grandfather's hate, you shall yet be a Knight " and your mother a Lady :" and this he sung to the child, whom he held in his arms.

" *I will not write pitiful petitions for forgiveness.* " Here we go up, up, up ; and here we go down, " down, downee ! Yes, my sweet pet ! your fa- " ther's pen shall work your way to glory—Here " we go backwards and forwards, and here we go " round, round, roundee.—There, my little darling, " lie you quiet awhile," and he placed the child upon a bed made up for it, upon two chairs in a corner of the room.

" Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber—*For I* " *feel my heart beat within me—the fit of inspi-* " *ration is upon me ! My soul is on fire with poetic*

"*frenzy!*" He then strode violently across the room and thus began,

> "The sun's perpendicular height
> "Illumin'd the depth of the sea;"
>
> "The fishes, beginning to sweat,
> "Cried, MURDER! *how hot we shall be!*"

The two last lines were uttered by Punleary, as he burst into the room and into a loud fit of laughter. "Bravo, bravo, Hal! I'll rhyme you so eight "years together! The right butter-woman's rate "to market."

"You may laugh, Mr. Punleary, but your "interruption has brought me down from the "heights of Parnassus to the sense of wretchedness "and poverty."

"Nonsense! those who win, will laugh. I have "had a wind-fall to-day. Look here, my boy!" and he shook the gold in his hand. "And you "must borrow these ten shiners of me till your "MS. is ready for the press."

"I would sooner starve!"

"That's all very fine, my dear fellow! A man "has a right to starve *himself*, but not his *wife* "and *child*.

"True, true! Punleary.—That at once pulls "down my pride. But you are the only person

"on earth to whom I would condescend to be "beholden."

"Then take the money at once, and, if I have "offended you, all I request is—that you'll quietly "pocket the affront."

"It is impossible to be offended with *you*: So "sit down, and let me trespass upon your patience "a little whilst I relate to you some particulars, "which, as a friend, you have a right to know. "The child is asleep, Louisa is gone about her "errands, and we shall not be interrupted:

"When I was at Cambridge I was introduced by a fellow Collegian to his aunt and cousin—a widow lady and her daughter, who lived in retirement on a small annuity. The daughter had been instructed in every branch of fashionable education, for they had once moved in a different sphere of life; and her mother had stored her mind with elevating sentiments of piety, and a high sense of virtue, which have enabled her to bear all her reverses of fortune without a murmur. I became a frequent visitor at the house, and it was impossible for me to remain insensible of the daughter's charms: For,

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self.

You have seen her, Punleary, and you know I speak the truth. The lovely recluse saw but little variety; and it was therefore not wonderful, that she should listen to my passion with approbation. Her mother made no objection to my suit, on my promising to obtain my father's consent. I could not divest myself of the apprehension of his displeasure; for I was conscious that my marriage with Louisa would frustrate all his ambitious projects respecting myself. His fondness for me was excessive, and I was indulged in every wish: but he was of a haughty and vindictive disposition. When I was about to leave the University, I could not delay the explanation any longer. The moment I came to town, I entered into particulars with my father. He raged, and I expostulated. He bit his lip with vexation, and I, in my eagerness to defend myself, grew outrageous; when he bade me instantly quit his presence. Instead of soothing him, I retired, wrote an irritating letter, and then left the house.

"O Punleary!—a pen, in the hands of an angry man, is more dangerous than a sword. Words spoken in the heat of the moment may be forgiven; but those which are written in a passion fester and

rankle in the heart—they are worse than daggers. I was guilty of this act of madness, which my father never forgave; and whilst I was writing, though I fully felt the force of the observation *litera scripta manet*, yet I could not forbear. I hastened back to Cambridge and disclosed the whole of my rash conduct to Louisa and her mother: Such was the irritability of my mind and body, that I was seized with a nervous fever, and confined to my bed for several weeks.

"I owed my life to the care and anxiety of these two affectionate beings; and when I recovered, I so worked upon the mother's sensibility as to obtain her consent to my marriage with her daughter, under the persuasion, that when the act was accomplished and we had cast ourselves at my father's feet, he would be softened by the sweetness and beauty of my wife, his relentings would be kindled, and he would grant me his forgiveness. But on our coming up to town, and requesting the favour of an interview, he desired a servant to say, 'that he disowned me as a son, and would never see my face again; that I might act as I pleased; that he had cut me off with a shilling, and had made my cousin his heir.'—I was almost maddened at this

information; but the good sense and mildness of my wife soothed my irritation, and calmed my frenzy into something like resignation. I began to consider what was to be done, and I resolved to turn my talents, if possible, to some account. Notwithstanding my youthful passion for Louisa, I had made the best use of my time at the University. Nature had given me strong feelings and a warm imagination, and I at once made up my mind to become an author.

"I immediately became absorbed in reverie; and sat for hours together with my head on my hand, in imitation of a print I had seen, which represented Alexander Pope in the same attitude, melancholy and gentlemanlike. I seldom laughed, spoke little, but mused and thought in sentences. My dreams also were full of point and polished periods; and I once alarmed my wife by starting up in my bed and repeating aloud the fag-end of a wretched couplet. Every thing I read was with a view to my embryo volume. On perusing one of the recent productions of the admired novelist of the north, I was so fascinated with the manner in which he developed the workings of the human mind, and marked the nice discriminations of each particular

character, and I glided so smoothly along through the pleasing meanderings of the story, as to consider it one of the easiest things in the world to write a romance. I accordingly took my pen in hand, and wrote two or three pages without a single stoppage; but, on casting my eye over them, I perceived nothing but inflation and tautology: For once, therefore, I acted with prudence, and committed them to the flames. I sometimes wished that some of the imitators of this transcendent genius had acted in the same manner: For, as principal, he certainly has to answer for greater sins than his own, in being the cause of much shedding of ink and barbarous murder of language, both Scotch and English, on the part of his accessaries. On the contrary, there are instances in which he has, like honest Jack Falstaff, been "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others." Some daring minds have been urged on by his example to tread very closely in his steps. Indeed, many excellent novels and romances have lately appeared, and done immense injury to the cheap manufactory in Leadenhall-street.—This failure in my first attempt did not in the least diminish my ardour: I at length fixed upon a plot, and the

irritability of my feelings was intensely feverish till I had unburthened my mind upon paper; and when the sentences before me swelled into paragraphs and pages, and I became satisfied with their construction and the arrangement of my own thoughts, the ecstacy I experienced was equalled only by my previous anxiety: This is not surprising, as I fancied myself on the high-road to fame and immortality.

"No sooner, however, had I commenced my operations in earnest, than, wherever I went, I imagined I was known and pointed out as an author. If I met a person in the street who stared me in the face, I blushed like a school-boy in the presence of a stranger. If I entered into a coffee-room, and heard two or three gentlemen conversing together in a low tone, I took it into my head they were talking of me. If I went into a place of public amusement, I concluded that the eyes of the whole audience were upon me. I never took up a newspaper, or a magazine, but I expected to see my own name blended with some ill-natured remarks upon *publications preparing for the press.* Indeed I seldom looked into a periodical work, but

I sickened at the idea of being mangled in the Edinburgh Review, or cut up in the Quarterly. I could not move along the street without fancying that the boys knew I was an author, and the very dogs barked at me as I halted by them.

"I however got rid of this feeling by degrees; and when I had completed my work, I waited upon Mr. Margin, the Bookseller, who resides at no great distance from Oxford Street. He is a tall, stout, middle-aged man, with rather a gentleman-like appearance and address, but somewhat sarcastic, though not severe, in his manner. He had a peculiar and graceful way of displaying his pocket-handkerchief; and, on my stating that I wished to speak a few words with him in private, he flourished his nasal flag, and desired me to follow him. We ascended a spiral stair-case at the end of the shop, dark and narrow as a steeple, but not quite so lofty: and when we had reached the first floor, he ushered me into a small back-room, which was decorated with engraved heads of most of our celebrated authors, neatly framed and glazed. Seating himself in a morocco-leather easy chair, he lifted his right foot upon his left knee, and clap-

ping the calf of his leg with his palm, he assumed a listening attitude. I held my credentials in my hand, and

> Betwixt his finger and his thumb he held
> A pinch of snuff, which, ever and anon,
> He gave his nose, and took't away again.

“ The conversation was then commenced on my part thus:

“ I have a MS. here, Sir, and as I have received a classical education—

“ ‘Very good Sir, that is of very little conse-‘quence since Macdonnel has published his *Dic-‘tionary of Quotations*. No man is at a loss now ‘for an apt line or two from Virgil or Horace. A ‘free translation of some of the freest passages in ‘Anacreon, Horace, or Catullus might perhaps ‘succeed. But I beg pardon for interrupting ‘you.’

“ I think, Sir, you will find that my work is calculated to promote the best interests of religion and morality.

“ ‘ Strange as it may seem in this degenerate ‘age, there is nothing sells better than a volume

'of sermons. Good ones are very scarce in the 'market just now; and that, I suppose, accounts 'for the rapid sale of those of the best quality. If 'you had a collection of good orthodox manuscript 'discourses written about fifty years ago, they 'would be worth their weight in gold. But let 'me, if you please, glance my eye over your MS.'

"I handed him my precious production; and whilst he was looking at it, I got up and eyed more closely the assemblage of great men around me, flattering myself that my portrait might one day be added to the number.

"'Well, Sir,' said Mr. Margin, 'your intro-'duction is very fair: This is your first attempt, I 'perceive—a maiden manuscript. Do you mean 'to affix your name?'

"Certainly," was my reply.

"'Then you are wrong. Your name will be of 'no service.'

"Sir, I flatter myself, my name is very well known.

"'So much the worse. It will create the more 'enemies to the work. Every one of those who 'know your name, will suppose that they under-

'stand the subject better than you; and those who 'do not know you will, of course, care nothing 'about your cognomen.'

"What would you have me to do then?

"'Why, there is nothing like mystery in these 'days. There are certain writers at present who 'have got complete possession of the public atten-'tion; and if you were to write with an angel's 'pen, you would not be read unless your work 'came under the head of either *Sublime Impiety*, 'or *Mysterious Secrecy*. If yon can blend them 'both together, so much the better. There is a 'striking instance of the excellence of this plan, 'in the fate of a late publication of genius, which 'was attributed to the great Master Poet, the idol 'of the day, whose faults and eccentricities his 'worshippers are sedulous to imitate, even from his 'cantos to his shirt collar. The work in question 'was thought to be an attempt of the noble writer 'to feel the pulse of the public in prose, and was 'read and estimated accordingly. Had not this 'been the case, it would only have found its way 'into the hands of a few fashionable literati, and 'remained, perhaps, handsomely bound, as a dead

'letter, a mere furniture-publication, upon their 'shelves.'

" It is impossible for me to rival the excellences of the great genius to whom you allude.

" 'But, Sir, you can imitate his peculiarities. 'Half the world has been moon-stricken in fancying, 'that nature requires emendation. You are young 'in your profession: Listen to my advice, Sir.— 'Take back your manuscript;—spice it well with 'daring animadversions against the moral govern- 'ment of the universe; let there be plenty of bold 'conjectures and rhapsodical flights bordering on 'blasphemy, with a delineation of character in 'which the amiable and diabolical passions are 'beautifully blended; then invest the publication 'with a veil of mystery; wrap yourself up in im- 'penetrable secrecy; and, *Macklin's Bible* to '*Goody Two Shoes*, it will be certain of a rapid 'sale.'

" I thank you for your instructions, Sir; but, I am afraid, I cannot obey them.—And I put my MS. into my pocket, made my bow, and departed, disappointed but not displeased with this amusing and candid bibliopolist."

"What do you mean to do?" said Punleary. "Do you intend to try another of the trade?"

"I have applied to several already," answered Henry. "One was so liberal as to declare that he wished for nothing more than that I should run all risks, and pay down fifty pounds towards the expences of publication. Another was exceedingly cautious, and would not run the hazard of looking at the MS., because I was neither known as an author, nor could assure him of my being in the habit of writing for the public. Another very gravely informed me, that if I could bring forward any well-known successful writer, who could vouch for the merits of my production, he might then be induced to give it a perusal. Because I wrote under a feigned name, and the work assumed the appearance of a literary fiction, one publisher was so rigidly conscientious as to regard me in the light of an impostor, and politely declared, that he should consider he was insulting the public if he ushered into the world a book with a lie upon the title-page.

"The last gentleman of the trade with whom I had any communication, and who really appeared to be the completest man of business among the

whole, thanked me in the kindest manner for the honour I had done him, put my MS. into his drawer, and told me, with a smile, 'if I would call 'again in a day or two, I should have an answer.' When I did call, he remarked, with all the warmth of sincerity, 'that he was sorry my work was not 'exactly in his line; for, as far as he could judge, 'there was considerable merit in the composition; 'but he was *a timid man*, and afraid to meddle 'with it.' That was doubtless the case; for it had never been touched or looked at, since he so carefully placed it in his drawer.

"But difficulties never daunt me, and I will now tell you what I have done. I took this lodging that I might remain in impenetrable obscurity; I have not moved out by day-light, lest the sun should dispel the gloominess of my imagination; and I have remained at the top of the house, that the productions of my brain might partake of the *lofty* nature of my residence. I have just finished a work, in which I have pourtrayed the character of a demon; in comparison of whom, Milton's Satan was a gentleman. I have drawn him from life; and if the original of the picture should recognize his portrait, let the galled

jade wince. His heart is black as night; his mind is dark as Erebus; and if he should suffer the tortures of the damned, he deserves it. Now Punleary; I must rely upon your assistance. I want you to avow yourself—"

"Not as the author of such a production, I "hope; for nobody will believe it."

"No, no! Not the author, but a friend of the author. You must read over the manuscript. Take it to Mr. Margin, and dilate upon the style and execution; point out its beauties and its horrors; state the probability of imprisonment, or a horse-whipping at least; enforce the necessity of profound secrecy, and that he may safely deny all knowledge of the author. Tell him, that you will read the proofs yourself, and that he must pay you down a handsome sum the moment the MS. is put into his hands. 'Bid him do this and Cato is his friend,' for the name of SENSITIVE must never appear."

"But you do not expect the money before he "peruses the manuscript?"

"To be sure, I do. He will have more reliance upon your judgment than upon his own. I am too modest a man to treat for my own production;

but you can blazon forth its merits without hesitation."

"You know," said Punleary, "that I am "always ready to serve you: So give me the manuscript. I will read it to-night, and you shall "know the result of my conference with Mr. "Margin in the course of to-morrow. Remember me kindly to your wife. Good day!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

RESULT OF LADY LAVENDER'S INTERVIEW WITH MR. SENSITIVE, SEN.—PUNLEARY'S ADVANCEMENT, &c.

"THE blessing of heaven be upon you!" said Sensitive, as he closed the door after Punleary. "Your deeds of kindness will be registered on high, before the acts of those who build churches. How has that kind-hearted creature soothed and comforted my restless and perturbed spirit! He has sat quietly with me, when I wished to talk; he has talked to me, when it was my whim to be silent; he has patiently endured my reading to him what I had myself put upon paper, and read to me when I was in the humour to listen; and we have conversed together till the morning dawn stole in upon us unperceived. When my mind has been a chaos of confusion, he has brought forth the chess-board, which acted like a charm upon my

scattered senses. Blessed be the man who invented this enchanting game! for never was there a contrivance for amusement that takes such a complete hold upon the faculties. Many a time and oft, when my heart has been over-burdened with woe, I have become so intent upon the checquered board, so absorbed in the game, as to think of that, and of that only; I have forgotton my sorrows in the intricacies of the moves, and have been for a while as happy as forgetfulness of misery could make me."

As a spirit I enter completely into the feelings of Mr. Sensitive on this subject. I have often hovered over the chess-board with an intensity of interest and delight; and, as has frequently been done before, I could not avoid instituting a comparison between the movements of the men and the actions of mankind. How has the first unfortunate setting-out often rendered the game one continued race of difficulties and trials, so as to leave nothing but *check* and *check* to the end of the chapter. How, again, has one false step marred the fairest prospects and deranged the best-conducted plans! Struggle as you might, you could never regain the advantage which you had once

lost. At another time, I have seen a person fall into an error by moving in a wrong direction; yet, on becoming sensible of his fault, and rousing his energies, he has risen superior to this early disadvantage, and come off a triumphant conqueror. Such interest and variety are there in Chess, and such are there also in the Game of Life!

On Louisa's return, Sensitive poured the money into her lap, and spoke in rapturous terms of the kindness of Punleary. They planned a thousand schemes for their future conduct and success, and passed the evening in those endearing exchanges of reciprocal affection which warmth and feeling on one side, and sweetness and delicacy on the other, are sure to produce. In the course of the ensuing day, Punleary returned with the assurance, "that "Margin would certainly engage in the publi-"cation; but that he must look over the manu-"script before he entered upon terms." Sensitive was satisfied with this message; from what he had seen of the publisher, he believed him to be "an honourable man."

Lady Bell had likewise represented her regard for Henry Sensitive, and her wish to serve him, in the strongest light to her noble father, the Earl of

Rosemary, who luckily had it in his power to appoint him immediately to a situation which was in his gift, suitable to Henry's feelings and character. It was a place of considerable credit and responsibility, and required but few hours' daily attendance; and she rightly judged, that when his father found him likely to arrive at honour and independence without his assistance, he would be the more ready to relent.

As soon, therefore, as Henry was settled in his office, she contrived, through the agency of Punleary, to be introduced to Louisa, and explained her views and intentions respecting her husband. They were mutually delighted with each other, and Louisa's expressions of gratitude were unbounded. It was agreed, that, without the knowledge of Henry, they should proceed together to Tavistock Square, and wait upon the elder Mr. Sensitive.

They drove up to the door in the Earl of Rosemary's carriage, and when Lady Bell Lavender had sent in her name, they were instantly admitted. Mr. Sensitive was aware of her ladyship's estimation in the world, and was agreeably surprised at the visit. He received the ladies most graciously;

and Lady Bell was the first to commence the conversation:

"I am afraid, Mr. Sensitive, you will think me "very impertinent in thus intruding myself on "your attention; for, though I am personally "unknown to you, I am no stranger to your "celebrity, and am conscious of the value of your "time."

"It is impossible, my lady, for me to feel any "otherwise than highly gratified by your good "opinion, and proud of the honour of this visit."

"I trust, Sir, my motives will not be miscon-"strued: The Earl of Rosemary, I believe, has "some influence with government."

"Doubtless, my lady," was the reply.

"Well then, Sir, there is a friend of mine, whose "interest he has very much at heart. He has "already appointed him to a situation in a public "office, where he receives a stipend sufficient to "secure his independence; and I believe it is his "lordship's intention to procure him a seat in Par-"liament. But this must, in a certain degree, "depend upon *you.*"

"Upon *me*, my lady! Any thing which de-"pends upon me, his lordship may command."

"The Earl was unwilling to meddle with this "matter, till he had obtained the promise of "your influence in the borough of T——, in Corn- "wall, in favour of his lordship's *protegée;* and "he has sent me as a humble intercessor in his "favour." She curtsied down to the ground, and looked with ineffable sweetness in Mr. Sensitive's face.

"It is impossible," said he, "to refuse any "thing to such a charming solicitor. My influ- "ence in the borough is merely nominal; but, such "as it is, it shall be entirely at his lordship's ser- "vice."

"I may conclude, then, that you will not think "it an impertinent interference with your family "concerns, for the Earl of Rosemary to introduce "Mr. Henry Sensitive into parliament."

"What! my lady,—*my son* into parliament! "I have discarded him for ever!"

"Of what crime has he been guilty?"

"The worst of crimes!—flown in his father's "face—married in open defiance of my prohibition "—nobody knows who—a vulgar low-born crea- "ture! It maddens me to think of it. Into *par-* "*liament*, said you?"

"Yes, Sir; nothing but your influence in the "borough is wanting to complete the arrange- "ment."

"If he had married a woman of virtue and "education, I might have overlooked it,—a "daughter whom I might not have blushed to "own, I might have forgiven him. Oh! Henry, "Henry! You still are twined about my heart! "Had you married such a lovely creature as this, "indeed—"

"You might all be happy," said her Ladyship, with the tear of sympathy beaming in her eye. "Behold then your daughter, Sir, worthy of all "your love!"

Here the trembling Louisa was so overcome with agitation, that, in attempting to throw herself at her father-in-law's feet, she almost fainted; but he caught her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart.

It is needless to add, that this interview led to results satisfactory to all the parties concerned, except the nephew, who yet was handsomely provided for, but did not become his uncle's sole heir.

This was an event in which my spirit heartily rejoiced; and my gladness was greatly increased on finding my excellent friend Punleary provided with a situation in Henry's office, which rendered him, what he richly deserved to be, independent of the frowns of the world for the remainder of his life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MISS JEMIMA SCRIMP'S ATTACHMENT TO THE BRUTE CREATION—DOCTOR DOG-MATIC, &c.

Louisa Sensitive had noticed the figure of the dove on my surface, and had distinguished me above my associates by always returning me back again into her purse, whenever she took out any money to make a purchase. Nor did she part from me at last, till I had been some time left *solus* and disconsolate in her pocket. She at length paid me away to a tradesman in Bond-street, for a new beaver-hat for her boy; which, she said, would surely be lucky to him, since it was bought with Punleary's money.

I passed through a variety of hands, so speedily as to leave me no opportunity for observation, till I reached a situation in which I feared I was

doomed to remain an indefinite period,—this was into the possession of Mrs. Jemima Scrimp.

I have somewhere seen a print representing *the ghost of a scrag-end of a neck of mutton*; and my new mistress was a living personification of the artist's idea: for she was literally nothing but skin and bone. If it be desirable to be the object of a lady's adoration, I certainly was adored by this singular female. After gazing fondly upon me for a considerable time, she kissed me most affectionately before she put me into her pocket, where, if I had been of an earthly nature, I must inevitably have been smothered in pungent dust.

She was a spinster of respectable connections and handsome fortune; but, at the same time, so exceedingly penurious as to deny herself of all the comforts of life, except *rappee*, which, in consequence of having lost her box, she carried loose in the same pocket in which I was unfortunately deposited. She rented a small house in St. James's Place, in order that she might be near the Parks. She saw no company, except two or three strange beings as eccentric as herself. Her domestic arrangement was not peculiar: She had a man and a maid-servant, who had lived with her several

years; for, in her particular way, she was not an unkind mistress. She had never been beautiful; but she did not want sense or good-nature, nor was she deficient in the usual female accomplishments.

At the age of nineteen she had been betrothed to an officer of Dragoons; and after the day of their nuptials had been fixed, and their mutual friends assembled to celebrate the event, he shamefully deserted her for a handsomer and richer bride. Her hopes being thus blasted, her feelings publicly outraged, and her affections cruelly wounded, she ever afterwards lost all relish for society, and confined her regards to the lower orders of the animal creation. In one corner of the drawing-room was placed a couch, the materials of which were satin that had formerly been white: This was the resting-place for one of that species which is called a pug-dog, and which is the ugliest and the most worthless of all the canine race. This was the *prima donna*, or first favourite of the establishment, which consisted in all of a noisy white macaw, a green parrot and a grey one, five cats of various colours, a Java sparrow,

and a squirrel. These were all fed and tended with the greatest care; and, strange as it may appear, though my mistress was the essence of self-denial in regard to her own indulgences, she grudged these creatures nothing. A joint of the best meat, a loaf of the finest bread, and a quart of new milk, were taken in for them every day. But her two ancient domestics took especial care to reserve plenty for themselves, before this provender reached its ulterior destination. The sole purport of Mrs. Scrimp's life seemed to be, her attention to these animals.

The second day after my arrival, she appeared to be greatly distressed by the growling and ill-nature of pug in the corner, who was dull, snarling, and snappish, and did not eat its food with the usual voracity. John was called in, and narrowly questioned as to his having taken it a walk in the park on the preceding day, and soundly rated for his carelessness in allowing it to wet its feet in returning. She then sat down, and wrote as follows to her friend Mrs. Faddle, who lived in Montague-square:

"My Dear Faddle,

"I have been a good deal alarmed to-day
"on account of the indisposition of the Duchess;
"and as I am apprehensive that it is an oppression
"upon the nerves, arising from confinement and
"want of society, I beg the favour of you to spare
"your dear little Pompey to come and spend the
"day with her, and cheer her spirits. Lest you
"should be under any apprehension, that Pompey
"(sweet fellow!) should take cold in returning
"home in the evening, I have made arrangements
"to accommodate him with a bed in the same
"apartment with the invalid. Pompey may be
"safely trusted to the care of John. I remain
"tho' very dull,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"Jemima Scrimp."

John took this curious epistle, and in about an hour returned with as characteristic an answer:

"Mrs. Faddle presents her compliments to Mrs. "Scrimp, and sincerely condoles with her on "account of the dear Duchess's illness, and is "grieved it should so happen that Pompey was "gone out to spend the day with Miss Fidele, the

"Lady Dewlap's great favourite, and will not be "back till to-morrow; when Mrs. Faddle will "call upon her dear friend, and have the pleasure "of bringing the young gentleman along with "her. She hopes then to find that sweet inter-"esting little creature, the Duchess, in better "health and spirits. In case of the necessity of "calling in medical aid, Mrs. Faddle encloses the "address of the celebrated Mr. Matic, whose fee "is one guinea."

My mistress sat up the greater part of the night with the canine Duchess on her lap, and was up again at an early hour in the morning. Before she sat down to her own breakfast, she dispatched John express for the doctor, *alias* Mr. Matic, who resided in the New Road near Somers Town, and had an inscription in large characters over his door, "SEMINARY FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE CANINE RACE;"—which was not at all inapplicable, for he had an establishment of a most extensive nature for the breeding, bringing up, and breaking in of dogs of all descriptions.

By Mr. Matic's skill in their management, and in the cure of the diseases to which they are liable, he had risen, from the humble situation of whip-

per-in to the Melton Hunt, to fame and opulence in the metropolis, and drove a horse and dennet such as would not disgrace the first high-bred whip in Hyde Park. He also had his youthful groom, who waited for him in his carriage whilst he attended upon his patients. He received applications from all quarters to prescribe for favourite dogs or fashionable puppies. An accoucheur of considerable practice of a similar name, resided on the opposite side of the road,—a fortuitous juxtaposition, which frequently led to unpleasant mistakes: For instance, a lady who was very near her confinement, sent in great haste for Mr. Matic; and, whilst she was looking most anxiously for assistance, our Canine Doctor made his appearance, with a quart bottle of some vile decoction in his hand, when she screamed out in disappointment, and exclaimed with the poet,

"Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it!"

To obviate such inconveniences as these, and to distinguish him from the gentleman over the way, he is now universally styled DOG MATIC, and these disagreeable metonymics never occur. His new appellative is descriptive of his surlish charac-

ter; for he will not submit to the slightest contradiction. I never met with any man who was equal to him in impudence, except the Quack Doctor whom I have previously described.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon he drove up to Mrs. Scrimp's door, at which his dapper little servant gave a thundering rap, which echoed through every part of the premises. Mr. Matic entered the room without ceremony, where the disconsolate Jemima was leaning, with affectionate concern, over the interesting invalid.

"Your most obedient, Ma'am," said the bold intruder, "quite a menagerie! What a devil of a "noise those squalling parrots make." Here he trod upon the tail of one of the cats: "Curse the "cat—how she has scratched my leg!—Nasty "brutes, I hate them! There's not an animal in "the creation worth a farthing, except a horse and "a dog. Where's my patient?"

"Here she is, sweet creature," said Mrs. Scrimp, "she has not been out of her bed these two "days."

"Indigestion! Somebody has given her a cork "or a piece of spunge. Give me a hold of her: "I'll soon set her to rights!" And he took the

Duchess rather roughly into his hands, and certainly did contrive to make her Grace gulp down a bolus or two with infinite dexterity.

" For mercy sake, take care how you handle " the delicate creature," said the frightened Mrs. Scrimp.

" I'll tell you what, Ma'am, if these pills should " not have the desired effect, and you find the " brute feverish in the morning, the only thing " you can do—"

" O Sir! I'll do any thing to preserve her pre- " cious life. What is it, Sir?"

" Not to shave her head, Ma'am,—*but to bite* " *off a bit of her tail*—the nicest way in the " world!"

" Merciful me! I hope there will be no neces- " sity for it."

" I hope not, Ma'am. But I must be off; for " I have fifty patients to visit before dinner."

My mistress drew me slowly from her pocket and gave me to Mr. Dog-matic, who eyed me very attentively as he rubbed me briskly between his finger and thumb; and, after a moment's pause, he said, " Do you know, Ma'am, that this new

"coinage has been of serious injury to many a "*modest* medical man?"

"How so, Sir?"

"Why, this piece of gold, you know, is worth "no more than twenty shillings. Now, we profes-"sional folks never do business for any thing less "than a guinea, and you will excuse my *want of* "*modesty* upon this occasion, when I tell you I "cannot afford to be thus docked of a shilling."

The lady gave the odd shilling with evident reluctance, and I moved off with my new master, who called upon at least a dozen dogs at the West End of the town before he returned home to dinner, which was served up in a sumptuous style. A lady arrayed in elegant costume, who was called Mrs. Matic, presided at the table: Her appearance was somewhat equivocal; she might be his wife, though I never did see her marriage-certificate.

The next morning I was conveyed through the premises by my possessor, and felt a degree of astonishment at their extent, arrangement and cleanliness,—and at the vast number and variety of beautiful animals, from the noble *Newfoundlander* to the elegant *Italian Greyhound*. The

extraordinary sagacity of many of these creatures, that almost entitled them to rank with beings possessed of higher intelligence, was scarcely credible; and the value attached to several of them was equal to the price of a high-bred hunter. A gentleman soon afterwards called to take away a beautiful Spanish pointer, which had been some time in training expressly for him, and for which he was to pay twenty-five guineas: He tendered a Bank note to Mr. Matic for thirty pounds; I was given in change and transferred to the Hon. Mr. Tresseline.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. TRESSELINE'S VISIT TO CARLTON PALACE—A CONVERSATION AT HIS MAJESTY'S TABLE.

The Honourable Mr. Tresseline is of an ancient family, and possessed of a good fortune. Most of his mental qualifications are of the negative kind; yet his company is so much in request, that without him no party in the gay world is accounted complete. His conversation is seasoned with humour, rather than wit. His remarks are seldom profound, but they are never severe. He listens with extraordinary patience to whatever even the most tiresome proser is pleased to utter; and some people are more pleased with this *qualification* than they would be with the eloquence of Cicero. He is equally at home in the boudoir, and in the dining-room. He has always in readiness his acrostic, charade, or sonnet, for the ladies; his song,

anecdote, or recollected *bon-mot* for the gentlemen. He does not make the most insipid triflers sensible of their own inferiority while in his presence, and he never intentionally sports his joke at the expence of another's feelings. His gaiety and good humour are inexhaustible. I cannot therefore sum up his character better, than by saying, "He is the POLISHED PUNLEARY of high life."

Mr. Tresseline is a great favourite at Carlton House, and on more occasions than one I have formed part of his accompaniments at that Royal mansion. In a spiritual sense, a palace is of no more consequence to me than a cottage; but since I must speak of earthly things as a being of this world, I cannot regard this regal edifice with satisfaction: It might be suitable enough for *the Prince of Wales*, but is altogether unfit as a dwelling for *the King of Great Britain.* I hope a palace upon a grander and more extensive scale will be erected in its stead,—one that may be worthy to become the residence of George the Fourth.

Some little time after I had been with Mr. Tresseline, he was invited to dine at his Sovereign's table; and, as he had some business to transact with Sir B. B., he went earlier than usual. While

he strolled through several of the sumptuously furnished apartments, I saw much to admire, yet but little to astonish. I was particularly pleased with the arrangement of the splendid collection of warlike instruments in the armoury. I gazed at the brilliant polish of some, and at the exquisite workmanship and ingenious contrivance of others: But the reflection "that these were all so many "human inventions, for the destruction of human "life," was not quite in accordance wi h the feelings of my refined nature. I shuddered at the bare idea of beholding the blood of some unfortunate victim upon the blades of many of these instruments of death: I could not therefore view them as appropriate embellishments for an English Palace.

But, in another respect, it is with peculiar satisfaction I remember my visit on that day. Several distinguished personages were present: for our accomplished Sovereign is never so happy as when he is surrounded at table by men eminent for their genius and talents, and it is at such moments that he appears to peculiar advantage. His Majesty never forgets his dignity, while he is the most condescending of monarchs, and the completest gentleman in Europe. Acquainted with the prin-

ciples of almost every branch of science which may happen to come under familiar discussion, his Majesty is particularly skilful in developing the talents and eliciting the opinions of the learned and scientific, by the questions which he addresses to them on the particular object of their pursuit. This monarch's judgment, taste, and feeling, respecting every thing connected with the fine arts, are universally allowed; and the easy familiarity of his manner and discourse is such, as presently to free every one in his company from undue restraint.

Knowing the hazardous ground upon which I am venturing, I am tempted to give a sketch of what occurred on that occasion. Let it not be thought, that by this attempt I am exposing the sacredness of private conversation, or encroaching upon the hallowed privacy of social hilarity: For if my observations were calculated to suffuse the cheek of the diffident with a blush, or to wound the feelings of the most sensitive individual, they should not appear. But their tendency, I hope, will be to divest Royalty of the stiff garb of ceremonial ostentation, and to exhibit our beloved Sovereign in the unrestrained intercourse of a

polite gentleman, surrounded by a circle of accomplished friends, who regard him with affection, respect, and admiration.

Mr. Tresseline knew and was well known to all the company present; one of whom was Sir Copley Branston, to whom, in the course of the repast, the King thus addressed himself:

"Sir Copley, I should have supposed from the
"great extent of your practice, and the number of
"years you have been engaged in your profession,
"that your firm nerves had never trembled; yet I
"could not avoid observing, when you were about
"to perform the operation which I required of
"you some time ago, your hand trembled."

"It is true, please your Majesty, I have had
"abundance of experience, but I never before had
"so much responsibility attached to my efforts as
"at that moment:—I had to answer to a whole
"nation for my success. For the first time in my
"life, my hand certainly was tremulous; but your
"Majesty's firmness speedily dispelled my ner-
"vous sensibility, and contributed greatly to assist
"me in performing the operation in a satisfactory
"manner. However, I must confess, I was very
"glad when it was over."

"Indeed, Sir Copley, so was your patient. As "to my firmness, it was a trifle. None of my "family was ever deficient in personal courage; "and it would have been unpardonable in me to "have afforded the first example." Then suddenly changing the discourse, as he is wont to do, his Majesty addressed himself to my master; and, I confess, I felt a new sort of sensation at thus, for the first time, coming so closely in contact with a fellow Sovereign, not indeed of my own species, but clothed with humanity.

"Tresseline," said the monarch, "have you "read 'THE PIRATE?' What do you think of "this indefatigable writer?"

"May it please your Majesty, I know the opi-"nion which you entertain of the reputed author; "any praises therefore that I could bestow, would "be superfluous."

"I think he unnecessarily shrouds himself in "mystery: But I confess that he is a great favour-"ite of mine, both as a writer and a gentleman. "I assure you, I look forward to my tour to the "North with tenfold more satisfaction than I "should have done, had I not perused these inimi-"table pictures of the people. I knew well the

" excellences in the character of my Scottish sub-
" jects; but I knew little or nothing of their man-
" ners till I had read these vivid sketches from
" life."

Then turning to General Nervstein, nephew to the late Count De G. (who was formerly Ambassador here from one of the northern courts of Europe,) the King said, " General, are you as " fond of your pipe as that brave and excellent " man your uncle was?"

" Yes, your Majesty, when my uncle died, he " left me the two things which he valued most " when living—his sword and his pipe."

" Then, I may venture to assert, you will use " them both well."

" I hope so, for I always endeavoured to make " my uncle my model."

" You could not have a better. He was the best " fitted for his situation of any Ambassador at " this court; and he understood the relative inter- " ests of the two countries more truly, than any " foreigner with whom I ever conversed. I was " somewhat disappointed that you were not chosen " his successor."

" I am flattered by your Majesty's compliment,

"and am assured that such was my own gracious "Sovereign's intention; for his Majesty sent for "me on my uncle's decease and said, 'Nervstein, "'I was desirous that you should have succeeded "'your uncle at the English Court, but you are so "'very thin and spare in your person, that I am "'afraid the people there would not be satisfied. "'The English consider a man as of no importance "'or weight, unless he be six feet high and have "'withal a corresponding bulk, or *corporation*, as "'those consumers of turtle the London Aldermen "'would call it.'"

The King laughed heartily at this exposition, and said, "I suppose his —— Majesty intended "that remark as a personal compliment to me."

"Indeed, Sire, I could not reason my Sovereign "out of his opinion: for he said, 'you shall suc- "'ceed to your uncle's regiment and to the place he "'held in my esteem; but I must look out for a "'*larger man* to send to England as my repre- "'sentative.'"

"Well, well," said the King, "if *bulk* be a "good test of *talents*, your uncle's successor is "'undoubtedly a *great statesman*. At any rate, I

" am gratified by your domesticating yourself so " entirely amongst us."

General Nervstein has married the daughter of an English nobleman, and resides near London. He is as brave a soldier as ever wore a sword, and distinguished himself greatly in the late war with France. He is covered with wounds; and has a musket-ball in some part of his body which never could be extracted. Small in stature and of a thin habit, he is not more than five feet six inches high; the calf of his leg is not bigger than a common sized wine-bottle, and his arm appears to be shrunk away from the sleeve of his coat.

After a variety of subjects had been discussed and the wine had circulated freely, the King, addressing himself to General Nervstein, said, " General, I have often heard of your extraordi- " nary feats of strength, but from the apparent " slightness of your person I could scarcely credit " what I have been told. Will you have the " goodness to satisfy my doubts?"

" Most gladly, your Majesty," and immediately starting up from the table, he seized hold of my master, and another gentleman, who was next

to him, by the thick part of their arms, and extended them at his own arm's length. He lifted them up and down alternately from the ground, in the same manner as the curious mechanical figures of a boy and girl are made to see-saw according to the stroke of the pendulum on the face of a German clock, much to the surprise of the two gentlemen who were operated upon, and greatly to the amusement of the rest of the company.

On releasing them from his grasp, the General said, "I beg pardon, gentlemen, for my rudeness; "but you shall tread me under your feet for my "presumption,"—and he laid the back of his left hand upon the floor, and requested Mr. Tresseline to set his foot upon it, and take hold of his right hand, when he lifted him up with ease from the ground to an elevation equal with the General's head, whilst Mr. Tresseline threw himself into the flying attitude in which Mercury is usually represented, to the agreeable astonishment of the beholders.

The General requested that five of the royal domestics might be called in: He took up one of them under each arm, one was placed on each of his shoulders, and a boy upon his head; and with

these living incumbrances he marched about the room without any difficulty, and with less apprehension than those whose weight he sustained. He bared and exposed his arm, which appeared to be scarcely any thing except bone and muscle; and the great anatomist who was present, declared, "that General Nervstein had displayed the most "wonderful exertions of muscular power that had "at any time come under his notice."

It was nearly ten o'clock when these feats were finished, and his Majesty said, "That he must be "excused if he left the company at an early hour: "Soon after my last illness," the Monarch added, "I received a congratulatory address from Edin-"burgh, when the celebrated Dr. G. was one of "the deputation. On my requesting him to tell "me what he thought of my complaint, he said "he would recommend me to a Spanish Physician, "well-known in the time of Gil Blas. *Doctor San-* "*grado you mean—I have already been placed* "*under his regimen, by the advice of Sir Matthew* "*Tierney.*—'Then,' said Doctor G., 'your Ma-"'jesty should follow the prescription of another "'Spanish Doctor, famous in the Government of "'Barataria.'—*Pray, who is he?* for I did not at

"that moment recollect:—' Doctor SNATCH-A-
"' WAY,' was the brief and rather abrupt reply of
" the northern Hippocrates. I was a little vexed a
" his having formed such an erroneous opinion of
" my habits; and that you may not fall into the
" same error, I must now wish you GOOD NIGHT!"

The company immediately dispersed; and since, as a metallic spirit, I have mingled in the society of men, I never spent a more delightful day. I departed from the palace with the conviction, that when George the Fourth shall be more intimately known by his subjects, and more frequently seen among them, he will be idolized by his people, and become the most popular monarch that ever sat on the throne of England.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BRIGHTON—JUVENILE FETE AT THE PAVILION —HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

In a few days after this visit, Mr. Tresseline accompanied his Majesty to Brighton, which is now become one of the most delightful watering-places in the kingdom. Great part of it is completely sheltered from the north winds; and is thus rendered a very agreeable residence, long after the time when the sea-side is usually pleasant. We travelled with such expedition, as would be scarcely credited by those who have not experienced the celerity with which a journey is now accomplished in England. We were little more than five hours upon the road, and I have our great lexicographer's authority for declaring, that it undoubtedly is a most delightful sensation to move forward with such extraordinary rapidity. In the course of one

stage his Majesty exclaimed, "Well, Tresseline, "this certainly is preferable to travelling in the "rough roads of Germany!"

"Yes, but I understand your Majesty bore all "these *désagrémens* without a murmur."

"Why, if I had not pleasantly smiled at such "trifling inconveniences, I should have destroyed "my own comfort, and have derived no satisfac-"tion from my journey."

We arrived late in the evening to dinner, at Brighton; and I had then but little opportunity of viewing the Pavilion; but when I had leisure for contemplation, I was grieved on beholding that massy structure, and shall always regret that so much labour and expence have been bestowed upon a confused pile of building without unity of design or harmony of proportion. It is impossible to say, to what style of architecture it belongs. No one can be satisfied with it as a whole, and it is not altogether what a British palace ought to be; yet it is certainly fit for nothing but a palace.

The morning after our arrival at Brighton, as my master was walking with his Majesty near the Marine Parade, they met an old woman who had a small basket with pincushions on her arm: The

King in a tone of kindness and familiarity accosted her: "Ah, Phœbe! how do you do?"

"God bless your Majesty! pretty well, I thank "you, considering I am upwards of a hundred "years old."

"Well, I hope you want for nothing to make "you comfortable in your old age."

"No, thanks to your Royal bounty! But as "I have always led an active life, it amuses me to "manufacture these trifles for sale. I am right "glad that your Majesty's safe home again; and "since I have seen your face and heard your voice "once more, I shall die in peace. So God Al-"mighty bless your Majesty and preserve your "life as long as mine!"

"Thank you, thank you kindly, good Phœbe! "Good morning"—said our affable Monarch, and heartily shook hands with this female veteran.

Phœbe Hessel was born in the reign of Queen Anne, and at an early period of her life enlisted as a soldier and served several years in the Fifteenth Regiment of Foot. She had been present in many engagements, and was several times wounded. She served under the Duke of Cumberland; and at the battle of Fontenoy, in the

year 1745, received a wound in her breast, which led to the discovery of her sex: She was of course discharged. But this circumstance did not prevent her from again entering the army, in which she served for a long time her King and country. She was always remarkably spruce in her person and accoutrements, and particularly attentive to the duties of her station. She was allowed to be a complete master, or rather mistress, of the broad sword; but she never rose to a higher rank than that of a corporal. She is well known to all visitors at Brighton, where she has resided for several years upon the bounty of the King, and is always allowed ingress to the Palace, in which his Majesty often listens with great patience and good-nature to her garrulous tale of other times.

From this picture of extreme old age, I turn with peculiar delight to a scene in which the charms of infantine beauty and innocence were exhibited in a manner particularly gratifying to the sweetest feelings of my nature. A ball and supper were given, at the Pavilion, to the children of the nobility and gentry in the town and neighbourhood of Brighton. The invitation extended to all from six years old to sixteen; and about sixty of these

interesting and beautiful young creatures were present. It was exceedingly amusing to observe a gallant gay Lothario of seven years of age soliciting the fair hand of a Lilliputian lady of six and a half, who, with a gracious smile of condescension, consented to take her place in the set, while she bridled up her head and adjusted her frock on her bosom with almost as much vanity as children of a larger size.

The King expressed much delight on witnessing the movements of this tiny "fairy-footed race," as they threaded the elegant mazes of the dance. Their glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes testified that their whole souls were engaged in the exhilarating exercise; and the dancing was kept up with great spirit and hilarity till about twelve o'clock, when supper was announced, which was intended to close the amusement of the evening. These juvenile heroes and heroines were no fairies at the supper tables; for ladies and gentlemen six feet high could not have done greater justice to the good things which were spread before them.

They were all well pleased with their entertainment, and felt reluctant to separate. A consultation was accordingly held among the more sagacious

portion of the juvenile assembly, who had reached their teens; and a beautiful little urchin of six years old was deputed as interpreter of their wishes. It was a most gratifying sight to behold this infantine cherub, perfectly unconscious of the breach of etiquette which she was in the act of committing, but full of the importance of her embassy, peering up in the King's face, and lisping out her petition *to be allowed another dance.* His Majesty, with much affection, took her up in his arms, and kissing her, said, "Certainly, my love, if your young "friends wish it." The Royal consent immediately ran through the anxious and expectant circle, and they were kindly allowed to continue their amusement till two o'clock in the morning: and none of them will ever forget their evening's entertainment at the Pavilion.

I exceedingly regret, that I cannot enliven these pages with some of those rich specimens of humour and feeling so peculiar to the Irish character, and which were so strikingly displayed during his Majesty's visit to the sister kingdom. Notwithstanding the unhappy state of that oppressed people, the royal visit will, I trust, eventually tend to the mitigation of their sufferings and the future

welfare of that fair portion of his Majesty's dominions. Those subjects who received their sovereign with such national enthusiasm, will not be suffered to remain in their present degraded condition.

During the time of my being in Mr. Tresseline's possession, I had an opportunity of hearing much about the king's recent journey to the continent. The inhabitants of Brussels testified very little either of curiosity or respect on that occasion; and the cold and stiff formality with which his Majesty was welcomed by the members of the House of Orange, but ill accorded with the hospitality which they had received in this country, and with the incalculable advantages which they had derived from the battle of Waterloo. Where would the King of the Netherlands have been, had the event of that decisive day proved disastrous? However, it must be acknowledged, that the generous kindness displayed by the inhabitants of Brussels to our sick and wounded after the battle, was but ill repaid by the misery which was entailed upon their domestic peace in several instances. Tenderness and pity soon ripen into love; and the numerous cases of ill-placed and ill-requited affection broke

many a maiden's heart, or destroyed for ever the connubial felicity of formerly happy families. These cruel recollections might probably operate on their feelings, in the reception which they gave to George the Fourth; and his Majesty could not feel much regret on quitting Brussels.

But what must have been the sensations of the King of England, when he was side by side with the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo? And what must have been the noble conqueror's feelings, when, in the company of his sovereign, he traversed that splendid theatre of his glory? As soon as his majesty arrived within view of this memorable field of warfare, he stopped and looked around him for a short time: He was particularly thoughtful and unusually silent as he rode along, and asked no more questions than were necessary to elucidate the nature of the attack and defence, and the variations of the battle. The whole of the King's deportment bespoke a dignified seriousness; and there was more of sadness than of exultation pourtrayed in his Majesty's features. When the party had viewed most of those objects which were worthy of observation, they came to a particular spot which the Duke of Wellington pointed out—

"It was here, please your Majesty, that the "Household troops and the Greys so nobly turned "the fortune of the day."

"Brave fellows!" exclaimed the King.

The Duke continued: "The onset was irresisti-"ble, and the carnage dreadful. Hundreds of "French Cuirassiers were here precipitated into a "pit which is now nearly filled up."

"Poor fellows! Most bravely did they fall!" said the King, as he turned his head aside and rode hastily away.

If any of the French Cuirassiers, who opposed our heavy cavalry at Waterloo, are now living, I wish them to know, that the King of England shed a tear over the grave of their fellow-soldiers who fell on that hard-fought day. I cannot avoid thinking, that they would be gratified by such a tribute to the memorable valour of their gallant comrades, and would be convinced that Englishmen are always ready to do justice to the bravery of their enemies.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DOCTOR VOLUBLE'S ASCENT TO CELEBRITY—MISS PEDIGREE'S PARTY, &c.

MR. TRESSELINE had taken up his abode at the New Steyne Hotel, being shut out of the Old Castle Inn; which is now converted into a Chapel Royal, and but ill accords with the surrounding buildings. Its staring red front looks as if it were blushing for what it once had been. He had scarcely got settled, when he was seized with something like a fit of apoplexy, or a determination of blood to the brain. Immediate medical aid being necessary, Dr. Voluble was called in; and after he had attended my master for three or four days, I was included with several more companions in a fee to the polite physician.

This dashing son of Galen sported a splendid equipage; dressed in the most extravagant style;

and, if not equal in skill to the most eminent, he was considered as *eminently fashionable*. He is an instance of the extraordinary dexterity with which some men make their way in the world. He cannot recollect his parents, and is ignorant of the place and period of his birth; though from the earliest dawning of his intellect he was of an acute and inquisitive disposition. At an early age he set out upon his travels with an itinerant mountebank, who had formerly been serving-man to a country apothecary and was a person of tolerable education and some parts. Young Voluble learned much from this master; and perceiving the ease with which he juggled the world, by his charms for the tooth-ache, and his nostrums for the ague and almost every complaint to which man is liable, he had regard to the future establishment of himself in the profession. His situation was an excellent school of improvement; for he travelled with this empiric through nearly every town in the kingdom; and often when he was playing the zany at a country fair, he considered the crowd below him as an epitome of the world itself, and acted accordingly. On such occasions he took good care, that the profits of their united labours did not go entirely into his master's pockets.

Having saved a considerable sum of money during his novitiate, he procured a diploma from Aberdeen, went to London, hired an elegant chariot with a capital pair of horses, took a handsome ready-furnished house in Montague-square, which contained an extensive library; but he never consulted any other books, than BUCHAN'S *Domestic Medicine*, HOOPER'S *Medical Dictionary*, and the *London Pharmacopæia*. He attended no Lectures, nor pursued any other course of studies, than a few lessons from M. Pas-de-trois of the Opera House. From the feats of agility which he constantly performed with his mountebank master, he had obtained a perfect command over all the motions of his limbs; and he acquired from the Frenchman a fashionable finish, which qualified him to enter a room in as graceful a manner as any peer of the realm. Doctor Voluble was a good-natured man, and had some honest residue of conscience in his composition; for he resolved, when he first ascended to the higher part of the profession, that if he did not do his patients any good, his medicines should do them no harm, and nature was generally left to perform the rest.

As it was impossible that any respectable person

should discover the Jack-pudding in the *petit maître* physician, he commenced his operations without fear or scruple, dashed at once into genteel practice, and soon acquired a name.

"There is nothing to be done in our line with- "out a name," I heard him say one day to a friend.

"That," replied his friend, "I should suppose "is more easily obtained than retained."

"Quite a mistake, my dear fellow. Those who "nauseate *physic*, will take *flattery* without a wry "face. It was but yesterday that I was sent for "by Lady Mary Mimosa, merely to administer "half an hour's soothing conversation. If once I "lay hold of a patient, I don't easily let him slip. "The rough blunt mode which was once the "fashion, is now exploded, with the wig and the "cane. Smoothly as oil, I talk my patients into "good-humour with themselves; and they never "think of leaving me—till they die."

The source from which the Doctor derives his income, is as good as the fee-simple of a large estate,—the *credulity* and *ignorance* of mankind. But as he was obliged to live in a very expensive style, he began to turn his attention to the better-

ing of his condition by means of matrimony, and he had come to Brighton in pursuit of a young lady whom he had never seen, but who had been recommended to him by his friend Mr. Gull, the Stock-broker, as *a twenty thousand pounder* at least. It often happens, that a person is overlooked in London, who cuts a great figure at a watering-place. Doctor Voluble therefore thought he should have a better chance of success with the lady at Brighton, than in the metropolis; especially as he brought a letter of introduction from his friend Mr. Gull to Miss Pedigree, who was acquainted with his selected fair one's family, and at whose house there was a probability of their meeting each other.

The next day after the doctor had presented his credentials, he was invited to spend the evening at Miss Pedigree's residence, with a select party of friends; and thither were we accordingly conveyed. Among the various characters in the company, that of our hostess herself held the most prominent station. She was a spinster on the wrong side of fifty-five, and had acquired the unenviable distinction of being called "an old maid." But she had good sense and good humour

enough to laugh at the appellation. Her prospects of connubial felicity having been destroyed in her youthful days, she wisely preferred remaining in a state of single blessedness, to the precarious chance of happiness with a man upon whom she had no affection to bestow; and she was a living proof, that there are such beings in existence as sensible and agreeable old maids. She had one foible, which yet was a harmless one,—she was a walking chronicle of family intelligence.

Every word, that any individual uttered, served her as a hint for an anecdote: and I cannot better exhibit her manner, than by giving the substance of her own remarks to a gentleman, who addressed her just as we entered, and concluded his speech by the sage notice, that *it was a very cold sharp evening*. Miss Pedigree immediately rejoined: "Your remark, Sir, reminds me of Miss SHARP, "a relation of the THORNS. You know the "Thorns of Derbyshire. The present Tom "Thorn married Miss Hetty HAW, and took "the name of HAWTHORN. They had a very "pretty daughter, who was called *the blossom of* "*May*. The name of Tom's wife's mother was "HIP, a second cousin of her father's; and they

" were connected with the BRIARS, who were again " related to the BRAMBLES. You remember the " Brambles, Sir; we met some of them at Bath " last season."

The gentleman declared, that he really had forgot the whole family.

" O dear! you cannot forget the youngest of " the two girls: She had a remarkably keen eye, " and a pointed nose. They were walking arm- " in-arm with their red-faced cousins, the Miss " BERRIES, when we saw them; and they were " met by their uncle Mr. SLOE, who twisted his " frost-bitten features into a thousand different " contortions, that set one's teeth on edge by " merely looking at him, because somebody trod " on his gouty toe. I could not avoid laughing " out-right, when, in his usual astringent manner, " he said, he was sure that was Patty Pedigree's " giggle, she was always on the look-out at Bath. " You must remember Mr. Sloe!"

" I never had much acquaintance with him," said the gentleman; " but Mr. Timson tells me, " Mr. Sloe has destroyed a great deal of Port wine " in his time, and suffers for it now."

" Is that Mr. Timson of Shropshire whom you
" mention?"

" No; his father lived in the Isle of Ely."

" O yes, I remember; there was one of the
" Timson family settled in the Fens: He married
" a young lady whom I knew, a Miss Dainty,
" from Dorchester. She died six months after
" her wedding-day. She was his fifth wife—God
" help him! When he begun the world, he was
" but poor; but fortune smiled upon him amaz-
" ingly. He is upon the look-out for another wife;
" they say, he will not be satisfied till he has made
" up the half-dozen. My dear Miss Wick, if you
" have any regard for your life, never marry into
" the Timson family. Though, I must say, they
" are very kind to their wives,—they absolutely
" kill them with kindness: For soon after they
" take them home, they die of the ague. Oh! the
" very thought of it puts me into a cold shiver!"

Some one on the other side of the room mentioned the name of CHAUNTLY, when Miss Pedigree called out aloud, " What, my old friend
" Charles Chauntly? He was a beau of mine,
" more than thirty years ago; and he has the

"assurance to sing himself off for *a young man* to
"the present day. He is a sort of ever-green,
"that never grows old. He is always in spirits,
"*toujours gaie*. Like a swan, he would sing, I
"believe, if he were dying. Indeed he is descended
"from a singing family. His mother was a Miss
"CAROL, an Irish lady, who had a most delight-
"ful voice, very like the first Mrs. Sheridan's.
"She was rather faded when I knew her: But old
"Signor Rondonelli told me, he once heard her
"at a private concert at Bath; and that Mr.
"Chauntly, this man's father, fell in love with
"her voice, and married her for *Vox et preterea*
"*nihil*, as they say in Latin. Dr. Voluble, will
"you draw a card?"

Her tongue ceased as the card-tables were made up. Near the table where my master was placed, sat a little old gentleman with a dark-brown coat and gilt buttons, who said, "he never played "whist; indeed the only games he ever knew were "*All-fours* and *Beggar my neighbour*."

"Perhaps, Sir," "said the Doctor, you have "no objection to bet upon the odd trick?"

"Why," said the other, as he rummaged his pocket; "I have a crooked sixpence somewhere

"about me, and I don't care if I do, for I have "a notion it will bring me luck."

The Doctor, who had acquired in his juvenile career a complete command of his cards, seemed to take great pains to lose his money, and the gentleman in the brown coat had much pleasure in winning it. In a short time the Doctor requested change, and I came into the possession of Mr. Wick, who, with his daughter, a fine showy girl, very gaily dressed, retired from Miss Pedigree's party at an early hour, to their lodgings on the Marine Parade.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RIVALRY BETWEEN THE FAMILIES OF WICK AND SLOPSON—INVETERACY OF ANCIENT HABITS, &c.

Mr. Bartholomew Wick was a tallow-chandler and dealer in oil, in the neighbourhood of the Tower of London, and was more closely wedded to his trade, than were the Doges of Venice to the Adriatic. I never met with a man who interlarded his phraseology so much with the terms of his art. He could not utter a sentence that did not smell of his shop, which was certainly not calculated to remind one of the perfumes of Arabia. From very humble beginnings, he had amassed a large fortune by serving the shipping with oil and candles. He was a widower, with an only daughter, Miss Susan Wick, about nineteen years old, who was to inherit his property. He had also a maiden sister, who resided with him, but who had

been so much indisposed on the preceding evening, as not to be able to pay her respects to her friend Miss Pedigree, for whom she entertained the profoundest regard.

Miss Winifred Wick, who was now about fifty years of age, had formerly been governess to the two Misses Dillydadlem, the tawny daughters of a man who had "made considerable pickings" as overseer to the estate of a minor in Jamaica. But on the return of the young ladies to the Western hemisphere, Miss Winifred came to reside with her brother, and to add a few of her finishing touches to the education of her niece, who was just entering into life, or, as it would be more technically expressed, "had just come out."

Both the ladies possessed notions that soared far above lamp-wicks and candle-ends, and had persuaded Bartholomew to take a trip to Brighton, much against his inclination. In this favourite enterprise they never would have succeeded, had not their opposite neighbour, Mr. Deputy Slopson, migrated with his family to Margate,—which was voted by our ladies as *excessively ungenteel.*

The heads of these two great houses did not agree; and there was as mortal a hatred between

the two families, as between the Montagues and Capulets. The origin of the Slopsons was much upon a par with that of the Wicks; for the representative of the first of these families was known, at a former period of his life, as *a Dealer in Marine Stores*, his whole stock consisting of a few bunches of ancient rusty keys, various odds-and-ends of old iron, and sundry bundles of party-coloured rags. But, by some means or other, he at length obtained a contract from the East India Company for slops and bedding; and he rose into opulence more rapidly than Mr. Wick, had more dashing importance in his external appearance, and his family had higher pretensions to gentility. But since Miss Susan Wick had left school, and, by the aid of her aunt, had taken upon herself the management of her father's household, the scales had begun to preponderate in favour of the Wicks.

The manners of our London citizens are much altered since the days of John Gilpin of facetious memory. A tradesman in the city is no longer ashamed to step into a chaise at his own door. The Wicks were not contented with a common

post-chaise, but a travelling-chariot was hired for the occasion, into which stepped Mr. Bartholomew and the two ladies, whilst Miss Molly Matchlock exhibited her elegant figure upon the dickey. This youthful Hebe was lately cup-bearer or pot-girl at the Gorgon public-house, at Wapping Old Stairs; but was now metamorphosed into Miss Susan Wick's own lady's-maid. This was the stylish mode in which they travelled, though Bartholomew would much rather have proceeded less ostentatiously in the steam-boat to Margate, had not the thought of jostling against the Slopsons disturbed his imagination. All his care about fashion consisted in the full determination, cost what it would, to be equal, if not superior, to his opposite neighbour. For though the Deputy had got before him in the honours of the Ward, Wick was convinced he could equal the Contractor in the length of his purse.

He had no sooner arrived at Brighton, than he declared, that he thought the hardest labour in which an industrious man could be employed, was, *to have nothing to do.* The morning after I came into his possession, he had risen at the dawn of

day, and walked along the beach; from whence he had just returned as Miss Winifred and her niece were sipping their libations at the breakfast-table. He came into the room puffing and blowing for want of breath; for he was somewhat pursy and asthmatic. Holding his periwig in one hand, he wiped the dewy moisture from his bald pericranium with his pocket-handkerchief in the other; and, when he had recovered his respiration, he elegantly ejaculated, "Come Suke, let's have "breakfast; for I am as hungry as an exciseman "in a hard frost. Walking on that there shingle "is as warm work as tending the copper on a melt-"ing day. I declare, I am all of a —— Poh! "Well, sister Win, what are you and Suke "going to do with yourselves this morning? Are "you for a dip?"

"Brother, brother!" said the delicate Miss Winifred, "for mercy's sake don't mention the "words *dip* and *melting-day* here!"

"And my dear papa," said his daughter, "you "know you promised when you left home, that "you would never again call me by that odious "appellation SUKE, or SUKEY. *Sukey Wick*



" indeed !,—one sickens at the sound. I am sure, " I shall never be easy till I get rid of such a " hideous name."

" Unless you have done any thing of which you " ought to be ashamed, girl, your name will never " disgrace you. Your mother bore it before you ; " and, though I say it that should'nt say it, she " was formed in beauty's finest *mould*. She was " fair and lovely as a *long six*, and always as neat " and as nice as *wax*."

" Indeed, brother, your constant allusion to " your filthy occupation is quite *outré*, and abomi- " nable to a person of my classical attainments."

" I'll tell you what, sister, the little glimmering " of learning you do possess, is just sufficient to " obscure the *twilight* of your understanding."

" Well, but my dear papa, we came here, you " know, to be stylish and genteel, and to appear " like other fashionable people."

" Don't tell me ! I came here to appear what " I really am ; not to go about, like Guy Fawkes, " with a *dark lantern* in disguise, but with the " *candle* of truth in my hand, that every body " may know that I am Bartholomew Wick. Tal-

" low-chandler and Oilman, of Little Tower-
" street, and not ashamed of either my name or
" occupation."

" But surely, papa, whilst we are here you
" might consent to forget the shop."

" Never! I make it a point of conscience never
" to forget my friends; and my shop is the *best*
" *friend* I ever had in my life. And, as to fashion,
" what am I the better for that? Fashion has
" introduced the gas-lights, and will be the ruin
" of the tallow trade. Then again you talk about
" *taste*: What has a dealer in train-oil to do with
" taste? I don't know why I suffered myself to
" be dragged to this place; for I can't find a sin-
" gle companion with whom to smoke a pipe in
" comfort. And nothing would satisfy you, for-
" sooth, but a lodging on the Marine Parade!"

" Well, but my dear Sir," said his daughter, in a coaxing tone, " you know it is far superior to
" Margate; and I am sure you would not wish
" your own darling Susan to be eclipsed in gen-
" tility by Sally Slopson."

" No, no, child! Though I don't value gen-
" tility the snuff of a farthing candle, it shall never

" be said, that *a Wick was outshone by a Slopson.*"

" That's right, brother!" said Miss Winifred. " That whole family are mere *Goffs* and *Wandals*. " Come, my dear Susan, you know we are going " this morning to the milliner's, to sacrifice a little " at the altar of the Graces."

" And do you hear, Suke—*Susan*, I mean,— " whatever sacrifice you make, let your dress be " rich enough to *extinguish* the pride of that low- " bred fellow Slopson's daughter. Here, here, " sister Win! Here's money enough to cover you " both with finery from head to foot;" and he thought himself as generous as a prince when he put me, with other four pieces of gold, into his sister's hand; whilst he was distinctly heard to soliloquize in the following manner: " It is astonishing how some folks can pretend to shine in genteel society. Slopsons, indeed! the up-starts!"

Mr. Wick proceeded to the beach, as it was a favourite amusement with him to look at the bathers from a distance; and it was a remark on which he prided himself, " that he never saw " a parcel of women rising out of the sea, but

" it reminded him of a string of long and lanky " *rush-lights*, when they had had but one or two " *dips* in the *vat*."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MISS WINIFRED WICK'S ATTEMPTS TO ENACT THE PART OF A FINE LADY.

My new mistress Winifred boasted greatly about her taste and gentility. She had an intimate friend, Miss Christy Mac Clavers, who was in the establishment of a foreign princess during the King's visit to Hanover, and had the honour of being saluted on the left cheek by his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth,—a full and faithful account of which she had carefully transmitted to her acquaintance Miss Winifred Wick, and expatiated at large on the graceful affability of the King in contrast with the starch formality of German dulness and etiquette. Our aunt Winifred was exceedingly proud of this lady's correspondence, and had for ever at her tongue's end "as my friend Miss Mac Clevers says;" "as Miss Mac Clevers

writes me word," &c. &c., which sometimes was almost too much for the patience of her niece, a frank and good-natured girl, but who felt a strong inclination to act the part of a fine lady.

Miss Winifred was particularly susceptible of the tender passion, and anxious to be removed from the list of spinsters; her credulity therefore often led her into situations bordering very closely on the ridiculous. When the ladies visited Mrs. Taffety the milliner, she ushered them into a secluded room behind her shop, in which, she said, she kept those articles which were not intended for the vulgar vision; consisting of *kid gloves*, which, she declared, had been brought over from Dieppe in walnut shells; and *lace*, for which, according to her assertion, she had herself paid three guineas a yard in Paris, though it had undoubtedly been manufactured in Buckinghamshire. Such is the propensity or itching which many people feel for contraband goods, that they cannot withstand the temptation when it is offered. Nor is it surprising that smuggling should be carried on to such a daring extent, when many of the first ladies of the land so disgracefully encourage the base traffic by lending themselves to the silly

infatuation of clandestsnely buying a bargain. The present opportunity was too tempting for Miss Winifred; and a new dress was ordered to be trimmed with French lace as it was called, charged at double the price she would have paid for it at any reputable lace-shop in London.

As they were coming out of this emporium of taste, a gentleman, in an elegant chariot, kissed his hand to them as he drove rapidly along; and, from the hasty view which Miss Winifred obtained of the heraldic bearings, she fancied that they were the emblazoned arms of a nobleman, and that the salutation was a compliment intended for herself: The next morning as she was sitting alone, arrayed in elegant dishabille, and reading a new and interesting publication translated from the German, entitled "the Errors of Sensibility," Molly Matchlock abruptly burst into the room and said, that there was a gentleman at the door in a chariot, who wanted to speak to Miss Wick, and that Miss Susan was not to be found. "Shew him up "here," said Miss Winifred, "he wants to see "me."

"Lauk, Ma'am! he is a *fine helegant* man of "fashion."

"Do as you are bid, girl, and don't exhibit any "of your Tower-street vulgarity here!"

"Wulgarity, vell, I likes that,"—said this highly offended lady's maid, when she bounced indignantly out of the room.

"It must be the Peer," said the agitated Winifred, as she bridled herself up to receive this noble visitor, when Dr. Voluble made his appearance, to the great mortification of the lady, who had expected no personage of lower dignity than a Baron.

The Doctor, on his part, was much chagrined at not finding himself in the presence of the fair object of his pursuit; but the man of medicine immediately set his fertile imagination to work, and thought, if he could procure the aunt for a patient, he should have a plausible pretext for visiting the niece. Considering therefore stratagem as allowable in love as in war, he remarked, "that he was fearful she was rather indisposed, "and that she must permit Dr. Voluble the honour "to feel the state of her pulse;" and he took her hand so suddenly that the ancient maiden had no time for playing off her squeamish airs, and exhibited no symptoms of resistance to the gentle

pressure of the Doctor's fairer hand. He assumed an important air of gravity, and began to practise his incantations: "Hum, ha! Colour faded. Don't "be alarmed, my dear madam! The languor of "indisposition increases the effect of a fine wo-"man's charms."

"Do you think so?" said the somewhat astonished spinster.

"Certainly. Art is always fashionable, and "has advantages of which nature cannot boast. "Rouge—admirable rouge!—Eternally blushing, "and never out of countenance!"

"Notwithstanding your superior knowledge, "Doctor, I assure you, I feel myself perfectly "well."

"A very alarming symptom indeed! I never "suppose my patients in so bad a way as when "they think there is nothing the matter with them; "for in such cases the patients are generally obsti-"nate, will take no medicines, and of course can "never be cured."

"But if I feel myself well, I can require no "cure."

"A very dangerous error! Never rely upon "your own feelings; for you might fancy, that

"you felt yourself in the best possible state of "health when I could readily prove, that your "whole frame was agitated with a peculiar and "unaccountable nervous affection. Give me "leave,—hum, ha!" and he took out his gold repeater, and again felt her pulse.

"I do not exactly know, Doctor, what you "mean by *a nervous affection*."

"Why, madam, it is a kind of fidgetty, all-"overish sort of sensation, which a fine lady can "more easily comprehend than I can describe; "and, fortunately for us medical men, it is never "out of fashion."

"What! has *fashion* any thing to do with the "human frame?"

"Undoubtedly!—there is an undefinable spe-"cies of derangement of the nervous system, of "which we never allow the *canaille* to partake. It "is exceedingly becoming to a person of your "taste and ton; but, to a vulgar low-bred body, "it would be of no use in the world."

"Of what use could it possibly be to *me?*"

"O dear madam! Delicately managed, it would "render you one of the most interesting invalids

"that ever gracefully reclined upon the couch of "indisposition: And I perceive, at this very "moment, something of the kind lurking in the "corner of your eye."

"You alarm me, Doctor! Why, I declare, I "don't think I am altogether so well as I should "be."

"O very far from it—very far from it indeed!"

"I feel an odd sort of—"

"Squeamish, all-overish sensation. Yes, I see "how it is."

"O Doctor! I shall faint,—do reach me a "chair!"

"*A chair!* O barbarous! Never faint sitting! "If you must swoon, let my arms support the "lovely burthen,"—and he caught her in his arms as she was about to give herself a gentle fall, and fanned her with the lap of his coat.

"See! the drooping lily is reviving. Softly— "don't hurry yourself, madam! Gently—gently; "take your own time. There—there—recover "gracefully by degrees."

"Heigh ho! O dear—where am I?"

"Recollect yourself, madam! Don't be flur-

" ried.—I protest, it was the most elegant suspen-
" sion of the faculties I ever beheld."

" Do you really think so, Doctor?"

" Without the fear of contradiction! Fainting " with elegance is a very rare and difficult accom- " plishment."

" Then you really do think I fainted tolerably " in style?"

" In a style that malice itself must admire, and " that Lady Diaway would envy.—But you must " be very much discomposed: Retire to your " chamber,—take a little repose, and I'll see you " again to-morrow."

" Well, after this, I shall never rely upon my " own feelings again as long as I live."

" Very dangerous things to give way to, indeed, " madam!"

" Heigh ho! O dear Doctor! I believe you " could persuade me to any thing. Let me see " you in the morning."

The Doctor took his leave, well satisfied at having obtained such easy means of access to the family; and my mistress actually took to her bed, where she slept very soundly for an hour, at the

expiration of which time she was aroused from her slumbers in consequence of the arrival of some articles of finery from Mrs. Taffety, and I passed into the hand of this insidious dealer in contraband wares.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. SMOOTH, THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER—HABITS OF PUNCTUALITY—HIS HAPPY ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK, &c.

I DID not remain long with Mrs. Taffety before I was paid away to Mr. Samuel Smooth, a traveller, or "bag-man," as it is the pleasure of Mr. Christopher North to denominate him.

However much it may suit the purpose of the northern censor to ridicule this respectable body of men; I would advise any one of my readers who may have occasion to perform a journey that will occupy more than a day, to enquire for the inn which is frequented by these gentlemen, and desire to be shewn into *the Travellers' room:* He will then be sure of being accommodated with the best fare, and with the best bed which the house can afford, without the least shadow of overcharge or imposition. In the company you may probably

meet with some travellers who have no lack of pedantry and assurance; but nearly all of them are well-informed gentlemen, and especially in their own particular pursuits, and a man must either be a fool or a cynic who cannot extract both instruction and amusement from the individuals with whom he may associate in a travellers' room.

Mr. Smooth was connected with a lace manufactory at Berkhampstead, and was one of those favourites of fortune who glide along down the stream of life without ever meeting with squally or baffling winds. It has been said of him, "that if you stripped him naked, and threw him "over London Bridge with his feet and hands tied "together, you would meet him the next day "walking along the street, dressed like a gentle-"man, and with money in both his pockets." He is esteemed the luckiest traveller on the road, is eagerly sought after as an agent, and makes his own terms with his employers. Wherever he goes, he commands customers; yet he never makes a bad debt: For he is so universal a favourite, and has such influence over those who entrust him with the execution of their orders, that, whoever goes unpaid, he is always sure to find the necessary sum

of money ready for him. He has received a good common education, possesses much native shrewdness and deep penetration, and, by long experience, has acquired an extraordinary aptitude to render himself "all things to all men." His person is prepossessing, his manners genteel, and his address insinuating; but his complexion is rather too powerfully tinged with the juice of the grape. His voice is melodious, and he sings with taste and expression. He says the softest things in the sweetest tone; and having extensive dealings with sentimental milliners and dress-makers, he occasionally pens them a poetical panegyric or a copy of love-verses. His own character is well expressed in the description which he has given of one of his male customers, in, what Mrs. Taffety terms, "a very pretty piece of poetry:"

His manners are as mild as milk,
His sentences as soft as silk,
His cheeks are crimson, and his nose
Is blushing red as any rose.

With all this pleasantry and easiness of manners, he is as regular as the sun; and there is a sort of rivalry in punctuality, between him and a

Mr. Timothy Starch, one of the society of Friends, who is well known upon the road. Mr. Smooth goes the same route three times a year, and the Quaker traverses the ground in an opposite direction; and so exact are both these travellers to their time, that they have constantly met upon a bridge, which passes over a small stream in Warwickshire, three times every year for these seven years. Last October, friend Starch arrived at the spot nearly two minutes before the usual time, and not a creature was to be seen. This was alarming, the more particularly as he felt the girth of his saddle to be loose. He dismounted with some trepidation, for the purpose of adjusting it; and cast his eyes fearfully around him: Still nobody was to be seen. Timothy heaved a sigh and remounted his horse, when Mr. Smooth made his appearance at the opposite part of the bridge; and they greeted each other with more than usual warmth and cordiality.

As a spirit, I can discern the progress of events with a steady and unprejudiced eye. I do not pretend to pry into futurity, but I subject my judgment to the belief of an All-wise and Overruling Providence. The doctrine of Predestination

I leave to be settled by the casuists; for I agree with Sir Roger De Coverley, "that much may be said on both sides." Maxims and proverbs are the collective wisdom of ages, concentrated in few words; and there is a greater semblance of philosophy in the common saying, "that those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned," than vulgar minds ever supposed. The truth of this adage was exemplified in a most extraordinary manner by an event which occurred a few weeks ago in Scotland. On a part of that coast, which is intersected by an arm of the sea, or Frith, a person on the shore, by the help of a glass, discovered a small boat overturned in the middle of the stream, at the distance of three or four miles from land, and a human being was descried sitting astride of the keel. The wind was high and the waves rough; but, on the information being given, several boats were manned, and immediately put off to the assistance of this unfortunate individual. When he was brought safely to shore, it was discovered that he had stolen the boat that morning, and by his unskilful management of the oars had upset it in the foaming current, and must have perished by water in a short time; for, when

relief arrived, he was nearly exhausted. He was clearly convicted of the theft; for, though the stolen goods were not found upon him, he was found upon the stolen goods; and he received the punishment which the law adjudges.

There are many instances of particular individuals, who seem to be impelled by fortune, fate, or destiny, (call it what you will,) and to be hurried on irresistibly to their destruction, or gently conducted to security, in a manner perfectly inscrutable to human comprehension. When Mr. Smooth was last at Liverpool, he remained there several days. Having at length transacted nearly all his business, he intended to pass over to Ireland on the succeeding day, and actually engaged a birth on board the Waterloo Packet that very afternoon. When he was coming up from the Quay, he met two ladies from London with whom he was on terms of intimacy; and, on expressing his surprise at seeing them in Liverpool, they told him they were going over to Dublin to see the friends of the lady who was the elder of the two, and who appeared quite joyous and elated at the thoughts of her voyage, while the younger declared herself to be affrighted at the idea of crossing the Channel.

She could not divest herself of the impression that such exuberance of exultation was alarming, more particularly as a friend of hers, before she left home, had entreated her mother, with tears in her eyes, not to suffer her to accompany Mrs W. whom she was resolved not to disappoint.

The other lady replied, "Pshaw! I have "looked forward for years to the pleasure of this "excursion. And we can never see Dublin to so "much advantage, as we shall while the King is "there. I am more overjoyed than ever at the "thoughts of Mr. Smooth's sailing in the same "ship with us: We are sure to be safe with him, "—he is the most fortunate man alive."

"I think myself happy in having the prospect "of enjoying your company, ladies," was his answer; and they parted in high spirits, under the expectation of meeting again early in the morning, at the hour when the Packet sailed.

On Mr. Smooth's return to his inn, he found a note from a tradesman, who had promised to settle his account and pay him a considerable sum of money that evening. The note conveyed a request, "that Mr. Smooth would wait till the next day, and "excuse the hand-writing, which was that of his

"clerk; for he had sprained his wrist, and was "unable to write an order on his banker that after- "noon." This tradesman had not, on any former occasion, omitted to pay his balance at the time appointed: Mr. Smooth was therefore obliged to relinquish his birth on board the packet; and his two friends, the ladies, were amongst the unfortunate sufferers, who were lost in the Waterloo Packet, when it was wrecked off the Welsh coast on the following day. When our traveller was congratulated on his escape, he confessed that he really was a lucky fellow, and expressed his thankfulness in rather a curious manner by melodiously singing the first verse of Dibdin's song,

There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft
To watch o'er the life of Sam Smooth, &c.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE OAKLEY, IN ENGLAND, AMERICA, AND CHINA.

Mr. Smooth paid me away at the inn at Brighton; and after two or three days, I passed into the hand of Mr. Peregrine Oakley. The fortunes of this gentleman were not at all similar to those of Mr. Smooth. Scarcely any thing prospered in which he was concerned, yet he constantly insisted *that all things worked together for his good.* Resolute in his decisions, and prompt in their execution, he exhibited great strength of mind, and had an inexhaustible fund of good humour, with much firmness of nerve. The exuberant flow of his spirits never forsook him amidst all his troubles.

In his boyhood he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh: One day, while passing through the Old Fish-market Close, a glass bottle was

thrown from a window of the seventh flat of one of those lofty houses. It inflicted a deep cut on his head, and his life was for a long time in jeopardy. Soon after he recovered from this accident, he was thrown from an unruly horse and broke his leg. It was however only a simple fracture, and soon healed. His father had sufficient interest to procure for him an excellent situation in a public office, when he was seized with a fever; and, with his usual bad fortune, the place was filled up before he recovered. His maternal uncle, who had no children of his own, then took him to learn the art of husbandry; with whom he resided about three years. On returning home from market one evening, the one-horse chaise in which he and his uncle were riding, was upset: Peregrine's shoulder was dislocated, and the old gentleman received so much injury as occasioned his death in a few days,—but not before he had bequeathed to his nephew a legacy of *five hundred pounds.*

When this misfortune occurred, they were near the residence of Mr. Bootless, to whose house they were both conveyed. Young Oakley remained there till he was in a state of convalescence. He was kindly attended by Miss Maria Bootless, who

kept her brother's house; and he thought the only method by which he could repay her, would be the offer of his hand, which she readily accepted.

He then resolved to cross the Atlantic, in order to better his fortune; and expended a large portion of his legacy in the purchase of such articles as were thought to be the most suitable for such a speculation. He arrived safely at Boston, in New England, where he met with an allotment of States' Land, the description of which was exactly to his mind; and when he had paid his deposit he set out, with other adventurers, to take possession of their earthly paradise. After traversing a tract of country many hundred miles in extent and thinly inhabited, and after being subjected to every species of hardship and privation, he at length succeeded in seeing his wife and infant, with all his property, safely stowed in one of the *batteaux* of the country, with the intention of performing the navigation of Lake Ontario, which, with great loss and hazard, he finally accomplished, and arrived with his companions, sick, weary, and exhausted, at the much-talked-of settlement, in the Illinois, which, Oakley said, was "literally *a land of pro-*

mise and nothing more;" for not one expectation was fulfilled.

Amongst the adventurous settlers was Mr. William Dibble, a personage one would have supposed the most unlikely to have been met with in the wilds of America. He had formerly been a haberdasher on Ludgate Hill; but Billy had a soul above buttons, and, becoming averse to the trammels of trade, was seized with the mania of emigration. Figure to yourself a thin pale-faced little gentleman, with a large straw hat to guard his features from the sun, a flowered cotton dressing-gown tied with a ribbon round his waist, ungartered silk hose hanging loose about his legs, red morocco slippers discoloured with dirt, and his delicate fingers defended with black kid gloves, while he was in the act of spreading manure,—picture all this to your imagination, and you have at once a striking portrait of Mr. William Dibble. As he occasionally wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, highly perfumed, Mr. Oakley compared this spruce transplanted haberdasher to a *duffy-down-dilly* growing upon a dunghill. But he was better contented with his situation than many

who had gone out with stronger pretensions: For he was good-humoured to others, and tolerably well satisfied with himself.

After a residence of some months in this place, our new settlers grew heartily disgusted with the society around them; and, through the persuasion of one of the emigrants, who had penetrated much further into the interior of the country, Mr. Oakley determined to remove with his family, Mr. Dibble, and several others, to a place of settlement pointed out by this adventurer as more congenial to their views, and likely to realise their expectations: For, notwithstanding the fruitfulness of the *Prairies*, the almost general want of water was destructive of every comfort which they might otherwise have enjoyed. These select associates departed, with all their worldly goods, on their pilgrimage to the borders of the wilderness, and never calculated within themselves the hazard which they incurred from the depredations of the native Indians. When they had been some weeks slowly travelling, they were suddenly attacked by a party of the Aborigines, who lay in ambush for the purpose. They were fired upon from various directions; poor Mrs. Oakley and her child, with

Billy Dibble and several other persons, were killed ; Oakley himself was taken prisoner, and he never knew what became of the rest of his companions. He was compelled to travel as a captive with these savages many days till they met with three Indians of a different tribe, to whom he was given in barter for two bottles of rum.

With his new Indian masters he experienced better treatment, though he was compelled to assist them in the manufactory of fishing-tackle, and in bearing burdens. He passed a long and bitter winter with them in one of their villages, many hundred miles up the country, in the centre of an almost impenetrable forest. In the following spring they set off, loaded with the furs of various wild animals, to meet some traders in these articles, at a place called *the Portage of Cheppewyan*. The spark of hope, which had never been extinguished in Oakley's bosom, then revived within him ; it soon burst forth into confident expectation, and into that full reliance upon Divine aid which had comforted him in the swampy desert, and had proved the chief alleviation of his sorrows in the wilderness. He contrived to obtain an interview with the leader of this hardy band of furriers, a

Mr. Fontolieu from Montreal; to whom he represented his situation in such pathetic terms, that this newly-found friend refused to transact any business with the Indians till they had agreed with him for the ransom of their prisoner, whom he represented as "one of the subjects of their GOOD FATHER that lived in the regions of the mid-day sun, on the other side of the great lake;" and they presently accepted of the terms which he proposed.

From Peregrine's long residence with the Indians, he became extremely useful in the future transactions which the furriers had with these people. The dealers in pelts penetrated to a great distance into the country of the Cheppewyan Indians, sometimes by land, and sometimes by water, and were often compelled to convey their luggage and canoes over ridges of rocks and mountains scarcely passable by human footsteps. Few are the things, however, which refuse to yield to determined perseverance. They at length reached a more open but swampy country, which led to a direct communication with the Pacific Ocean. From the great fatigue experienced in the execution of this perilous passage, Mr. Fontolieu

began to droop and sicken. The deadly exhalations, which arose from the damp ground, increased his disorder; and he soon fell a sacrifice to an intermittent fever. But, with his dying breath, he requested his followers to submit to the guidance and direction of Mr. Oakley, as the only means of preserving themselves from inevitable destruction.

After paying the last sad tribute of respect to the mortal remains of this enterprising and amiable man, the furriers were extremely anxious to return home by the route which they had lately traversed; but Oakley pointed out to them the hopelessness of such an undertaking, and succeeded in persuading them to proceed forward towards the coast, where, in all probability, they would meet with some traders with whom they might take their passage to Canada.

In the course of a few weeks, they obtained the object of their wishes, by reaching a small harbour, called "Queen Charlotte's Sound," where they found two vessels from Salem, a sea-port not far from Boston. One of these trading-ships was to sail direct for that place; and the other, after taking in a cargo of skins, intended to proceed to Canton. All the party, except Mr. Oakley, agreed

to take their departure in the vessel for Salem; and he parted from them with sincere regret. I have perceived it to be a trait in human nature, that men always become attached to those who have been partakers with them in peril and distress.

The other vessel remained some time to complete her cargo, the arrangements for which were greatly facilitated by the advice and assistance of Oakley, who had collected a valuable assortment of furs for himself. They had a boisterous voyage to Canton, where he disposed of his property to advantage, and selected those commodities which were most in request in the London market; and, after an absence of several years, he arrived safely in England,—a much richer man than when he left it.

He now began to think that fortune had ceased to torment him; and he had begun to consider within himself about some mode to dispose of his savings to the best advantage, when a fire broke out at the house in which he lodged, near the Commercial Road, London; and every article of his property, including a large sum of money in gold and bank notes, which he had in his bureau, was

destroyed. As he had not taken the precaution to be insured, he was once more reduced to comparative poverty. Nothing was saved, but some loose notes which he had in his pocket-book: He had only time to snatch his coat under his arm, and rush out of the house, just before the floor of his apartment fell in with a tremendous crash.

Oakley's mother was still living at Brighton, upon a small annuity, the principal of which would ultimately devolve on him at her decease. To that place he repaired, and resided with his aged parent till last year, when she departed this life in extreme old age. He had now a sufficiency for the comfort of his remaining days; but so strongly did the spirit of roving possess his mind, as to impel him to stand upon the beach and gaze for hours together upon the ocean,—the variable element which had been the scene of many of his adventures. His ardent wishes for further enterprizing employment were frequently checked, by gratefully reflecting upon the dangers through which he had passed; and, considering himself settled for life, he tried to reclaim the wanderings of his imagination.

In all the disastrous events which occurred, he

was never heard to repine; but, on the contrary, frequently made a jest of his own misfortunes. His fractured skull, he said, "was a very *hard* "*case* indeed; for, without even the pleasure of "drinking, his head had *suffered much from the* "*bottle.*"—When he recovered from his fever, and found he had lost the situation to which he had been appointed, he said, "he had more sincerity "than most courtiers; for he really rejoiced at "being out of office."—He certainly lamented the death of his uncle; but he could not repine at the dislocation of his shoulder, although it brought on what he styled, "*a palpitation of the heart,* to "complete the cure of which, he fell in love with "the charming physician, and married his doctor."—His capture by the Indians was too serious for a joke: He loved his wife and child with the most ardent affection, and was pierced to the soul on beholding them slain before his face. But he derived a degree of comparative consolation even from this bitter affliction; he viewed their death, which was sudden and scarcely the suffering of a moment, as a merciful dispensation of Providence, which prevented them from falling into the brutal grasp of the savages. It was a favourite remark of his, "that

"his residence with the inhabitants of the desert
"unaccountably developed his literary talents, and
"he acquired attainments which fitted him for an
"accomplished critic: from his familiarity with
"the tomahawk and scalping-knife, he was enabled
"to cut up an author with unsparing facility, and
"to flay a man alive with the dexterity of an Indian
"Chief."—The death of his amiable benefactor, Mr. Fontolieu, afflicted him more deeply than any other circumstance of that description; but it was the cause of his proceeding to China, where he realized his fortune.—The loss of his property on returning home, brought him to a proper sense of filial piety, in which he found himself to have been deficient; and thus he enjoyed the enviable consolation of soothing the last moments of his indulgent mother. His grand principle was, that this is a world of *trial*, not of *happiness*; and with his share of GOOD and EVIL, (the former of which greatly overbalanced the latter,) he had no right to complain.

I was wonderfully delighted with the buoyancy of spirit, and the enterprising energy of this man, in addition to his firm reliance upon Providence; and, at the first moment of my feeling the touch

of his hand, which was a fortnight after the death of his mother, I was disposed to regard him with affection. I determined, therefore, to entrust the publication of my Adventures to his care; for I was assured, that he would do me justice and not interpolate my manuscript with any of his own vain and ridiculous emendations.

I had previously for some time imagined, that my earthly career was drawing towards a conclusion; and I resolved to read over my MS. once more, before I consigned it to Mr. Oakley's protection. When he placed my material body on his writing-desk, I felt my spirit expanding with the desire of adding a few finishing touches to my former observations. I sat down to the perusal of my Memoir; and, as I proceeded, I alternately laughed and sighed at the recollection of scenes and circumstances now gone by. I was anxious to finish my task, for I had a powerful presentiment of some evil impending over me; and, I am now sitting in an intermediate state between my corporeal and spiritual nature, with a pen in my hand, perhaps, for the last time. All my faculties and feelings are as vigorous as ever; yet I am hovering, as it were, betwixt time and eternity.

I must therefore hasten, to bid adieu to this terrestrial globe and all its inhabitants. I will not call this fair fabric of creation, this glorious orb in which I have spent a short time of my embodied state, a bad or a wicked world. No; the depravity of man's fallen nature, and the bad passions of the human heart, render the pilgrimage rugged and dangerous; and the safest method of passing through it, is, in imitation of Peregrine Oakley, to rely firmly on the merciful Providence of God, who, as the Moral Governor of the universe, directs and over-rules all things to the wisest ends. Happy will it be for you, my gentle reader, if, like this worthy man, you can say, "I have always "cheerfully endeavoured to do my duty in that "station of life to which it has pleased God to call "me:" Sincerely hoping that you will profit by the perusal of my Adventures, I depart in peace with all mankind, and bid you heartily FAREWELL!

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

On the 27th of December 1821, I was crossing the street directly opposite to the residence of Mrs. Dulse, who was standing at the door, cooling her round and ruby countenance. She dropped a curtsey, and accosted me with, " A merry Christ-" mas, Sir! Do me the favour to step in." On entering the shop, her husband David Dulse issued from a little back parlour, saying, " Your servant, " Mr. Oakley! Do you want to buy a bargain— " real India, Sir! I know you are a judge," and he produced the article in question, which I was certain he must have obtained in a clandestine manner: I therefore told him, that I did not

know he meddled with such hazardous merchandize. "Any thing, your honour, to turn an honest "penny. There are other fish in the ocean, be-"side haddocks. I sometimes stretch out to sea "for two or three days together, quite into the "Straits, you ken. And do you know, I believe "that the bit o'gold my wife gave you change "for, the other morning, had something in it "*no cannie*, as we used to say at Preston Pans: "For I observed it had the figure of a *dow* upon "it; and I am sure it was either a witch or a "warlock.—Well, as I was keeping a sharp look-"out upon my cruise, I soon discovered a boat "drawing near me with a lady and gentleman on "board; and as I knew by her trim that she "belonged to an Indiaman, I steered up right "athwart her and held up the coin between my "finger and thumb without speaking a word. "The lads slackened their oars, and an old ac-"quaintance, Tom Plunge, immediately hailed "me with 'Hallo, David, my boy! How are "'you? Hand us over that there bit of a shiner, "'and I'll swap my black Barcelona for it,'—and "he drew it from his neck and threw it into my

"boat. I knew there was more in this handker-"chief than met the eye, and I made similar "bargains with several of the boat's crew. As "you have been a sailor yourself, Sir, I am sure "you'll never peach; and that's the plain truth "of the matter, your honour! You shall have "the Bandana dog cheap."

"You'll excuse me, David," I rejoined; "I "shall never betray you; but I cannot conscien-"tiously encourage your trade,"—and I left him rather abruptly and went to the coffee-room to look at the newspapers, in which I read the distressing account of the loss of the Juliana East Indiaman in the Downs. I was convinced, that the boat, to which David Dulse had just alluded, was the one which was sent to put on shore the Purser and Mrs. Ogilvie, the wife of the Captain; and that, according to the melancholy prediction, at the conclusion of these Memoirs, the Author has gone to the bottom in the pocket of poor Tom Plunge, with the rest of the unfortunate crew.

As every one who has perused the foregoing pages must have been anxious to know what became of the intellectual piece of gold which indited

them, I have added these few lines to shew, that it has met with a fate tantamount to dissolution, from which even a metallic *Sovereign* is not exempt.

P. O.

*** An indistinct rumour has been lately circulated, respecting a visit, in a diving-bell, to that part of the ocean in which the Sovereign was submerged. If this account be authenticated, the result will be regularly announced to the literary public.

FINIS.

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